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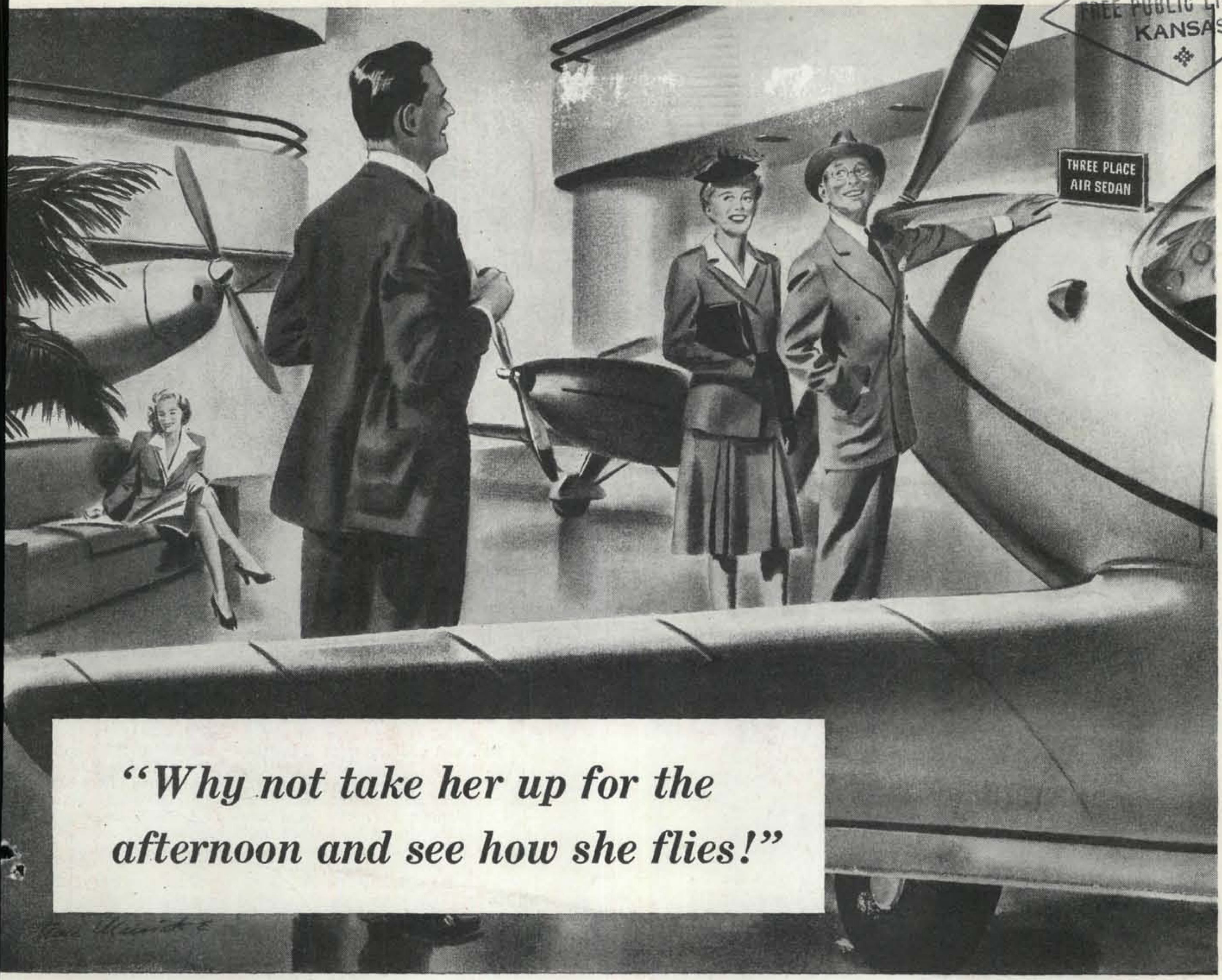

"Why not take her up for the afternoon and see how she flies!"

YOU'LL FIND yourself browsing around an airplane showroom some day soon. And when you do, you'll have the pleasant task of selecting the right model for your family—sedan or coupe. Like as not, your wife will have definite preference as to color . . . and that, too, will play a big part in "making up *your* mind."

How far away is the day when this will happen?

Only as far as the day of Victory.

Because every airplane manufacturer in America, now producing for Victory, has his eye on the future.

Today, it's trainers and fighters and bombers that are rolling off production lines.

Tomorrow those planes will be designed for you and your family to fly. They'll have trunk racks in place of bomb racks. The little black button that now releases hundreds of bullets a minute will light your cigarette. You'll stow your golf bag in the compartment that used to carry extra fuel.

Nothing surprises the men who've grown up with aviation. Because they've seen the impossible accomplished so many times in so few years. Once it was risky to land because tires were an unknown quantity. Then B. F. Goodrich engineers developed a low pressure airplane tire that made smooth landings and take-offs routine.

Once stopping and turning a plane was as much a matter of luck as it was skill. And then B. F. Goodrich perfected the Expander Tube Brake to give every pilot the utmost in ground control.

Once it was foolhardy to fly through icing conditions. Then came the B. F. Goodrich De-Icer to tell ice just where to get off.

Today, more than 80 aviation products come from the B. F. Goodrich Aeronautical Division. They go to the air forces of the United Nations. But it won't be long before B. F. Goodrich is supplying equipment for the plane you want to buy. Keep that in mind when you take her up for the afternoon to see how she flies.

BFG

Skyway or Highway

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

B.F.Goodrich

HERE ARE SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN TRAINING PLANES THAT ARE SUPPLIED WITH B. F. GOODRICH EQUIPMENT

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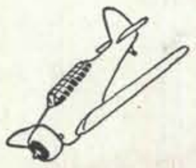
BEECH ADVANCED TRAINER


NORTH AMERICAN HARVARD

N.21,42

THIS WINTER,
AMERICA CAN'T AFFORD
TO GET COLD FEET!
GATE 12
EXMORE S-1074
ECLIPSE S-896

FLORSHEIM

Winterweights

Priceless man-hours lost will be the cost of ill health this Winter . . . and we like to think the Florsheim contribution to the country's all-out effort is to put war-working America on a healthful footing—in the finest Winterweights we know how to make—STORMY LEATHERS that live up to our reputation for quality. This Winter everyone must be on the job all day every day—America can't afford to get cold feet.

Most Styles $10^50 and $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Tests of the effects of color on human beings show that the average man, when asked to guess the comparative size and weight of two identical packages, one wrapped in dark and the other in light paper, will usually state that the dark one looks heavier and smaller than the light one. He will also overestimate a period of time spent in a red room and underestimate it in a blue room.

Among the Ganda, a Bantu tribe of East Equatorial Africa, one male child inherits all his father's property. As the deceased leaves no will (to avoid partiality), the heir is selected after the funeral by his brothers and sisters.

Recently, Abraham Jacob Isaac Levi, a wealthy Jew of Rome, received a certificate from the Italian government proving that he is an "Aryan" and consequently, he was permitted to change his name to Leva. Being a friend of Mussolini and having a fortune of $50,000,000 were not obstacles to the achievement.

A baking company in Stockholm, Sweden, unable to secure sufficient gasoline to fuel its thirty trucks, now operates them on the alcohol which is extracted from the steam of the baking bread.—*By Mildred Creighton, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The belief that a person must die a violent death to obtain a future life still prevails among several tribes, notably the Batta of Sumatra and the Chukchi of Siberia. Thus, as an act of filial piety, a son kills his father and mother, when they become feeble and are ready to die, so they will achieve immortality.

The Hindus of India are the only people who permit the exterior walls of their temples of worship to be used as billboards, selling the space to advertisers who plaster it with large posters, proclaiming the merits of everything from malaria medicine to bathing ghats. Even government offices often paste their public announcements on temple walls.

By careful selection, goldfish have been developed in numerous grotesque forms and striking colorations for about 1,500 years. Yet no person has ever yet discovered how to produce a pure black one without giant "telescopic" eyes.

No woman has listened to more nonsense than the "iyaloda" or town mother of Ibadan, the largest Negro city in Africa with a metropolitan population of 250,000. For many years, all disputes among the women have been submitted to and settled by her.—*By Ruth Z. Pratt, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.*

About three quarters of the dirt that accumulates on the windows of most buildings gathers on the inside of the glass.—*By H. Wieand Bowman, Cornwells Heights, Pennsylvania.*

Although Belgian Jesuits have been compiling the *Acta Sanctorum,* a collection of 35,000 biographies of Roman Catholic saints, for more than three hundred years, the work is not expected to be finished until about 1975.—*By Patricia Wood, New York, New York.*

In American military service, there is no such phrase as Absent Without Official Leave and the initial "O" in A.W.O.L. does not stand for any particular word. It was adopted merely to distinguish the abbreviation from A.W.L., or Absent With Leave.

During the latter part of the 19th century in England, bear's grease became such a popular and expensive hair dressing for men that substitutes flooded the country. To show their customers that they used the genuine article, many London barbers exhibited a live bear in their shop window for several weeks before it was "transferred" to the jars on the shelf.—*By Byron Mitchell, Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico.*

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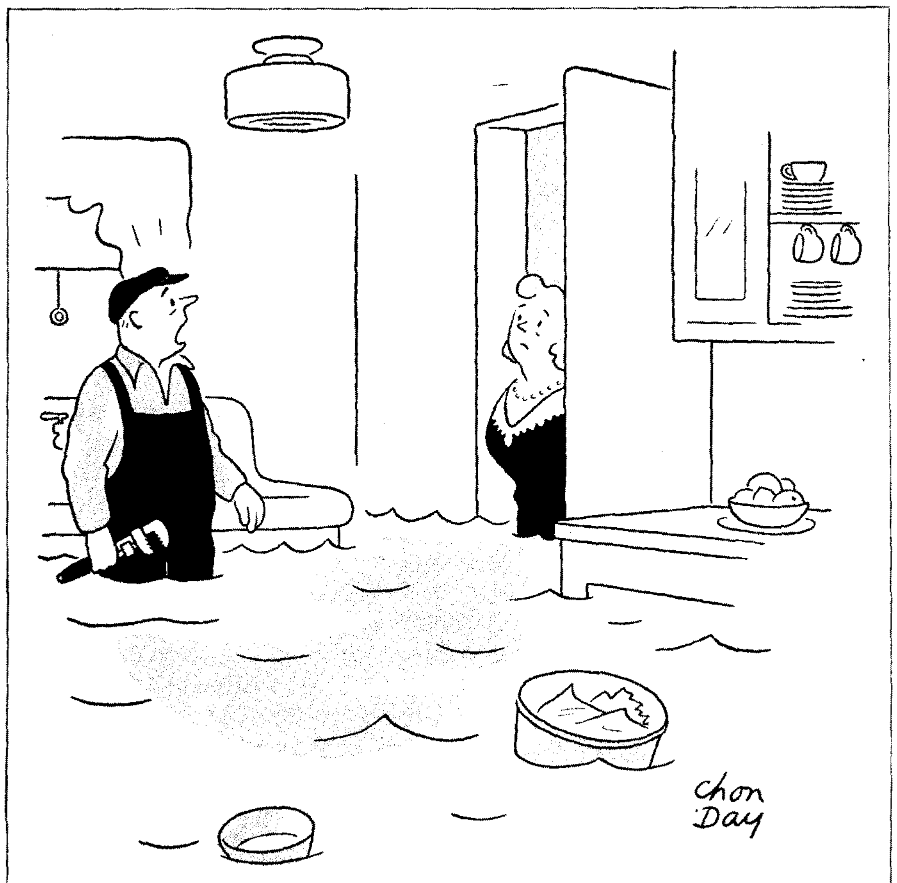


COLLIER'S "I'm going to have to cut off your water for a while" CHON DAY

much publicity has doubtless given birth to a few by now.

Eleanor Clubs were supposedly founded and membered by Negro housemaids pledged to quit working forthwith in homes where Mrs. Roosevelt was spoken of slightingly. In the South there are many such homes, that sector being quite outspoken in its distaste for the First Lady and her sympathy for the Negro. The Selma, Alabama, Times-Journal produces a loudly applauded editorial calling Mrs. Roosevelt the "mother of racial agitation" and warns its readers against a "terrible harvest." Supposedly, if an Eleanor Club member quits a house wherein Mrs. Roosevelt is spoken of harshly, that employer is blacklisted by Negro servants.

Out of the Kitchen

These clubs were also alleged to have the motto: Out of the Kitchen by Christmas. We have talked to colored domestics who, although denying knowledge of Eleanor Clubs, subscribed enthusiastically to such an ambition. But their motivation is more economic than social. Reasonably enough they seek lately available jobs in war industry because such jobs pay better. Or if they are equipped to take clerical or stenographic jobs and have been compelled to accept service jobs because other places were not available, they jump at the chance. In clerical or stenographic work they see emancipation from tradition, chances for advancement. Because of the insistence of the White House, the number of Negro clerks and stenographers in government departments has tripled almost overnight. Bureau and section chiefs report that they are neither better nor worse than white girls. More important, they are discovering that the two races can work together in white-collar jobs in the same harmony that obtains in industrial plants.

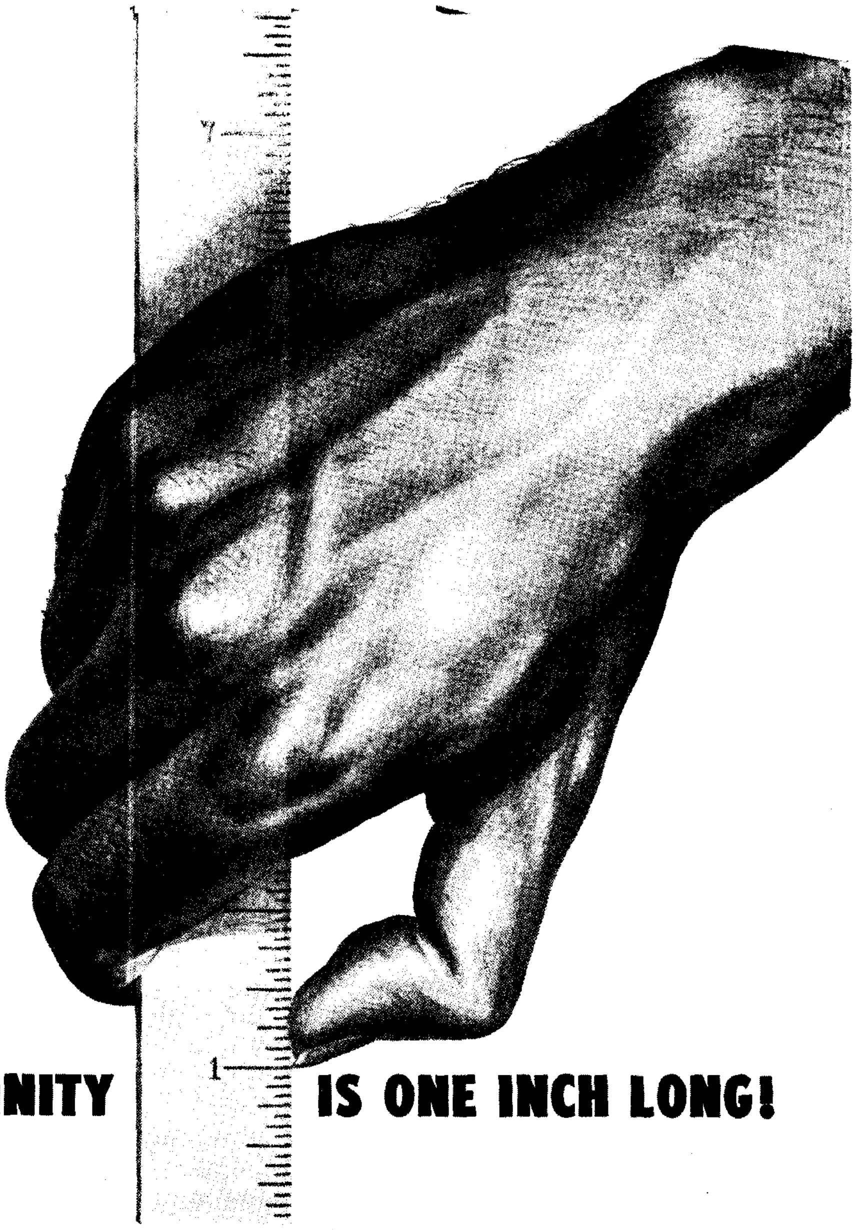
The F.B.I. and the State Department have discovered that the situation is entirely to the liking of the Japs and the Nazis. Their propagandists, having increasing difficulty in operating in the United States, are hard at work in South America, particularly in Brazil where a large portion of the population is Negro. Jap and German radio broadcasts are listened to with great earnestness by American Negroes. The Jap spellbinders even go so far as to promise Negroes political control over their "white oppressors," and the Nazis are at considerable pains to acquaint the American Negro with the plight of his colored cousin in India.

The F.B.I. is doing a minimum of talking about its investigations into the subversive activities of Negro stooges of Germany and Japan within Negro lodges, clubs and fraternities. But you may expect repetitions of its Chicago descent upon such organizations. In Chicago the G-Men pounced upon The Temple of Islam, the Brotherhood of Liberty for the Black People of America, the World Wide Friends of Africa, and the Peace Movement of Ethiopia. They have discovered that the Black Dragon Society, set up in this country by the hard-working Satochasi Takahashi of the Imperial Japanese Intelligence, was not dead but merely playing possum.

They arrested nearly a hundred Negroes on charges of urging draft-dodging, sedition and pro-Jap agitation—among which were a fantastic black man named Elijah Poole, who, for business interests as head of the Temple of Islam, was known as Elijah Mohammed and Muck-Muhd the Prophet. Elijah's followers went in for draft dodging, claiming to have been advised by him that they were Moslems and therefore not draftable. His more bedazzled disciples called Elijah Poole Mohammed Muck-Muhd the Prophet, Allah. When he is tried you'll learn whether he was just another racketeer or something more sinister. It's not easy to take it all as seriously as its implications warrant. But the F.B.I. is very sober about it. And the Jap and Nazi radio shills are seeing to it that non-member Negroes are not permitted to take it lightly.

We have given you no more than an outline. What the government is going to do about it is obscure. We have talked to a number of people in Washington who realize the potentialities of the situation. They speak vaguely of "a law." But it's as formless as the minds of its advocates.

THE END



INFINITY IS ONE INCH LONG!

"INFINITE" is a word that gets kicked around a lot.

Most people (including us) say "infinite" when they really mean something finite and measurable—such as the number of blades of grass in the world. Actually, infinity is *never* a measure of size or number. And it often has finite limits!

If you draw a line an inch long, and then erase half of it, and then half of what's left, and keep repeating the process, you would have to make an *infinite* number of erasures before the line would be completely rubbed away.

In this case, *the limits of infinity are one inch!*

Personally, we're much more interested in strictly finite numbers. And to take care of *them*, we make Comptometer adding-calculating machines—which breeze through the toughest problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division the way you'd breeze through two-plus-two (almost!).

Business men like Comptometers (and modern Comptometer methods) because they are remarkably fast, accurate and economical. Not only on costs and payroll problems, but on all sorts of figure work, the Comptometer is an effective weapon in Industry's anti-Axis arsenal.

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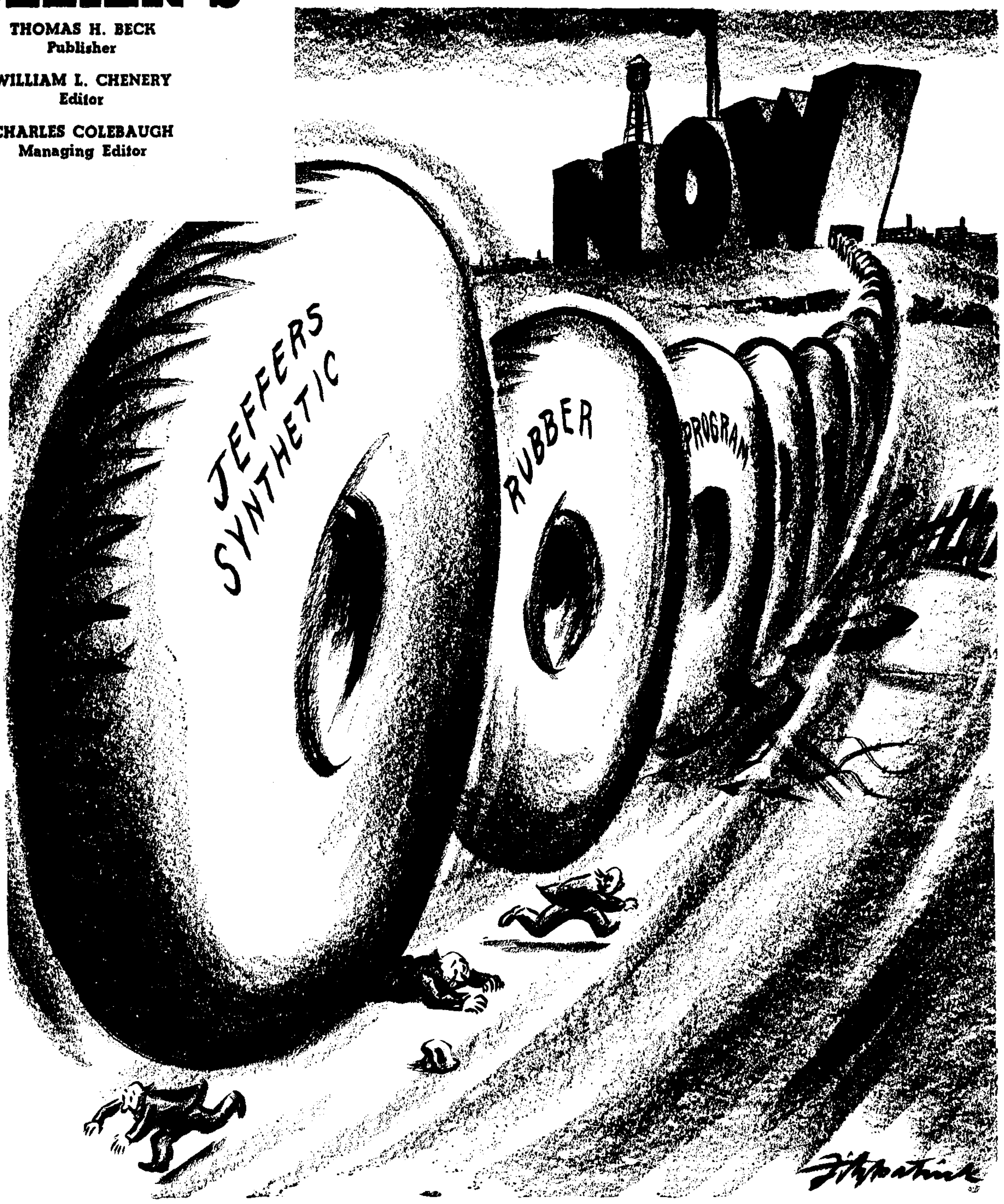


WHAT-A-MAN JEFFERS

FOR the current stout leader on the U. S. Home Front we will now nominate William M. Jeffers, National Rubber Conservation Director. It was Mr. Jeffers who squared away recently and bawled at farm bloc Senators McKellar of Tennessee, Bankhead of Alabama and "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina:

"Nobody—no congressional committee, no pressure group nor anyone else—is going to influence me any time or anywhere . . .

"I'll agree that there's been a lot of gambling on the war program; but it's been mostly by a lot of muddling men down here (in Washington) who were afraid that some congressional committee or pressure group wouldn't like their decisions. I'll make my own decisions on the basis of the facts the Army reports to me in this matter (rayon vs. cotton for heavy-duty tire fabric), and I'll stand by them.

"The trouble is that we've been gambling with this war too damned long."

The Jeffers blast moved Cotton Ed Smith to lament:

"Good God, gentlemen, what in heaven's name are we coming to? What is Congress coming to? Bureaucrats! It looks like he's going to run the program just as he pleases."

Jeffers at this writing is proceeding to confirm these horrid fears of Cotton Ed's. A principal piece of advice emphasized by the Baruch Rubber Committee in its masterly report was that some sort of synthetic rubber program be "bulled through"—that there be no more waiting around until the last conceivable experiments on better and easier ways of making the stuff should be completed. Jeffers is doing just that.

As a result, he is already able to tell the press that large-scale synthetic rubber production will get under way next month, and that there is now hope for enough synthetic rubber for military and civilian needs before a nation-crippling percentage of cars are laid up for lack of tires. We've got to conserve rubber religiously for a time; but if we do so, we can squeeze around this perilous corner.

Cotton Ed and his farm bloc pals wanted to hold up the whole show for another sixty days or so because the Army had said it liked rayon better than cotton for heavy-duty tires. Jeffers said the Army was going to get the rayon tires it wanted. For the cotton senator's consolation, it can be stated that civilian demand for cotton is bound to keep increasing as long as the war goes on taking more and more rayon, nylon, etc.; also that here is a challenge to the cotton industry to speed up its already energetic researches into new uses for cotton.

Meanwhile, Jeffers should be kept on the job and backed up by public opinion. It is all very well for the politicians to logroll, swap votes and dillydally in peacetime. In wartime we need men like Jeffers in key positions—men who can get things done, and who refuse to admit that any obstacle is unbeatable.

Age of Adventure

AS THE 18- and 19-year-old boys move along the draft assembly lines, we could do with a little more common sense about what a tragic thing it is for the nation to snatch these boys from home and school and send them out to fight.

It is a tragic thing that this war was forced upon us. Now that that tragedy has occurred, it is a good deal less of a tragedy, at least from these boys' point of view, that they have to help fight the war.

At that age, you're more adventurous, a little quicker in mind and muscle and in smooth coordination, than you're likely ever to be again. This generation of young men is as adventurous as previous generations; witness the hundreds of thousands of volunteer enlistments of 17-, 18- and 19-year-olders before the draft law was changed.

Far be it from us to glorify this or any other war. Nevertheless, this war is the biggest adventure of our times. Every man who comes back from it will have the satisfaction of knowing he did his duty, memories to keep for the rest of his life, and the knowledge that life has few terrors for a man who has been in a war.

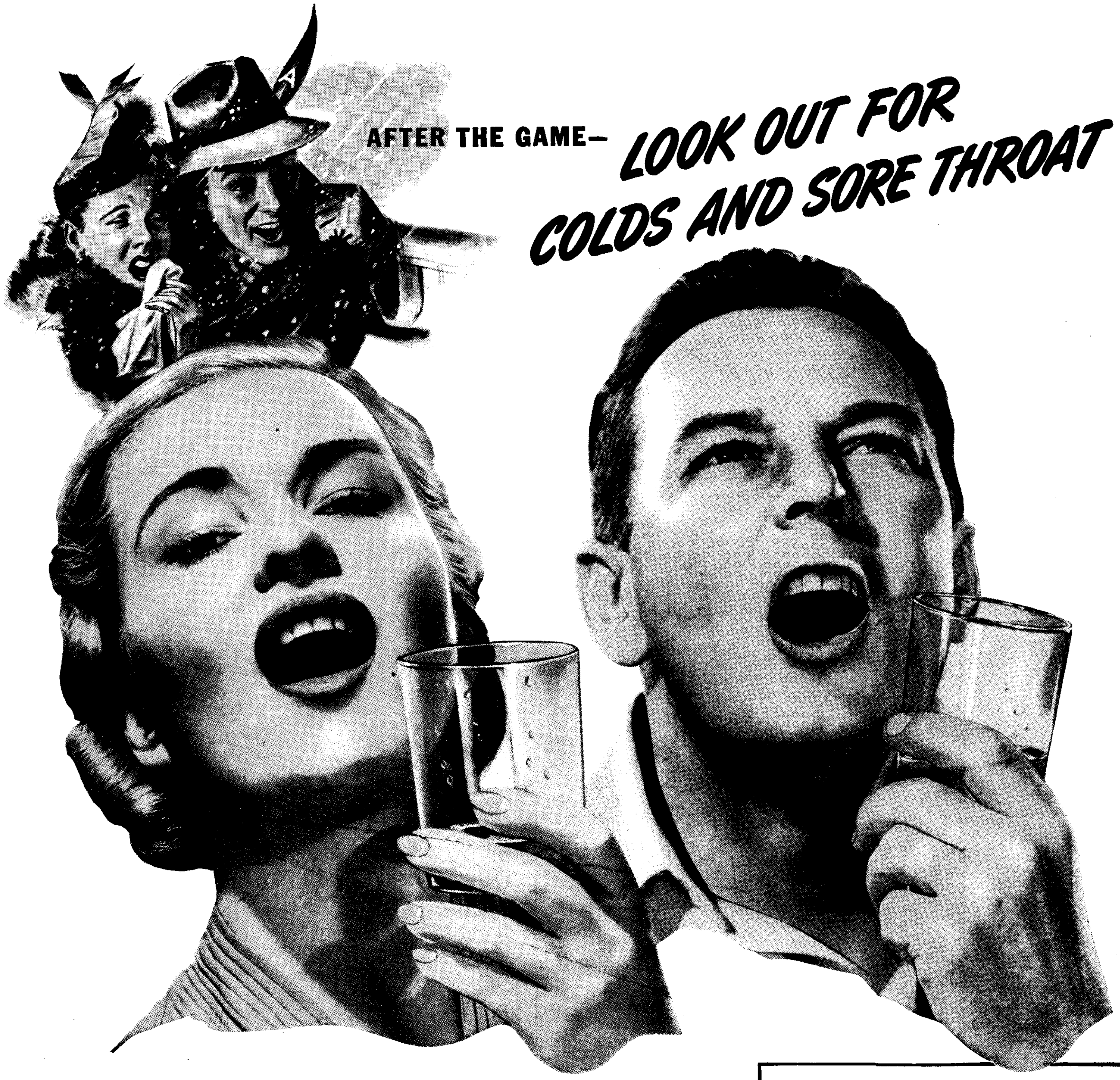
Like it or not, those are some of the things a war experience does for a man. So we favor a little more envying of these men by those who have to stay home, a little less pitying of them, and an end to the kind of "protection" such out-of-this-world impossibilists as the drys are trying to extend to them. It's a lead-pipe cinch that 99 out of every 100 of these men want neither pity nor protection from us.

Uncle's Little Helpers

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Orson Welles, actors, hatch an artists' group to prod the Administration to open a second front regardless of what the generals think. Deems Taylor, composer, in concert with 400 others of like pursuit, needles the State Department to break off with Franco's Spanish government, even though that might add another nation to our list of active Axis enemies. Henry R. Luce, editor, tells the British people to get busy flattering American sensibilities, and precisely how to go about it. Uncle Sam has lots of little helpers.

Well, that's just the way things go in a democracy. People of good will get excited over a multitude of things, and everybody in a democracy has a right to speak his piece, whether he makes sense or not. As the war goes on, more and more people will get more and more excited, and we'll have more and more of these pronouncements on subjects about which the pronouncers really know nothing. We'd better all just brace ourselves to take it—but not to take it too seriously.

AFTER THE GAME— LOOK OUT FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT



Listerine—*Quick!*

It may nip the trouble in the bud

IF you go to one of those late season football games you may be letting yourself in for a sore throat, a cold—or *worse*.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

Nature Needs Help

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs . . . including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

At the First Sign of Trouble

If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated, gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

The SAFE ANTISEPTIC

GROUP RIDING
IS HAPPIER WITH
Motorola Radio
IN YOUR CAR

Additional proof of the strength and efficiency of Democracy is the manner in which all Americans are "group-riding" to and from work. *Your* car is an important part of America's transportation system and there will be no transportation muddle so long as there is civilian cooperation of such high and patriotic order.

It's Easier to
DRIVE SLOWLY
with a Motorola Radio

The tie that is helping to bind America together in *this* war is the speed with which we are *learning* about our part in it. By means of the radio, instant and constant contact is maintained between our government and our people. A Motorola in your car will make driving hours richer, livelier, and more enjoyable for you and your passengers.

YOU CAN GET A MOTOROLA TO
FIT and MATCH
YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW

ARMY E NAVY
THE ARMY-NAVY "E"
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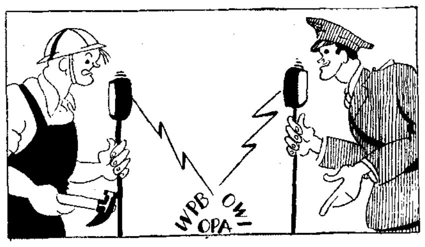
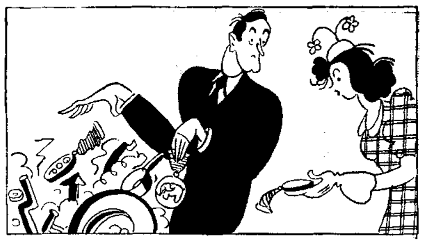
ANY WEEK

MR. GEORGE WASH (not Washington) LUTTRELL of Des Moines, Iowa, is not scornful of Washington, D. C. In fact, Mr. Luttrell is for organizing a National Committee For Strengthening The Morale Of Our Official Morale Strengtheners—the NCFSTMOOOMS. "I have noticed," writes our Mr. Luttrell, "that from the President down to the last dogwatch in Mr. Elmer Davis' OWI, there is so much apprehension about the war morale of the great American masses that their own morale is in danger. Let us, the common people who man the machines which produce the munitions of war, who shoulder the guns that knock off the enemy, cheer them on to greater effort. Let us exhort our morale builders and sustainers to keep up the good work, be of good heart. In short, let us get on the radio and exhort them to greater efforts in behalf of our morale, thus building up their own. We are winning this war. Let us tell them so. Hitler's a swell winner but a lousy loser. Let us point that out to them. That old stuff about the Jap not knowing what fear is is the bunk. The Marines and the Air Forces and the Navy have proved it. Let's broadcast this to Washington. We must not let Washington down. Those guys down there on the Potomac are too susceptible to the screaming meemies. Come on, America! Dry the tears of the WPB and wipe the nose of the OPA. Speak the cheering word to the OWI and calm the fears of the War Manpower Commission. What do you say?"



WE FEEL pretty sure that it's significant of something although we're not quite sure what it is. But we're getting more and more letters similar to Mr. Luttrell's. One of them comes from a gentleman who understandably wishes his name withheld. In San Francisco he got to talking with an elderly admiral (retired) about Mr. Henry Kaiser. Only a few days before, Mr. Kaiser had launched a 10,000-ton ship ten days after its keel had been laid, and the ancient mariner was not enthusiastic. Our correspondent tried hard to cheer the old fellow up, telling him that Mr. Kaiser was something new and that his methods were too. But he wasn't at all successful. The admiral insisted that 10,000-ton ships could not be built in ten days and that nothing could convince him to the contrary—no, not even a launching. Finally a third party—a guy named Joe who had helped build the big quickie—took a tongue in the argument. "Listen, old-timer," demanded Joe sharply. "Which do you mean? Do you mean to say that this ship ain't seaworthy or that you hope it ain't?"



AND here's a word from Mr. Edward James Frapsaw of Miami, Florida, that, in her zeal, a lady contributed to the scrap-metal collection six Republican National Convention delegate medals. They were the property of her husband who still believes that the New Deal will eventually get us into trouble and that huge national prosperity is being postponed only by our failure to elect a Republican Congress. What Mr. Frapsaw wanted us to know, however, is what the collector said to the lady. He looked the medals over with considerable interest, then observed, "My dear lady, I'm afraid there ain't much fighting stuff in Republican metal. Still, I really don't blame you for wanting to get rid of it."

THE way we can snatch at a silver lining is something scandalous, and yet our mail has suddenly begun to reek with letters advising us (of all people!) what to do and what should be done when the war is over. They're all taking it for granted that Hitler's headed for the exit and that the Japs now have about as much chance of surviving as the New York Yankees had after taking that first game from the St. Louis Cardinals. No one says much about poor old Mussolini, the ersatz Caesar, except Mr. Abe Yowder of Memphis, Tennessee. Mr. Yowder has ambitions to promote a wrestling circus and would pay the United Nations a pretty penny for the use of Mussolini as a wrestling referee. But what to do with Hitler and his trigger men, Tojo and his squatters, are questions which cause our correspondents considerable concern. Mrs. Julia Down of Haverhill, Massachusetts, is opposed to capital punishment but would submit these offensive persons to an international firing squad—one rifleman from each despoiled country. She has arrived at this conclusion because,

(Continued on page 73)

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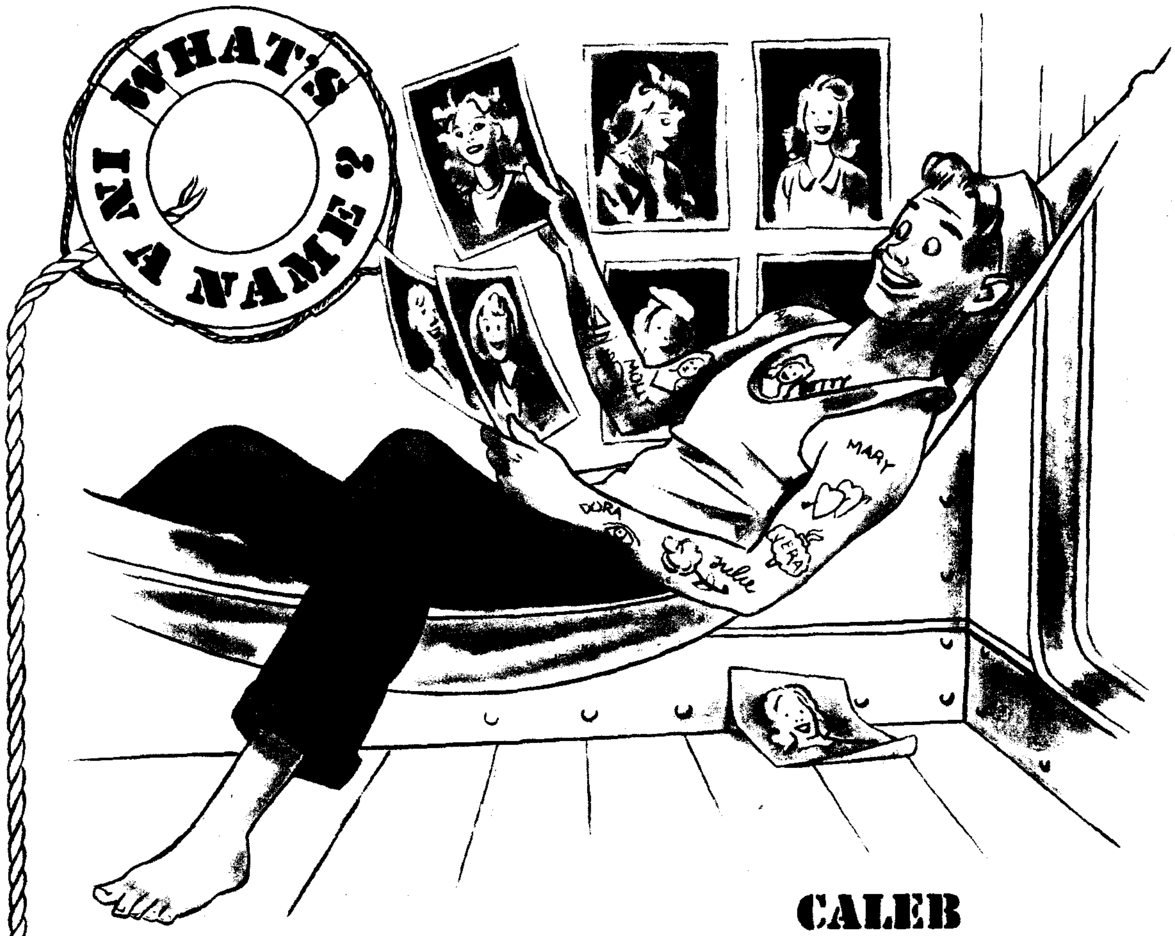
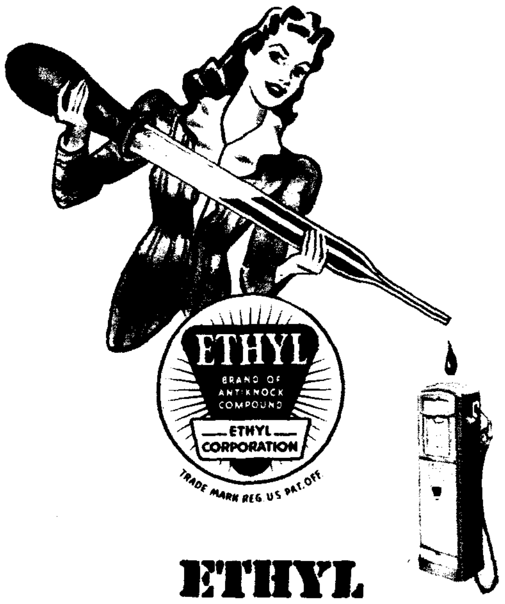

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
MARY
DORA
VERA
Julie

CALEB
means "faithful"

VERONICA
means "true image"

ALFONSO
means "eager for battle"

CORDELIA
means "jewel of the sea"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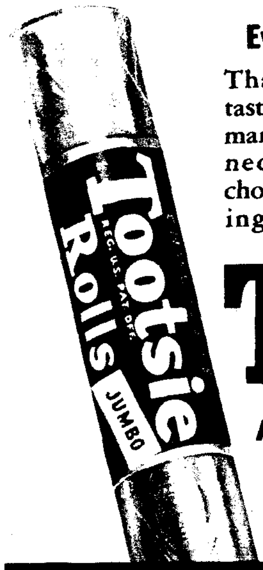

WING TALK

Sitting in the plastic nose of the Boeing Flying Fortress, the bombardier sights the target, directs the pilot on the bomb run

HAVE you wondered why Lieutenant Commander John Smith Thach's withering remarks about Army Flying Fortresses and high-altitude bombing were not answered by Army airmen?

Some weeks ago, you will recall, the Navy fighter pilot delivered a blast against high-level bombers that must have aroused the ire of a good many Army Air Forces pilots. Thach, speaking at a press conference sponsored by Navy officials, declared that the Army's big bombers cannot stop an aircraft carrier task force "or, in fact, any fast ship."

He contended that carrier-based dive bombers and torpedo planes won the Battle of Midway and that they constitute the only effective aerial weapon against modern warships. The Navy flier went even further and made the flat assertion that not one major ship has been sunk during the war by high-altitude bombing.

And not stopping here, Commander Thach depreciated the work of the Flying Fortresses over Europe and in shooting down enemy fighters. The big Army bombers, he said, made useful patrol planes and, when protected by fighters, could operate against land objectives.

After this broadside hit the papers, reporters held their breath waiting for an explosion from Army airmen. Nothing happened. Some Washington newsmen then tried to stir up comment from Air Forces officers. The latter were strangely silent.

The reason was some fast footwork by War Department officials. They knew that, left alone, Air Forces officers would come back sharply at Thach, with a resulting controversy between the Army and the Navy raging in the newspapers. This is the last thing wanted by service chiefs, for Congress and editors would instantly jump upon such bickering to make renewed demands for a reorganization of the War and Navy departments and the establishment of a joint high command.

So orders went out instantly from the Army high command. There must be no comment, official or unofficial, on Thach's remarks, on pain of instant and dire punishment. War Department officials, however, had some sharp things to say privately to the top Navy chiefs.

A FAVORITE theme of Army jokes in recent months has been the fast promotion and comparative youth of some ranking Air Forces officers. (You've probably heard the one about the sign in the bar at an officers' club which read: No drinks served to Air Forces lieutenant colonels under 21 unless accompanied by their parents.)

Still another source of military humor—and irritation—of late is the new War Department building in Arlington, known as the Pentagon Building. Within this vast structure is literally a maze of ramps, corridors, cross-corridors, passages and sections labeled "rings," apparently because they ring the building. It is not only easy to get lost within its walls, it is almost impossible not to lose yourself at first if you get fifty feet from your own office.

The latest Washington story combines these two themes. It seems that a Western Union boy entered the Pentagon Building one morning with a telegram to deliver. When he emerged three days later, he was an Air Corps colonel.

IN APPOINTING a new chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics last month, President Roosevelt departed from his practice of reaching down for

(Continued on page 64)

You Cannot See Me-

I am not only invisible —

I am also indivisible — and universal.

I am all about you — and even inside of you.

Without me you cannot live.

No one knows how large I am — yet I am many times larger than the earth.

People know far less about me than they do of land and water.

Yet I am the same to everyone, everywhere: a common denominator in the lives of all living persons.

I make it possible to abolish isolation, to re-shape geography, to erase boundaries, to eliminate the handicaps of distances and the surface barriers that have encumbered "earth-bound generations."

The use of me makes close neighbors of all races all over the globe.

As more people understand and utilize me, they can enjoy an entirely new kind of world.

My world is even more different than the "round" world in comparison to the ancient "flat" world.

People are just beginning to explore my possibilities, yet already I have changed age-old military strategy.

I make possible even greater changes in every phase of human relationship.

No one can hide from me, because I am omnipresent.

I am man's greatest physical challenge and greatest opportunity in all history.

My name is "AIR."

It is not enough simply for "aviators" to comprehend me.

My value is in exact ratio to the number of people, in all walks of life, who capitalize on me. Because I affect every living person everywhere; every government; every creed; every tongue; every industry; every market; every inch of the earth's surface.

You can use me right now, here at the home front, just as our Army and Navy are doing on distant battle fronts. By so doing, you can save time and expedite your contributions to our nation's war effort.

My importance now, as a realm for military maneuvers, is only a hint of how I can benefit everyone, and make possible a much better world.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

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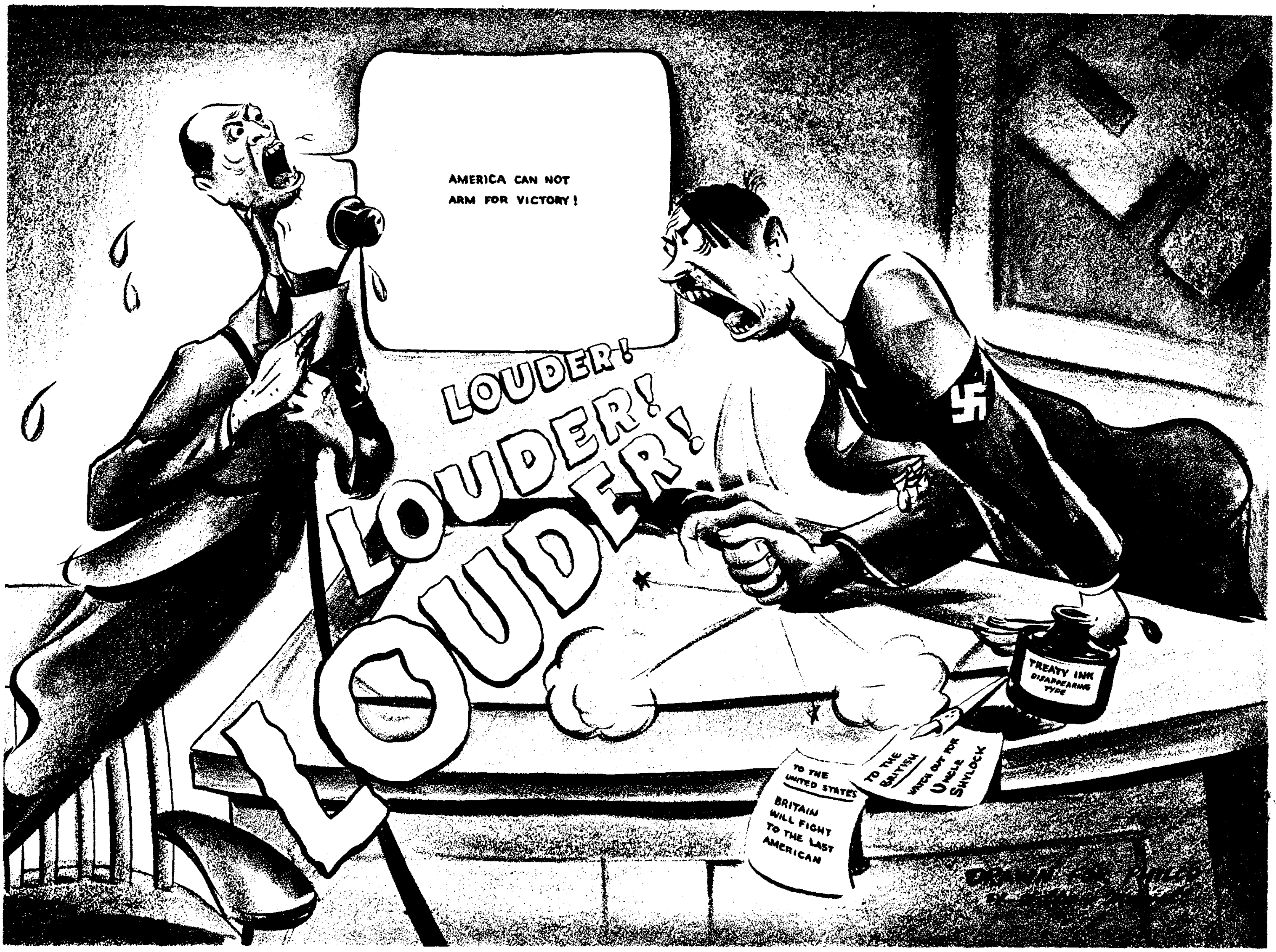
You're Slipping, Doctor Goebbels!


AMERICA CAN NOT ARM FOR VICTORY!
LOUDER!
LOUDER!
LOUDER!
LOUDER!
TREATY INK DISAPPEARING TYPE
TO THE BRITISH
WATCH OUT FOR UNCLE SHYLOCK
TO THE UNITED STATES
BRITAIN WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST AMERICAN

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THE men and women of Philco have pooled their knowledge and their skill in the great partnership between American industry and our armed forces in the field. Their peace-time products have won leadership for the Philco name throughout the nation. Now, they are doing their part to win leadership for our armament, on land, at sea and in the air.

Their special field is the science of electronics. Laboratories are at work on vital war projects. Production lines are turning out intricate communications equipment and powerful radios for tanks and airplanes. Versatile manufacturing facilities are producing artillery fuzes, shells and storage batteries.

The incentive and inspiration for their war achievements are Victory and the survival of America's freedom. When that Victory is won, those same achievements will be translated into revolutionary benefits and a greater capacity to enjoy the freedom they have helped to preserve.

This cartoon by William Maxwell is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory.

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 21, 1942

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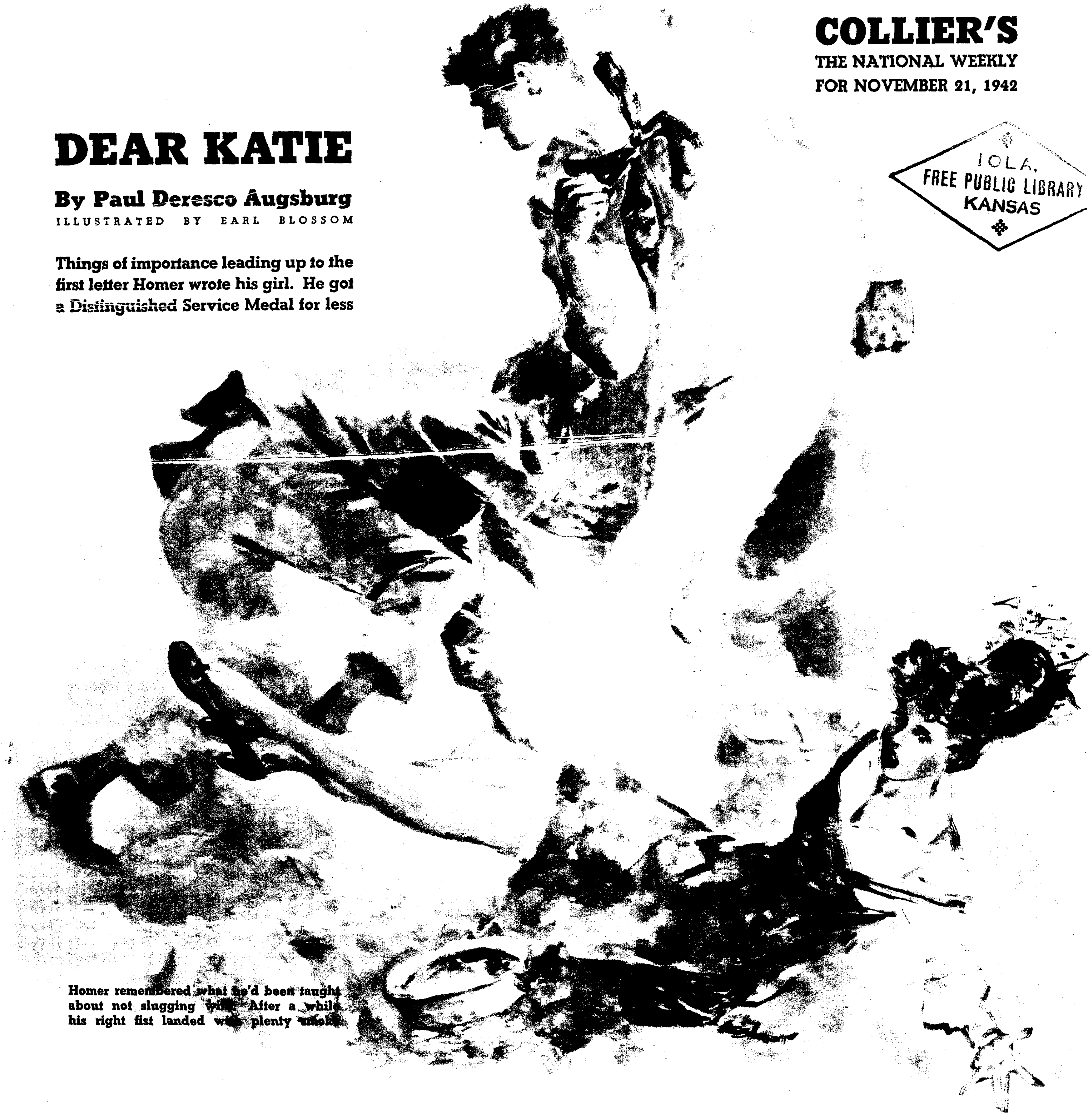
DEAR KATIE

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Things of importance leading up to the first letter Homer wrote his girl. He got a Distinguished Service Medal for less



Homer remembered what he'd been taught about not slugging wild. After a while his right fist landed with plenty smoke

THE Old Man came aboard in the afternoon watch. They piped the side as he climbed the ladder. Four ruffles were rolled, for his flag had four stars, and more than four stars no sea dog can collect. The wagon he boarded lay out in the stream, her battle wounds healed, only scars remaining. Her crew stood mustered upon her deck, and the presentations began at once.

Last to be honored was Homer Brown. The Old Man's aide read off the citation. Then the Old Man pinned on Homer's chest the Navy's Distinguished Service Medal.

"How old are you, son?" The Old Man asked.

"N-nineteen, sir." Homer's voice almost broke in awe of that braid on the admiral's sleeve, the wide gold band and three gilt stripes.

"How long in the service?"

"Five months, sir." So new to the fleet that Homer's cuffs still showed only two white stripes at the wrists, the mark of a seaman second class.

The admiral smiled when he heard the reply to what he asked next—where was Homer from? Homer's eyes under curling lashes were brown; his face was dotted with countless freckles. The Old Man of the Fleet had looked like that when *he* was nineteen, four decades past: when, fresh like Homer from a Midwest farm, he had entered the Yard as a lowly plebe.

"So you saw the sea the first time in your life just two, three months ago, that right?"

"Yes, sir," said Homer. The admiral, still smiling, said, "Nice sailing, son!" and then he moved on.

He was leaving now. Again, whistles piped him over the side. From a casemate Homer looked down at his barge as it circled out from the starboard quarter. It's brightwork flashed in the Hawaiian sun, the breeze whipped the Old Man's flag at the staff, and pomp and circumstance traveled with it over the anchorage toward the landing.

Not until evening was Homer free to take his writing paper and pencil into the library on the gun deck. It was quiet there. Or at least it would be when the chaplain, popping out of his office, had done with congratulating the boy.

"So you're going to write your mother," he beamed, "and tell her—"

"No, sir; my mother's dead."

"I'm sorry."

"Going to write to a friend," Homer blurted, his face flaming hot. He was tired of this fuss. What he wanted most was to be alone—alone at a quiet table with *her*.

At last he was. He could write the

date, and then: *Dear Katie*. And then he paused, sucking his pencil just as he'd done while sweating at a composition in school.

The day of their meeting was vividly clear. The magic of it returned like a dream which started as nightmare and then changed, as the day wore on, until at its close . . .

THE notes of First Call blaring through the ship woke Homer that day to a realization of something momentous about to happen. Ever since he had come aboard this wagon, a rookie raw from the Great Lakes Station, she had been docked at the Navy Yard. But today she would move! She would steam from her berth and drop her hooks off San Francisco.

Breakfast time passed. Then presently, faintly, a tremor began to shake the vessel. She was under way. Her screws were turning—thirty tons each, of bladed bronze which thrashed the water under her stern, sending strong eddies along her quarters.

She paid off slowly, swinging to starboard, and was standing down the channel marks when a signalman plucked at Homer's sleeve. "You're Brown, ain't you? Step on it, Boots. You're supposed to be goin' on mail watch *now*."

Homer's heart plunked, then started to race as he tried to recall from training station what mail-watch duty required of a guy.

"Port chains," snapped Flags. "Better, chop-chop, kid. You got five minutes to dress and get for'ard."

As he started to go Homer begged, "Wait, *please*. D-d-dress? How dress? And wh-what do I do?"

The other's incredulous whistle chilled him. Flags turned to stare at Homer Brown as though he could hardly believe his ears. But the kid was so scared helpless, so ignorant that the signalman felt sorry for him.

"You're new aboard, Boots. It's tough when a guy gets logged first off. Look, I'll tell you . . ."

He told him quickly. Blue trousers, white middy and leggings, he said. These last were normally not to be worn, once you had finished with training station, but the mail-watch job was a special detail, requiring a different uniform dress to be readily recognized from the bridge.

Homer was breathless when, reaching his locker, eighteen inches deep by twenty-four square, in which were kept all his worldly goods, he peeled off his blouse to change it for white. Flags' final words had been a promise: "I'll meet you topside with the boat hook, seeing as how you're late already." But what if some officer gave him an order, and Flags was not there?

Homer could have cried, he felt so relieved when he dashed up the ladder and out on deck and there was the signalman holding the hook.

"Okay?" Homer asked anxiously.

"Um . . . you'll get by. Now, listen." Flags' arm draped Homer's shoulder while he hushed, "Port chains. The buoy is stenciled USM—M for mail. Skipper, or else the navigator, will steer the ship just to touch to starboard, and the moment we pass you grab with the hook. Whatever you do, don't leave go—see? I expect a letter from my best blister."

With a pat, like a coach sending in his star back when two downs are left and the game's to be won, Flag shoved Homer toward the bow. Quite a few sailors, eager for letters, were already waiting beside the rail, but they made way nimbly for Homer to pass, one guy growling, "For Pete's sakes, Boots, you got a lead bottom? If I don't get me a check this mail, I'll have to do twenty days in the brig." Nervously Homer climbed to the chains, the hook grasped firmly in hot moist hands as he swept the bay for a glimpse of the buoy.

A lovely morning, the air crisply bright, and beyond Point Richmond lay San Francisco guarding the Golden Gate from her hills. But Homer was too intense and anxious to savor this matutinal beauty. What if he missed? He was new at the job. Suppose the boat hook slipped from the buoy and the warship left that mail bag astern?

He ventured a quick glance over his shoulder. Some sailors behind him were grinning like Chessy cats, and there was one guy who lay out on the deck enjoying a convulsion, it seemed to Homer. He looked toward the bridge. Homer's eyes were keen, and he was certain he saw an officer laughing wide-mouthed at what his glasses, leveled at Homer, revealed.

Slowly the blood climbed Homer's neck and loaded his ears and spread to his eyes. He regarded the boat hook, and then stared at the water curling out white from the wagon's port bow. It was thirty feet down from where Homer stood, and this hook couldn't reach a quarter that far!

As guffaws broke out, no longer suppressed, Homer climbed wretchedly from the chains. Fifteen hundred sailors on board a wagon, and he was alone without even one friend.

THE ship passed Alcatraz, made a left turn, crept under the span of the Oakland bridge. Somebody said, "You are lucky, Boots. I see your name on the liberty list." But Homer, not to be fooled again, merely said, "Yeah?" and painfully swallowed.

Later, when he took a look at the list, he was startled to see that his name *was* there. From noon to midnight. Twelve hours ashore in a strange new city!

He was lined up on deck, pass clutched in his hand, while a j.g. went by inspecting the party to see if their faces and gear were Four-O.

"Psst, *star*board gangway," a deck ape coached him when the guys were dismissed to get in the launch.

Homer flared up. "You're not kidding me. I reckon I know that the starboard gangway's *just for* officers."

"A smart guy, huh?"

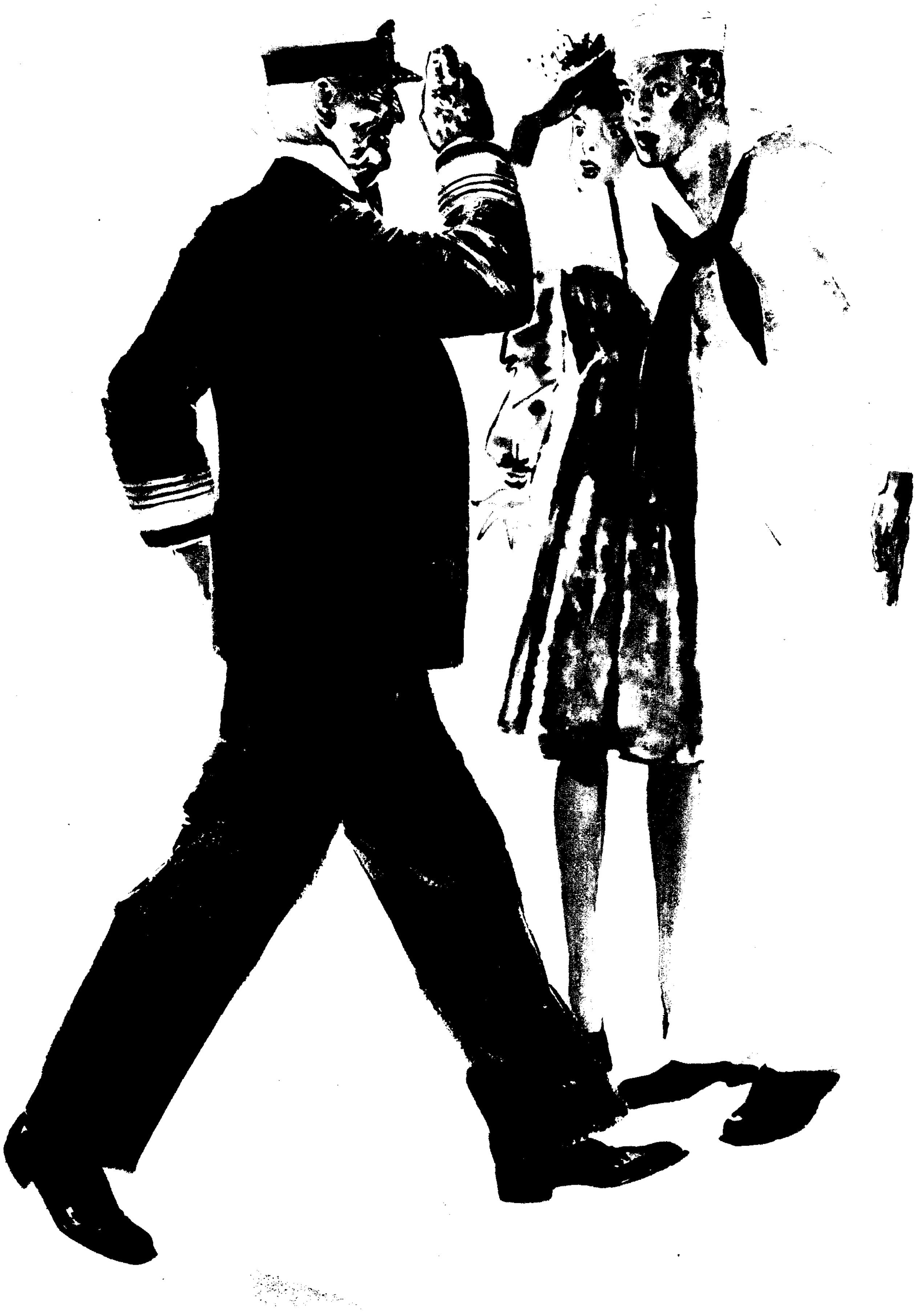
Clear to the Navy landing the wisecracks popped around him. All sorts of advice—especially about the blisters, and what he should do if a Frisco dame were to try and get fresh.

But when the launch had set them ashore, then it was just like he didn't exist: as if they'd plumb forgotten Homer. Every guy except him had a buddy, it seemed, someone to go with while seeing the town. He looked back at his wagon, riding her anchors, as a guy on parole might look at the prison which he has just left. A lump filled his throat.

A Belt Line engine came coughing along hauling some freight cars down to the docks, where ships were loading for ports Down Under. Ships! These ships had come from the sea. But Homer (Seaman Brown 2/c) had never even looked at a sea!

He asked a cop how to get to the sea, and after riding for almost an hour he got off the streetcar—and there it was.

(Continued on page 76)



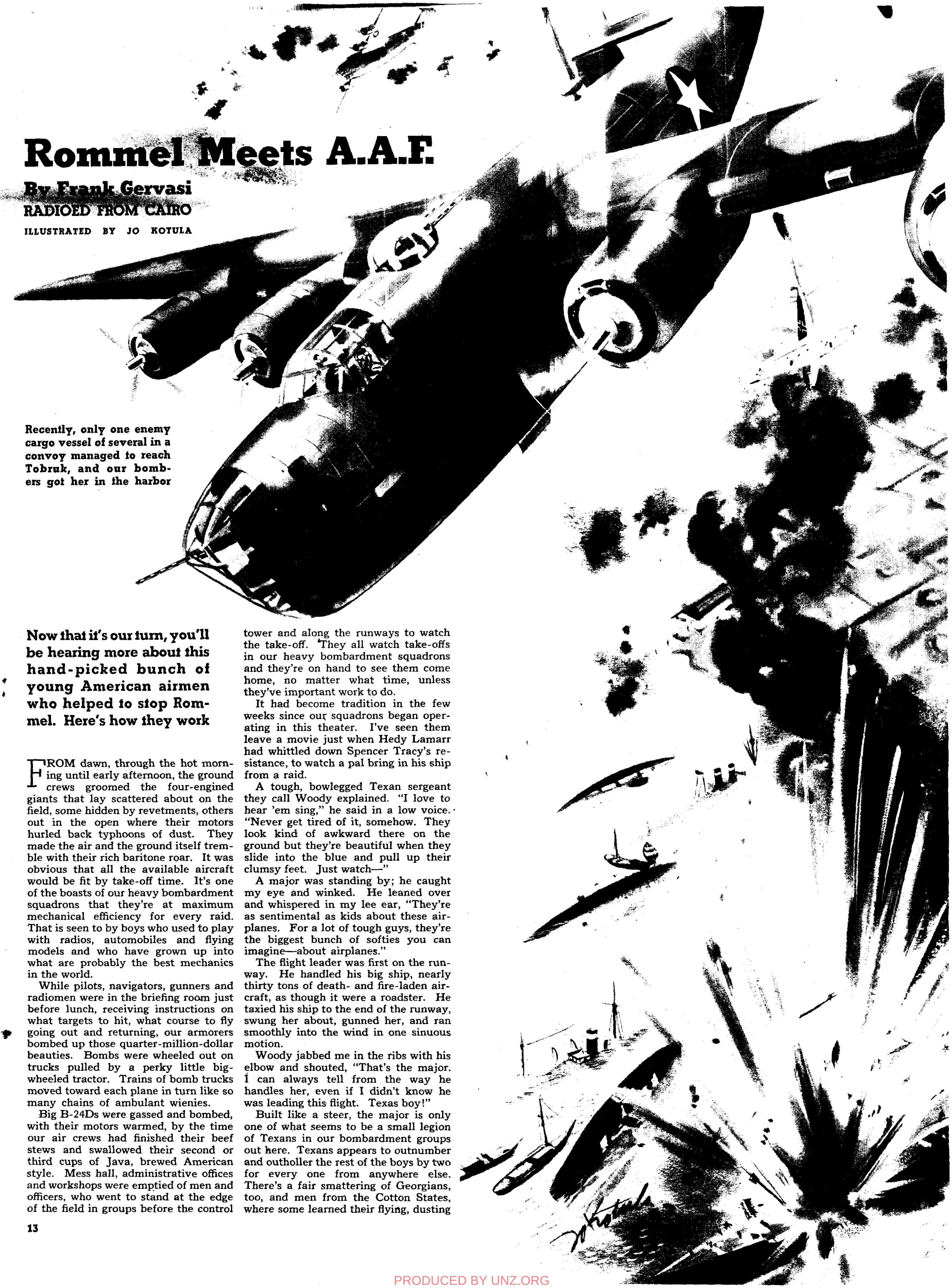
The admiral glanced from Homer to Katie. Lines crinkled out from the edges of his eyes and he raised his hand to his cap and nodded. "Good evening, son," he said. Homer and Katie stood rooted fast. Katie gasped, "You know him, Homer?"

Rommel Meets A.A.F.

By Frank Gervasi

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA



Recently, only one enemy cargo vessel of several in a convoy managed to reach Tobruk, and our bombers got her in the harbor

Now that it's our turn, you'll be hearing more about this hand-picked bunch of young American airmen who helped to stop Rommel. Here's how they work

FROM dawn, through the hot morning until early afternoon, the ground crews groomed the four-engined giants that lay scattered about on the field, some hidden by revetments, others out in the open where their motors hurled back typhoons of dust. They made the air and the ground itself tremble with their rich baritone roar. It was obvious that all the available aircraft would be fit by take-off time. It's one of the boasts of our heavy bombardment squadrons that they're at maximum mechanical efficiency for every raid. That is seen to by boys who used to play with radios, automobiles and flying models and who have grown up into what are probably the best mechanics in the world.

While pilots, navigators, gunners and radiomen were in the briefing room just before lunch, receiving instructions on what targets to hit, what course to fly going out and returning, our armorers bombed up those quarter-million-dollar beauties. Bombs were wheeled out on trucks pulled by a perky little big-wheeled tractor. Trains of bomb trucks moved toward each plane in turn like so many chains of ambulant wienies.

Big B-24Ds were gassed and bombed, with their motors warmed, by the time our air crews had finished their beef stews and swallowed their second or third cups of Java, brewed American style. Mess hall, administrative offices and workshops were emptied of men and officers, who went to stand at the edge of the field in groups before the control tower and along the runways to watch the take-off. They all watch take-offs in our heavy bombardment squadrons and they're on hand to see them come home, no matter what time, unless they've important work to do.

It had become tradition in the few weeks since our squadrons began operating in this theater. I've seen them leave a movie just when Hedy Lamarr had whittled down Spencer Tracy's resistance, to watch a pal bring in his ship from a raid.

A tough, bowlegged Texan sergeant they call Woody explained. "I love to hear 'em sing," he said in a low voice. "Never get tired of it, somehow. They look kind of awkward there on the ground but they're beautiful when they slide into the blue and pull up their clumsy feet. Just watch—"

A major was standing by; he caught my eye and winked. He leaned over and whispered in my lee ear, "They're as sentimental as kids about these airplanes. For a lot of tough guys, they're the biggest bunch of softies you can imagine—about airplanes."

The flight leader was first on the runway. He handled his big ship, nearly thirty tons of death- and fire-laden aircraft, as though it were a roadster. He taxied his ship to the end of the runway, swung her about, gunned her, and ran smoothly into the wind in one sinuous motion.

Woody jabbed me in the ribs with his elbow and shouted, "That's the major. I can always tell from the way he handles her, even if I didn't know he was leading this flight. Texas boy!"

Built like a steer, the major is only one of what seems to be a small legion of Texans in our bombardment groups out here. Texas appears to outnumber and outholler the rest of the boys by two for every one from anywhere else. There's a fair smattering of Georgians, too, and men from the Cotton States, where some learned their flying, dusting crops But Texans are about as ubiquitous as Brereton himself, who commands them and has fought in the Dutch East Indies, Burma and Malaya. It's the consensus of opinion that this apparent numerical superiority is a good thing for our Air Forces and definitely bad medicine for Herr Rommel.

Woody was shouting Texan propaganda at me while the last of the raiders was getting away. Woody insists that if it's true that Rommel's had a nervous breakdown or that he'd fallen out of favor with Hitler (both of which stories make about as much impression on us as a hotfoot would on the Sphinx) it's because he's heard there are a few Texans here.

I asked Woody where he was from.

"Texas," he replied, much in the manner of a man who suddenly realizes that he might be overselling an idea.

But these boys are good. Some fought with Chennault in China, others with Brereton on a succession of battlefields. Many had been posted to fight the Japs and were detoured into the Middle East last May and June when it became imperative to halt the Afrika Korps short of Alexandria and Cairo; men handpicked for a difficult assignment.

No job could have been more difficult than the one handed our fliers when they arrived. This was to help the R.A.F. thwart Rommel's announced intention of putting up at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. After their highly publicized start, they settled down to business and earned the praise that was heaped upon them in those first raids.

Our Bombers Are Superior

As this is cabled, one American squadron alone has completed dozens of long-distance, heavy-bombardment missions in less than eight weeks. That squadron and others can look back on a well-done job. In the process of stopping Rommel and fulfilling their task, they've established the superiority of our bombers over those of the enemy and recorded the fact that American fliers, like American mechanics, haven't any superiors.

They've proved that when they appear in any area in sufficient strength—and they don't even need overwhelming superiority—they are masters of the enemy. From what American fliers have accomplished in the Middle East, you can deduce many things: Our planes are good and our men are good and the workers who made the planes are doing honest work, for those ships of ours seem able to take a tremendous amount of punishment and still fly.

It was daring and skillful airmanship which enabled a certain pilot to land his bomb-laden ship safely on two motors the other day, when two engines conked out about an hour after the take-off. But it was also proof that good workmanship went into the building of that plane.

What measure of mastery we've regained over the Mediterranean has been due to air power, and particularly to the work of heavy bombardment groups. Our bombers' targets have been: (1) enemy convoys which carry troops, weapons and supplies to Italo-German armies in North Africa; (2) ports in Italy, Sicily, Greece and Crete where such reinforcements are embarked; (3) ports along the Libyan coast, where Rommel receives men, munitions, food and fuel for his armies; (4) airdromes, depots and bases in Greece, Crete and the Dodecanese Islands, where the enemy had been piling up manpower and weapon power.

Heavy bombings obliged the enemy to lengthen his convoy routes by several hundred miles in order to avoid severe losses in ships and vital cargoes. Recently only one enemy cargo vessel out of several in a convoy managed to reach Tobruk, and our bombers got her in the harbor.

What used to be a short supply line between Tripoli and Sicily has become a long, dangerous route for the enemy. He has been obliged not only to make a long detour far west of the normal course that was guarded by the fortress of Pantelleria and safely patrolled by his destroyers and aircraft, but he has also been forced to break up his convoys into small units and to employ his badly needed submarines as cargo ships.

Brereton's orders to pilots and bombardiers are very simple and direct: "Go get 'em!" Our bombers have attacked objectives despite the known presence of fighter patrols. They've bombed by day and by night. They've mauled Tobruk, Benghazi and Mersa Matruh, and they've banged Candia and Suda Bay and other ports in Greece and Crete. In their very first job sometime last June, before Italians were aware of the presence of American air power in the Mediterranean, they caused a neatly formed convoy (escorted by cruisers, destroyers and fighters, and headed confidently for Tobruk) to forget the whole business and return home.

One night a squadron of ours operating from somewhere east of Suez attacked the Cretan airport of Meleme. The Germans apparently were expecting large air forces of their own to arrive. Our boys met no ack-ack. The first of our ships over the target hadn't any bombs, and as it approached, the enemy below turned on the floodlights. It dived low and sprayed everything in sight with cannon fire. Guided by the floods, ships coming in behind the first one laid their bombs neatly and caused many fires and explosions. After the first stick, the enemy turned out his floodlights, but by that time our boys didn't need any beacons. They'd made their own.

It comes hard to read astronomical production figures in the newspapers though, and then to find so few airplanes where they're needed so desperately. Men in our squadrons feel it but, if anything, it has helped to generate a cold-blooded and highly workmanlike attitude toward this war in the desert, which wasn't so apparent when they first arrived.

They'd Rather Bomb Japs

Then they all wanted to get at the Japs, as though the Japs were the only enemy. One of our officers said he wished the British would get this over with quickly, so that our squadrons could leave for China or India—"To fight those Japs, like we're supposed to do."

I asked this same officer whether he'd take me on a bombing trip to Naples some time.

He said, "Naples? Why bomb Italians? They're such nice people. They don't want this war."

That attitude has almost vanished. They've learned that Italian ack-ack is still ack-ack and that the enemy we face in the deserts of the Middle East is every bit as important as the enemy anywhere else. Now they're anxious to get the whole business over with as soon as possible. To do that, they need planes, planes and more planes.

Their morale? It's good in spite of a series of unfortunate circumstances, recently corrected, but which until removed caused the men to grumble. New pay schedules voted by Congress back home occasioned revision of pay rolls here and an inordinate amount of paper work. When finally the barricades of paper were cleared away, some three months had passed, but the men got their pay.

Men call situations like the one they'd

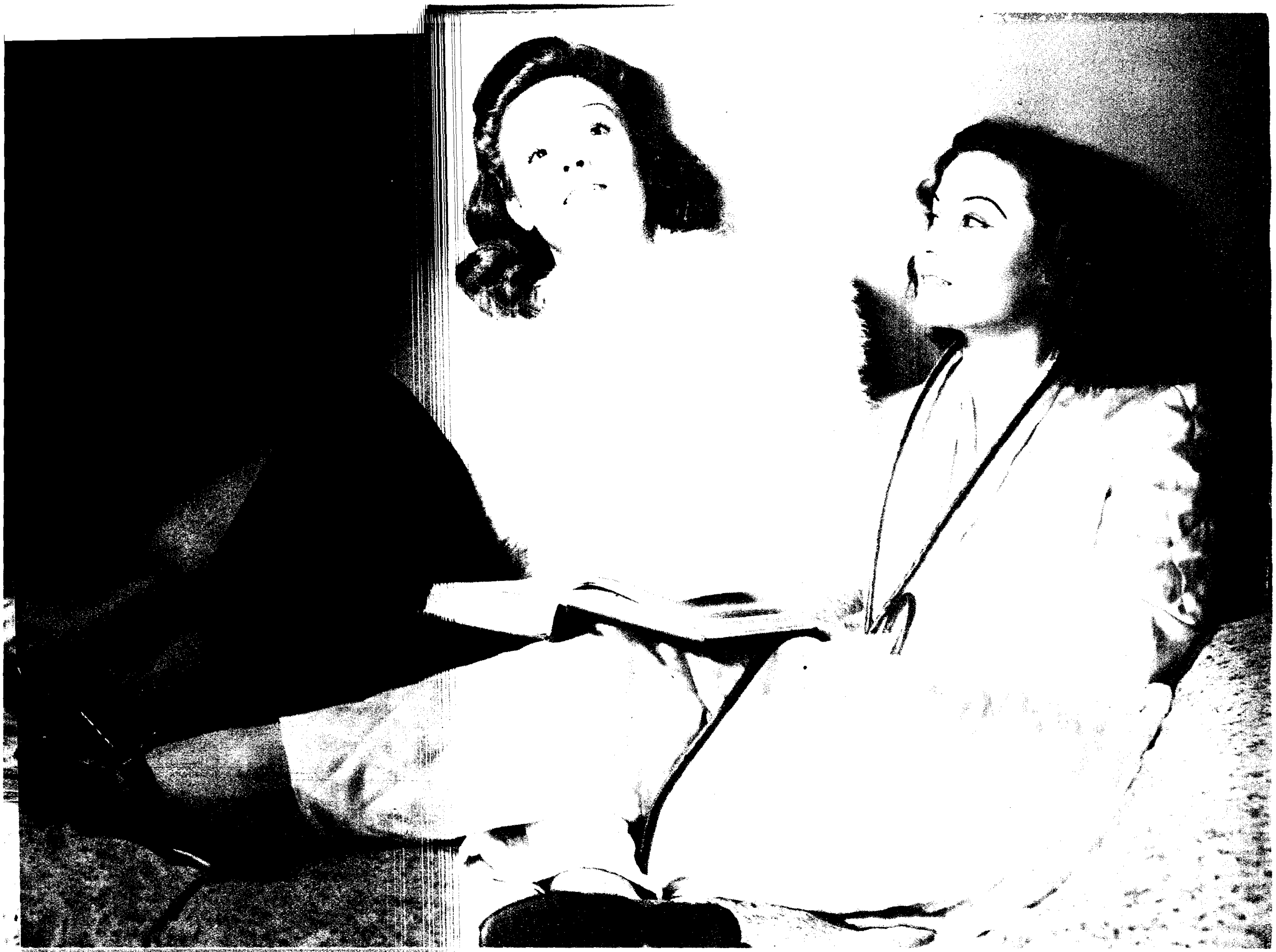
(Continued on page 96)

Cuddly shoes for cool evenings at home could do without that fire, even with the thermostat at a 65-degree high. Green felt and furry fabric left, brushed blue rayon right—brushing makes rayon hold warmth. The leather cowboy-cut boots, lined with sheepskin and just in from outdoors, guard against frostbitten toes

FAIR AND WARMER

The fuel shortage has done what the men couldn't do—persuaded the girls into chill-proof clothes. A whole new-old kind of dressing, replete with quilting, red flannel underwear, hug-me-tights, fur linings, wool shawls and bootees is the thing. Pretty, cozy and practical. Bundling clothes is what the stores call them

The sweater girl of 1943, dressed for a big warm evening. Her floor-length dinner dress is black crepe, her sleeveless sweater is bright red wool fringed around the armhole with black yarn

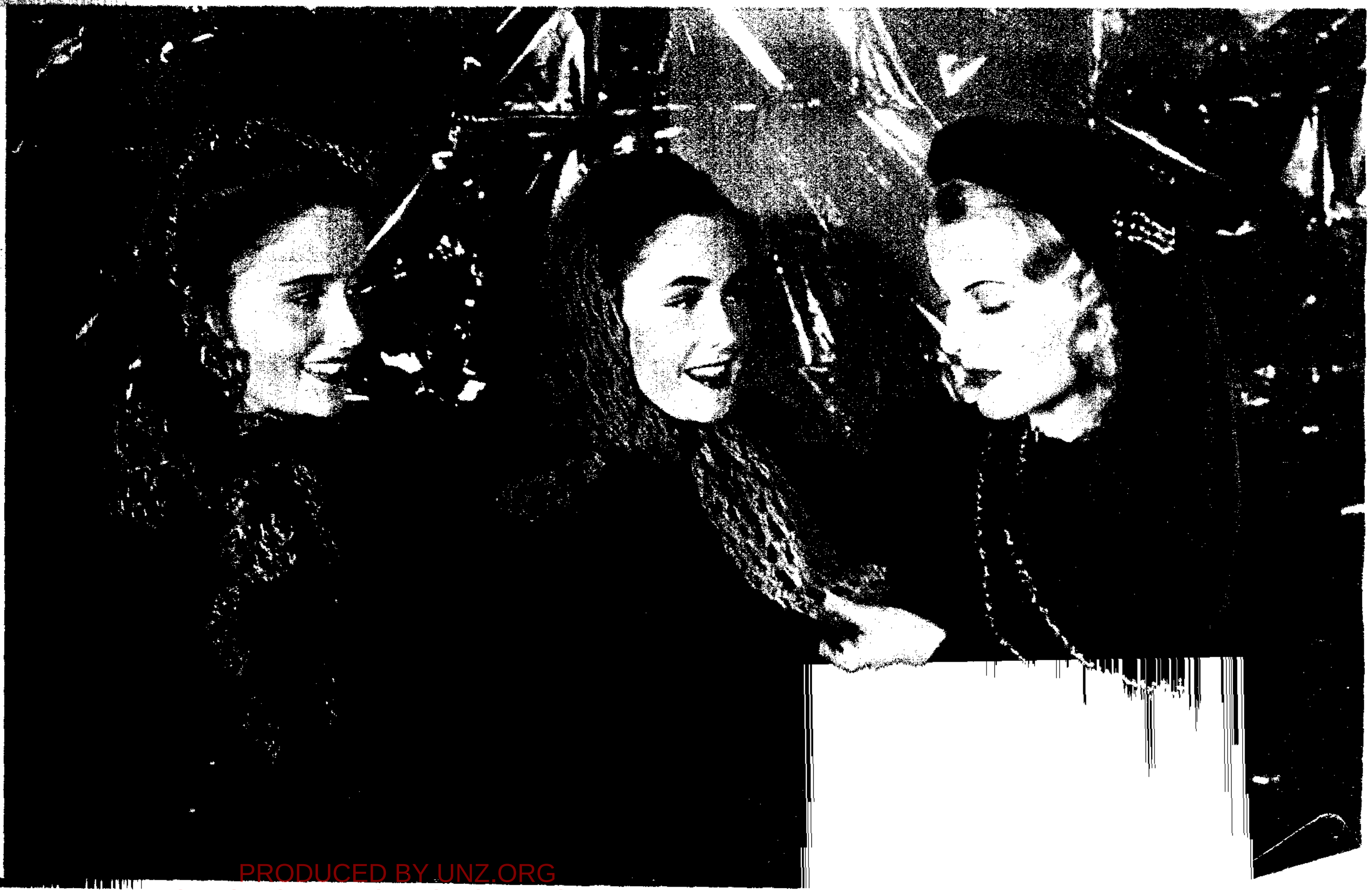


PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

Too bad to spend all that beauty over a book—or maybe that's not what these young ladies are dreamy-eyed about. Black velvet pajamas with pink marabou finger-tip jacket, and white rayon satin pants with matching robe, quilted but slim as a whistle, keep them warm as well as beautiful

Red underwear with glamor touch of black lace. Short-sleeved dress shows this. Quilted hug-me-tight and quilted velveteen skirt, left

Bundled up for winter in woolly scarfs, the newest old kind of warm headgear. Lacy wool shot with gold, left, for evening. Peasant scarf of many-colored wool knit, center, for day. Brushed wool turban, right, with its own gold-studded jersey scarf attached. It's called a bundling turban



At Pioneer homes, Elizabeth, New Jersey, whites and blacks live, meet, solve common problems without friction. An air-raid meeting in their common club

KNOPF-PIX

The Negro Lifts His Head

By Walter Davenport

FENN-PIX

In the War Department cafeteria, Washington. White clerks and black eat same food and swap the usual girl talk. They leave the Negro question to the politicians. It works fine

KNOPF-PIX

Sunny morning at Pioneer Homes, Elizabeth, N. J. Mrs. Harkins and Mrs. Hildebrandt admire each other's baby. Mrs. Francis Gambino listens in. Too bad that the demagogues can't

HERRMANN PIX

U. S. Employment Service, New York, Robert Custis, Negro, interviews white job hunter. Mary Armstrong, white, takes colored girl's application. No time for race problems here

A GALLANT young captain with an uncluttered mind was explaining the American Negro to a group of English officers. He is a Mississippian. It happened in London. Later perhaps a gallant young Briton with an equally uncomplicated intelligence explained Britain's India predicament to the American.

But the American captain from a state forty-nine per cent of whose population is Negro made an interesting and even harrowing afternoon of it. Somewhat to the American's surprise his audience had not known that the American Negro was an American problem.

The captain from Mississippi gave his English listeners to understand that they could congratulate themselves that their government had such relatively tractable colored men as Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru to placate, instead of dangerous radicals like the less widely publicized Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and A. Philip Randolph of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. When he had finished, one of the English officers, realizing that problems, particularly racial ones, seldom come with answers attached, asked the inevitable, international question: "And just what do you propose to do about it?"

One Solemn Truth

The Mississippi captain uttered at least one solemn truth. He said that neither legislation nor postwar pact could force the Southern white man to abolish race segregation. Whether it was necessary for him to have warmed up to his subject with such vehemence is no part of this piece. We understand that he was spoken to somewhat sharply later by his superiors and the subject is now taboo in England. That too is beside the point.

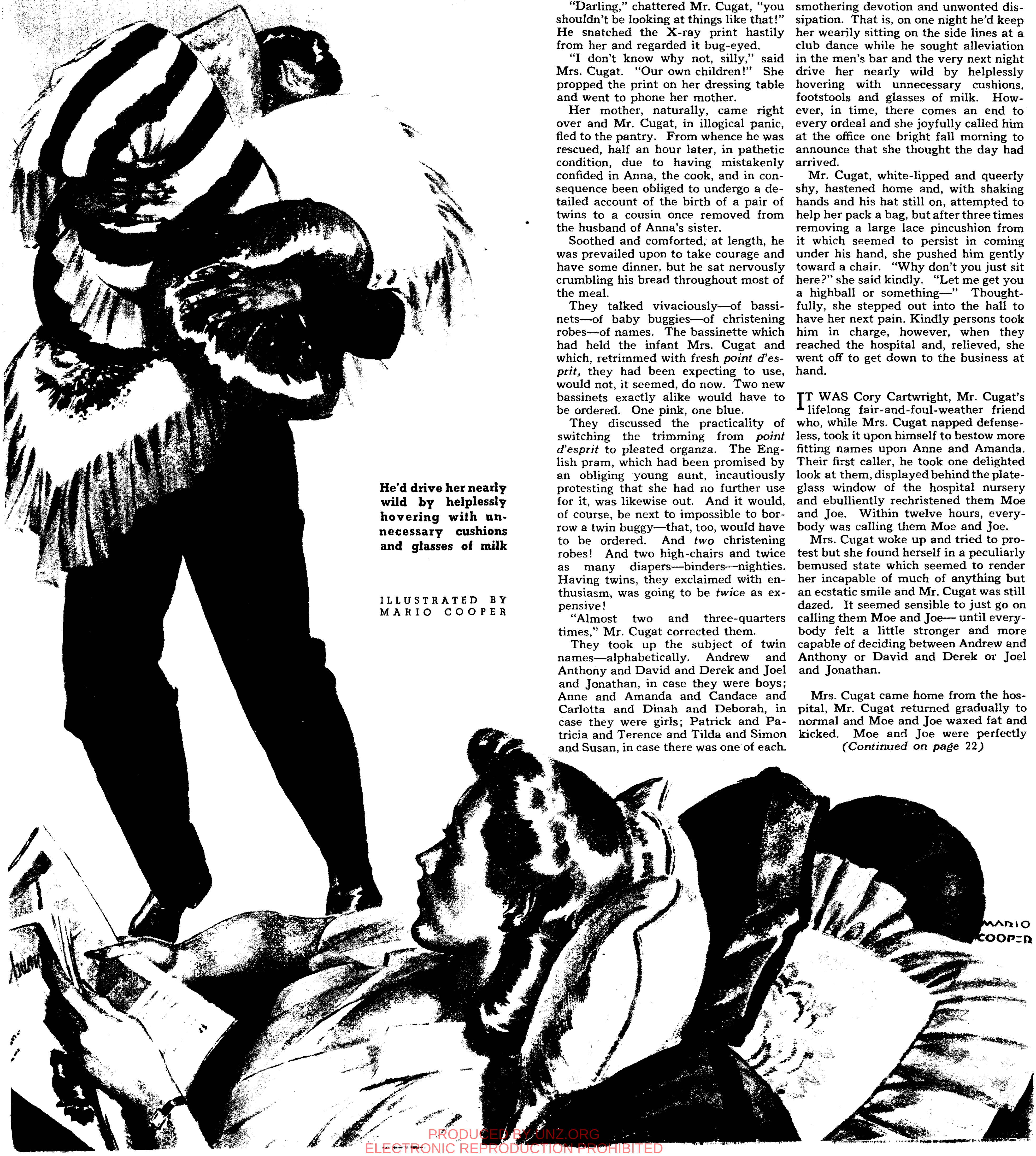
But if anyone tells you that a common enemy has united the United States so solidly that the Negro problem is in abeyance for the duration you may assume correctly that either he is making a political campaign speech or is a very unreliable source of information or both. The vast majority of Negroes in America organized, unorganized, acting independently, agitated by exhortation from within, propaganda from without, are omitting no activity, ignoring no opportunity to make the war pay them dividends in equality.

Overwhelmingly they are scornful of promises of postwar grants, shouting that their memories of broken promises after 1918 are painful. They contend that they are not so avid for new legislation as they are for honest administration of Constitutional rights, laws and court interpretations already on the books. They protest that their service in uniform is humiliated by Jim Crowism but defy you to prove that their loyalty is the less for it. They resent that only the shortage of white workers has broken down the prejudice of many industrialists against employing them as skilled mechanics but challenge you to produce evidence that they are not as efficient as the white man. They deplore the reluctance of the White House to act promptly and ruthlessly against Southern politicians who disregard the Negro's legal rights—to a free franchise, for example. Their leaders repeatedly remind the Administration that any consequent defection of white votes will be compensated for by *(Continued on page 102)*

Just a Little Something

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat, provident parents, invest in a couple of godfathers, with results astonishing to all

By Isabel Scott Rorick



He'd drive her nearly wild by helplessly hovering with unnecessary cushions and glasses of milk

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

DAME Nature, having been somewhat remiss in the matter of seeing to the prolongation of the Cugat line, suddenly bethought herself one fine day and, contrite, arranged for twins. Mrs. Cugat came home from Dr. MacHarg's office, on the afternoon that he confirmed his suspicions of these profuse amends, beaming with pride.

"Is he *sure?*" queried Mr. Cugat aghast.

"Positive," she replied happily. "Here's a picture he took. I asked him if I might keep it."

"Darling," chattered Mr. Cugat, "you shouldn't be looking at things like that!" He snatched the X-ray print hastily from her and regarded it bug-eyed.

"I don't know why not, silly," said Mrs. Cugat. "Our own children!" She propped the print on her dressing table and went to phone her mother.

Her mother, naturally, came right over and Mr. Cugat, in illogical panic, fled to the pantry. From whence he was rescued, half an hour later, in pathetic condition, due to having mistakenly confided in Anna, the cook, and in consequence been obliged to undergo a detailed account of the birth of a pair of twins to a cousin once removed from the husband of Anna's sister.

Soothed and comforted, at length, he was prevailed upon to take courage and have some dinner, but he sat nervously crumbling his bread throughout most of the meal.

They talked vivaciously—of bassinets—of baby buggies—of christening robes—of names. The bassinette which had held the infant Mrs. Cugat and which, retrimmed with fresh *point d'esprit,* they had been expecting to use, would not, it seemed, do now. Two new bassinets exactly alike would have to be ordered. One pink, one blue.

They discussed the practicality of switching the trimming from *point d'esprit* to pleated organza. The English pram, which had been promised by an obliging young aunt, incautiously protesting that she had no further use for it, was likewise out. And it would, of course, be next to impossible to borrow a twin buggy—that, too, would have to be ordered. And *two* christening robes! And two high-chairs and twice as many diapers—binders—nighties. Having twins, they exclaimed with enthusiasm, was going to be *twice* as expensive!

"Almost two and three-quarters times," Mr. Cugat corrected them.

They took up the subject of twin names—alphabetically. Andrew and Anthony and David and Derek and Joel and Jonathan, in case they were boys; Anne and Amanda and Candace and Carlotta and Dinah and Deborah, in case they were girls; Patrick and Patricia and Terence and Tilda and Simon and Susan, in case there was one of each. They consulted Mr. Cugat eagerly and urged him to express an opinion or offer a suggestion, but he just said, nervously toying with his dessert, that he'd rather wait and see and then watched, awed, while Mrs. Cugat finished off, with gusto, her third dish of rice pudding.

THREE months went by during which time Mrs. Cugat settled confidently on Anne and Amanda, knitted assiduously, ate a great deal more rice pudding and put up with Mr. Cugat, who seemed singularly impelled to oscillate between smothering devotion and unwonted dissipation. That is, on one night he'd keep her wearily sitting on the side lines at a club dance while he sought alleviation in the men's bar and the very next night drive her nearly wild by helplessly hovering with unnecessary cushions, footstools and glasses of milk. However, in time, there comes an end to every ordeal and she joyfully called him at the office one bright fall morning to announce that she thought the day had arrived.

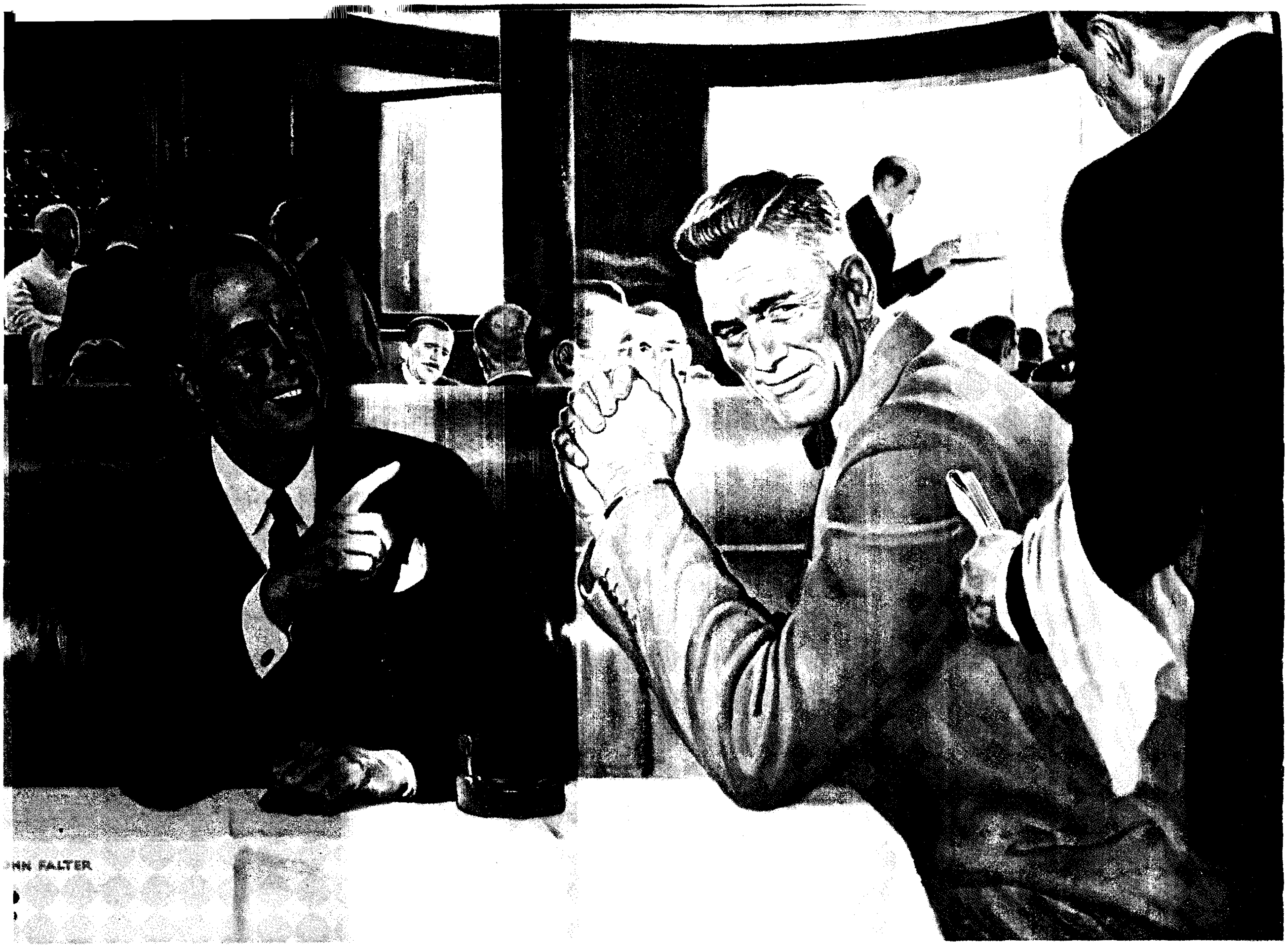
Mr. Cugat, white-lipped and queerly shy, hastened home and, with shaking hands and his hat still on, attempted to help her pack a bag, but after three times removing a large lace pincushion from it which seemed to persist in coming under his hand, she pushed him gently toward a chair. "Why don't you just sit here?" she said kindly. "Let me get you a highball or something—" Thoughtfully, she stepped out into the hall to have her next pain. Kindly persons took him in charge, however, when they reached the hospital and, relieved, she went off to get down to the business at hand.

IT WAS Cory Cartwright, Mr. Cugat's lifelong fair-and-foul-weather friend who, while Mrs. Cugat napped defenseless, took it upon himself to bestow more fitting names upon Anne and Amanda. Their first caller, he took one delighted look at them, displayed behind the plate-glass window of the hospital nursery and ebulliently rechristened them Moe and Joe. Within twelve hours, everybody was calling them Moe and Joe.

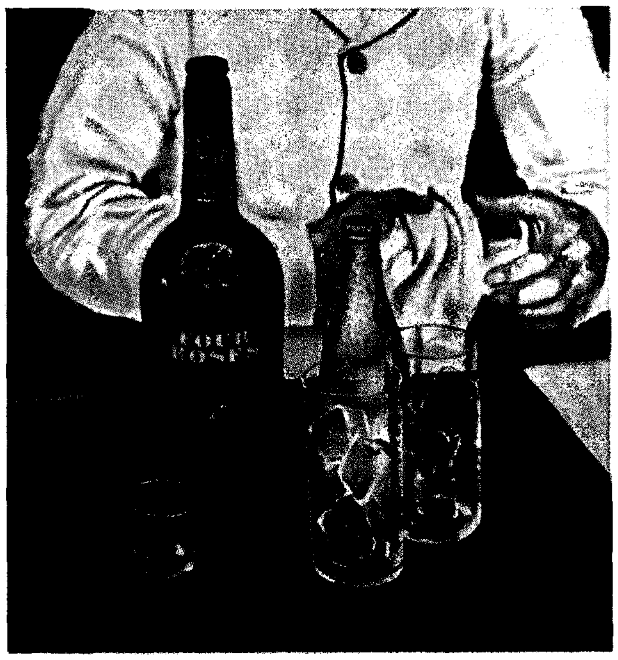
Mrs. Cugat woke up and tried to protest but she found herself in a peculiarly bemused state which seemed to render her incapable of much of anything but an ecstatic smile and Mr. Cugat was still dazed. It seemed sensible to just go on calling them Moe and Joe— until everybody felt a little stronger and more capable of deciding between Andrew and Anthony or David and Derek or Joel and Jonathan.

Mrs. Cugat came home from the hospital, Mr. Cugat returned gradually to normal and Moe and Joe waxed fat and kicked. Moe and Joe were perfectly

(Continued on page 22)



Four-Star hit with a Lone-Star man



TED: How's every little thing down home in Texas, Bill?

BILL: Zooming along, Ted. But it's mighty good to be here in the Big Town again. What's first on the program?

TED: Well, to start things off right, I'm going to have the barman here introduce you to what we New Yorkers consider the world's finest whiskey-and-soda.

BILL: Down deep in the heart of Texas, when a man says what you just said, he's talking about just one thing: *Four Roses!*

TED: But . . .

BILL: Four Roses! There's a whiskey a man can tie to! That rich and velvety smoothness . . . mellow as a Texas moon!

TED: Wait a minute, old man, you don't understand. I was just going to . . .

BILL: It sure beats me how anybody could pass up the glorious flavor of today's Four Roses! Man! That bouquet . . . soft and fragrant as purple sage on a sun-soaked prairie!

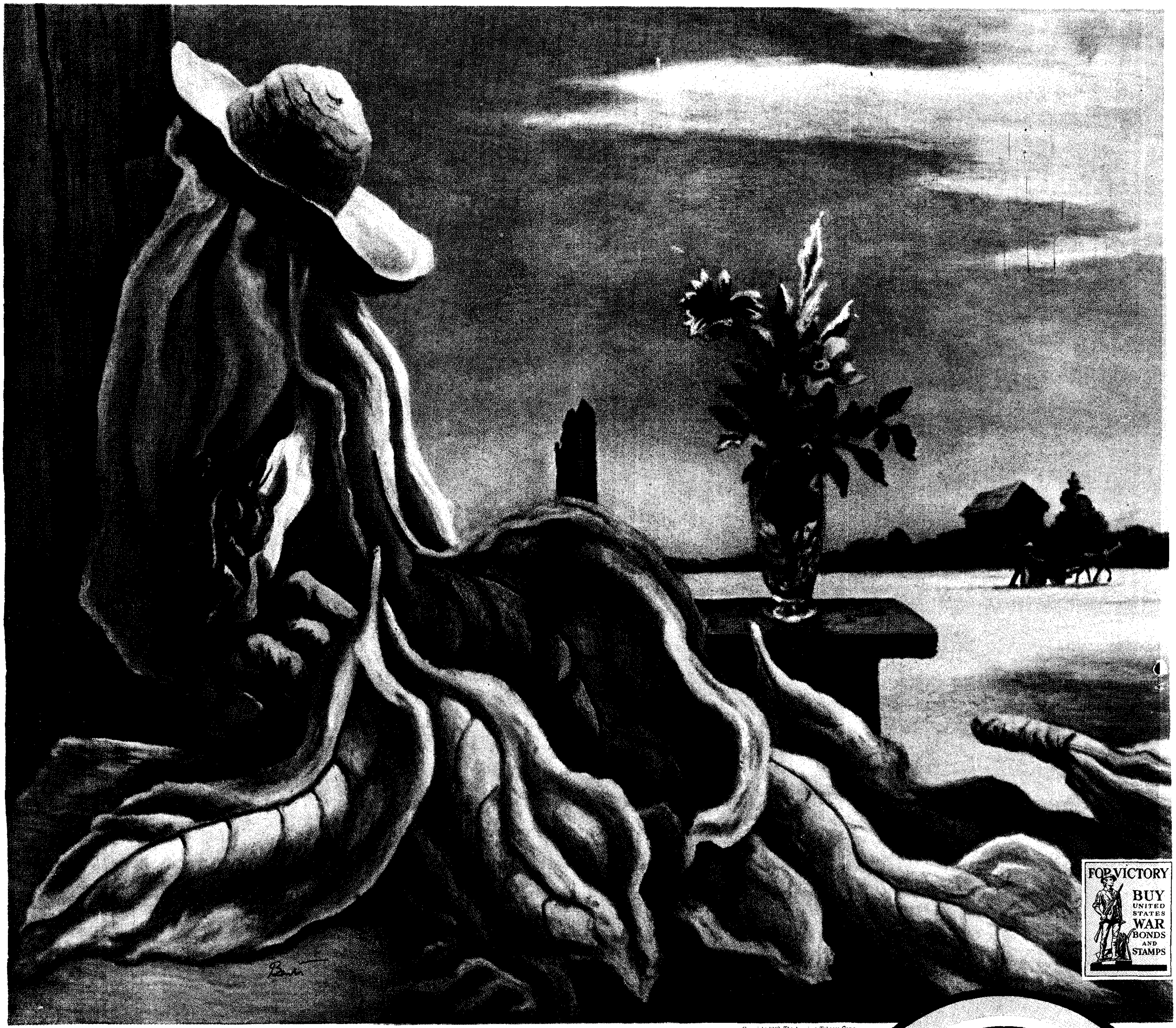
TED: Hold on, now, you ham-fisted cowpuncher! You can try to sell me Texas, but I don't need a Texan to tell me that today's Four Roses is the grandest whiskey ever bottled. I already know it! In fact, it was Four-Roses-and-soda that I was about to order when you stampeded me! Waiter . . .

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

"Tobacco"... Still life painted in the tobacco country by Thomas Hart Benton.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering... worth acting on... next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

HONORABLE DISCHARGE

By Stanley F. Donath

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Their backgrounds were as different as day is from night. But each had an instinct for decency and each was courageous. The girl Catherine was fortunate to have known them

THAT morning I got my orders and in the afternoon I took a taxi to Chelsea Barracks to say goodby to Sir George Jouffroy. Sir George was a cousin of my mother's. He was an old nuisance, a stickler for regulations, a bad bridge player, and as fine a man as anyone in the British army.

I waited in the anteroom, and I heard his voice inside. He was bawling blue fire out of some fellow, and he knew how to do that. Nobody knew it better. He started with the usual stuff, little hors d'oeuvres like "Disgrace for the regiment" and "The standard of the army," that many of us had had and that hurts no one.

In my estimate he was near the point where he would raise his voice and say, "You can go now, young man; I hope you will mend your ways and become an honor to the regiment instead of a blot." I liked very much the mellow, preacherlike tone of his voice when he said that. He never changed a word in it. It was time-worn and durable, like the bricks of the barracks.

I waited in vain, for that matter. There was only a little silence and the sound of steps, pacing up and down on the creaky wooden floor. Then Sir George said, and his voice was rather unpleasant, "Now tell me what happened on that Tuesday, Lieutenant. Just give me the plain facts."

"Yes, sir," said another voice. "I was lyin' underneath a machine, and—"

"I see," Sir George said. "What on earth did you do underneath a machine?"

"I was repairin' 'er, of course." The other voice sounded somewhat astonished. "The transmission had broken down and I repaired 'er, sir."

"You know that's not your business," Sir George said. "You have to requisition a man from the R.O.D. You have the forms in the office."

"I know, sir," the lieutenant said. "Only it takes too long that way, sir. We need the machines right now. Need 'em badly, sir."

"You're an officer," Sir George said scornfully. "You're not a mechanic. What happened next?"

"There came a young fellow," the lieutenant said. "Very nice chap, in a honey of a double-breasted suit. Some officers a few steps behind 'im. He stopped at the machine and bent down and started to tinker with it. So I said quite friendly, 'Go away, fellow. You'll ruin your garb,' I said. That was all, sir."

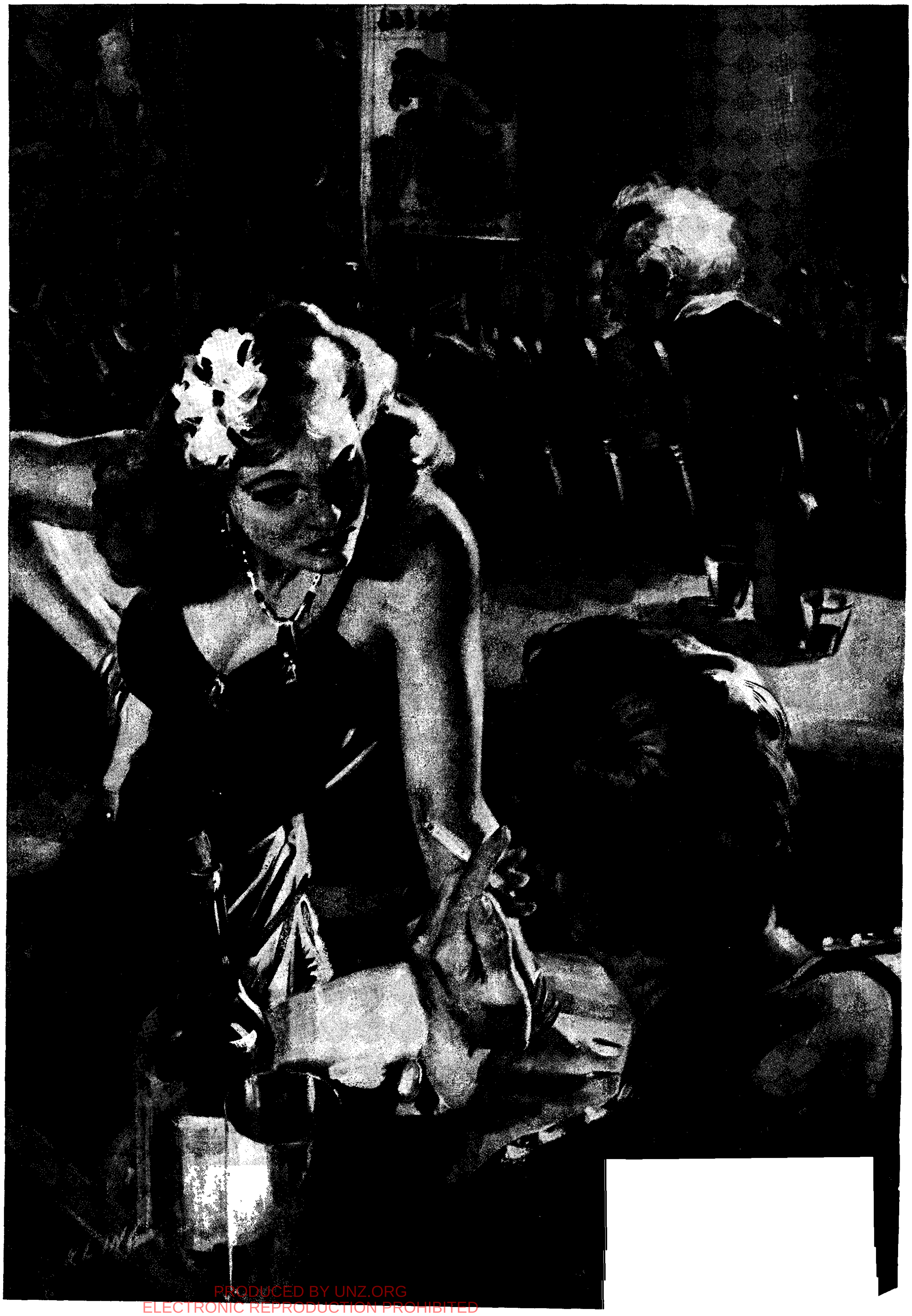
"It was the Earl of Angleby, you blooming fool," Sir George said. "He's a third cousin to the queen, and he's a peer, and he's chairman of eleven advisory boards. He came to inspect the regiment, unofficially. The captain had forewarned you."

"No fault of the captain's, sir. I didn't think of it at the time. The earl is only a civilian, sir. He had no business to make an inspection."

"I won't discuss that with you, Smith. Certainly not with you. Well, you were having words with the captain after that, and it was not the first time, I heard."

A row of trucks rolled by in the street, drowning out the voices inside. When I could hear again, the lieutenant said, "It's the system, sir. We use three hours

(*Continued on page* 30)



She came to my table with that slightly swaying step of the professional dancer. "Hello, Catherine," I said. "Why did you send away the boy?" she asked. Her voice was almost hostile

LONGINES
the most honored watch
for the
Diplomat

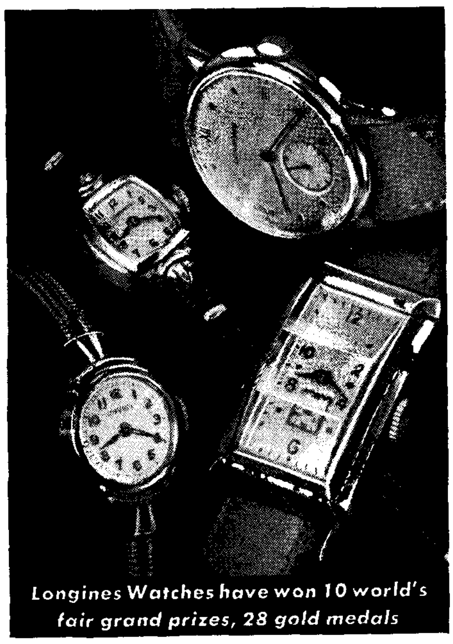
Because convention dictates the pocket watch for formal wear, Longines pocket watches are generously present among men in the diplomatic service of many nations. The Longines "Observatory Movement*" in every Longines pocket watch assures a timekeeping service to match an impressively handsome appearance.

Longines*

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Today's necessarily greatly restricted production makes it impossible for any Longines jeweler to have enough Longines watches to show a complete range of styles and models. Each of the Longines watches that he does have, however, contains the Longines "Observatory Movement*" world-honored for greater accuracy and long life. For excellence and elegance Longines watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, and 28 gold medal awards. Longines jewelers also show the Wittnauer watch, a companion line of outstanding value at a moderate price. Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

***Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.**



Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

Just a Little Something

Continued from page 18

charming—utterly indistinguishable one from the other and their fame spread far and wide. Mrs. Cugat maintained stoutly that they weren't one bit alike, but Mr. Cugat could often be noted looking at them with the anxious expression of a man seeing double.

"Their personalities are wholly different," Mrs. Cugat reiterated one day to her mother as they watched fatuously while Moe waved his arms and Joe waved his legs. "Moe is always either laughing or crying but Joe just plays with his feet and puts things in his mouth."

"Dear," said Mrs. Cugat's mother, "don't you think it's time you did something about their names? The bishop was saying only the other day that he supposed the christening would be soon."

"I know," said Mrs. Cugat, "we really must. We keep putting it off. I'll talk to George tonight."

"And there are the godparents to think of too," her mother reminded her.

Mr. Cugat, on being approached that evening, was now found to be surprisingly positive in his views on names. He summarily threw out Andrew and Anthony and David and Derek and Joel and Jonathan as pure whimsy and plumped vigorously for Baldwin C. (after Mrs. Cugat's father) and J. Duncan (after his esteemed employer, Mr. Atterbury).

MRS. CUGAT considered these wistfully. They seemed ponderous and unwieldy—not liable to anything very appealing in nicknames, certainly. She had been particularly fond of David and Derek—Davy and Derry were so cunning. There wasn't much you could call a Duncan but "Dunc" and simply nothing you could call a Baldwin but "Baldy"! Still it would be nice to name one after her father. Her mother would like it. Also, Mr. Cugat's mind seemed to be made up. "We have to think of two godmothers and four godfathers," she said, sturdily attacking the next problem.

His ideas on this matter, it appeared, were no less clear. "How about having Mr. Atterbury and Cory for Moe," he said promptly, "and Bill Stone and somebody for Joe?" Adding generously, "You think of the godmothers."

But Mrs. Cugat was strangling with indignation. "Bill Stone!" she finally managed to sputter in an outraged voice, "that *awful* man?"

"Honey," said Mr. Cugat, smiling patiently, "he happens to be one of my oldest friends and a better lad, incidentally, never lived. Just because your bridge club doesn't happen to approve of him—"

"Approve of him!" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat. "That menace! Has he ever drawn a sober breath—or once been seen with anyone respectable? I won't have him! He's a disgrace!" But Mr. Cugat had got a certain look on his face and she knew she was butting a stone wall. "Who are you going to have for the other one," she asked, sourly, "the bartender down at Eddie's?"

Mr. Cugat ignored this sally. "Well," he said after a little thought, "how about Professor McCracken? He was awfully good to me when I was a kid at the academy and I know it would please him."

Mrs. Cugat thought this over. "But George," she protested, "that gives Moe, Mr. Atterbury—who will probably crash through with something very handsome, and Cory—who'd give anybody the shirt off his back and poor little Joe—nobody but that rip, Bill Stone and old Professor McCracken who hasn't a cent to his name! It isn't fair. We've got to think of somebody with a lot of money for Joe too, so he'll get nice presents."

Mr. Cugat was shocked. "You do that," he said with disgust, "and you'll end up with somebody so farfetched that they can't possibly miss what they were asked for!"

"I know," admitted Mrs. Cugat, "but everybody does it. Look at the *Simpsons* having *Howie Sturm!* Blatant!"

"A lot of good it ever does," grumbled Mr. Cugat. "I don't think my godparents know I'm alive—and where have yours been keeping themselves?"

"One of my godmothers gave me a little ermine muff once," she said absently. Then her face cleared. "I know," she cried, "Uncle Simpson!"

"And who is Uncle Simpson?" asked Mr. Cugat blankly.

"Well, he's my father's oldest brother. He lives up in Ridgeway in the old house where they were all born and he's simply *wading* in money. He's quite old and a little peculiar—he doesn't speak to some of the family—but Mother said he sent a nice basket to Daddy's funeral—she was quite surprised at the time—so he must like us."

"That was twenty years ago," put in Mr. Cugat. "Has anybody seen or heard of him since?"

"Mother hasn't, I don't believe—he doesn't get out much. But he must know about the twins—everybody seems to know about the twins." Mr. Cugat looked doubtful. "Why he's just the one!" she went on, rapidly selling herself the idea. "He's the head of the family and, since Daddy's dead, its very suitable. He'll probably be terribly pleased. I expect he's really very nice if you're just nice to him. The others probably try to get something out of him all the time." Mr. Cugat snorted but she ignored it. "If I give in and let you have that horrible Bill Stone," she asserted, "and I don't know how I'll stand it but I suppose I'll have to, the least you can do is let me have my own uncle."

Mr. Cugat, suddenly meek, agreed.

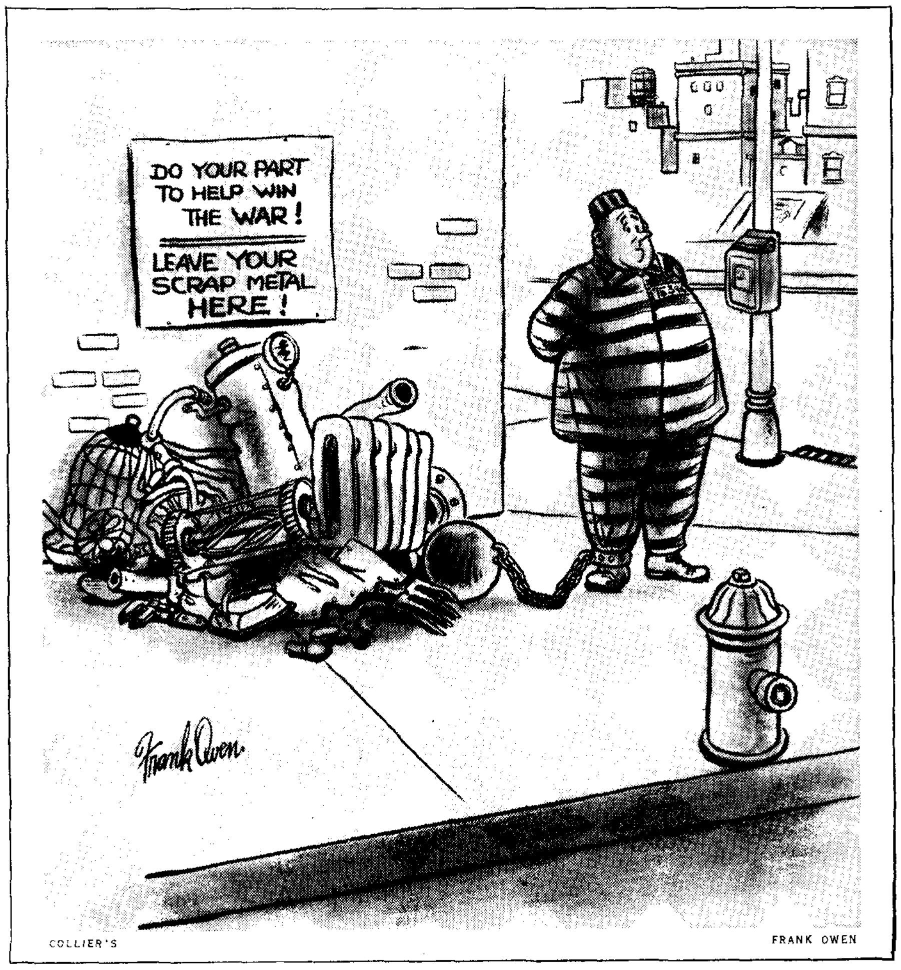
Somewhat to everybody's surprise, Uncle Simpson wrote, in a gouty hand, on yellowed paper, embellished with a forgotten coat of arms, that he supposed it was up to him to come—although he was far from well—and that he would arrive the Saturday evening before the ceremony. It was arranged that Mrs. Cugat's mother have him at her house—Moe and Joe, with their cribs and scales and bath tables, having taken over the guest room and Miss Brownlow, the trained nurse—staying until Mrs. Cugat was stronger—being in possession of the back bedroom.

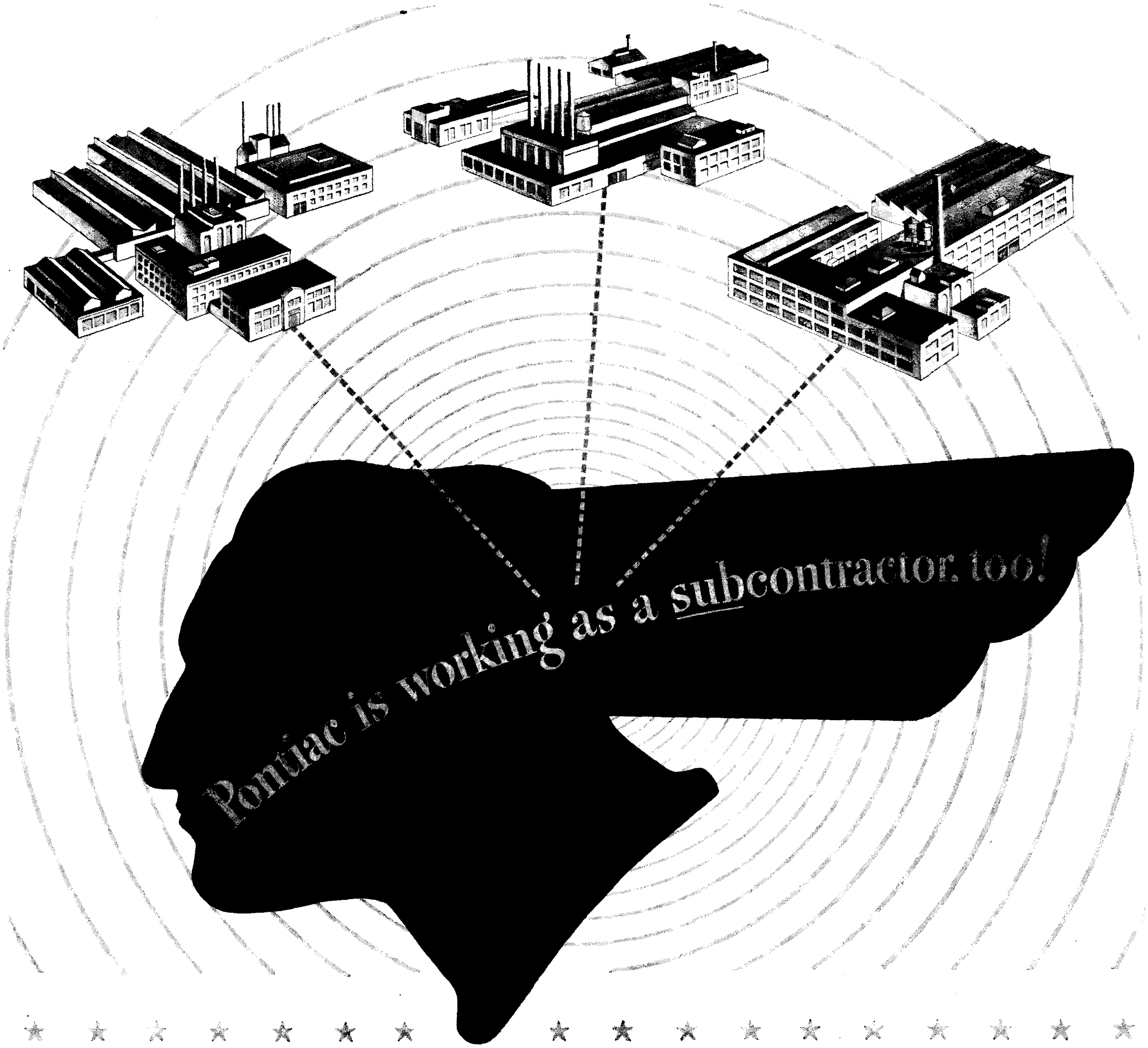
THE bishop came to call and Moe and Joe showed off to advantage—so engagingly, in fact, that he offered to officiate himself. Mr. Atterbury professed himself delighted at the honor bestowed upon him and crashed through even more handsomely than anticipated—with shares of Tri-State Bank stock. Uncle Simpson's arrival was nervously awaited.

He arrived, as promised, on Saturday evening, and after dinner, later reported by Mrs. Cugat's mother to have propitiously consisted of two crackers made of seaweed and a glass of water—was brought over to view his godchild. Mrs. Cugat realized when he walked in the door that she had never been quite as frightened of anybody before. He looked like an aged lizard and appeared to be in such an advanced state of boredom that a civil handshake cost him effort. Mr. Cugat hurried forward to help him with his coat but was brushed off.

"Can I take your hat?" he ventured timidly. But Uncle Simpson chose to retain this also. He came into the living room, gave one sharp look around and then lapsed again into long-suffering.

"The twins are in the nursery," said


DO YOUR PART TO HELP WIN THE WAR!
LEAVE YOUR SCRAP METAL HERE!
Frank Owen
COLLIER'S
FRANK OWEN



Pontiac is working as a subcontractor, too!

What more can we do to help win the war . . . how else can we help to provide our soldiers and sailors and those of the Allied Nations with what they need for victory?

That, we hold, is the *only* attitude in which those of us not privileged to wear the uniform can approach the war effort. Peacetime pursuits and practices . . . previous traditions, prerogatives and reputations . . . personal preferences and ambitions *all* shrink to insignificance in light of the words, "*What more can we do to help win the war?*" Nothing else counts.

Here at Pontiac that attitude has caused a major change in our operating policy. Back when we were building automobiles we were the "prime contractor." We "spread the work" among many subcontractors large and small—each an anonymous specialist in some manufacturing field.

Then came the Defense Program. Our first assignment, undertaken months before Pearl Harbor, was the building of Oerlikon automatic anti-aircraft cannon. With the splendid cooperation of over 300 subcontractors on this one job alone, peak production was attained eleven months ahead of schedule.

After December 7th, two additional major assignments were quickly assumed . . . the volume production of [redacted] [redacted] and of Bofors 40 mm. automatic field guns.

Hardly had these gigantic and complex problems of plant conversion, re-tooling and personnel training gotten under way when . . . "What more could we do to help win the war?"

We could help by becoming SUBCONTRACTORS on three important projects: building huge components for [redacted]-ton high-speed tanks . . . supplying vital mechanisms for army [redacted] and producing [redacted] sets of [redacted] inner-engine assemblies a month.

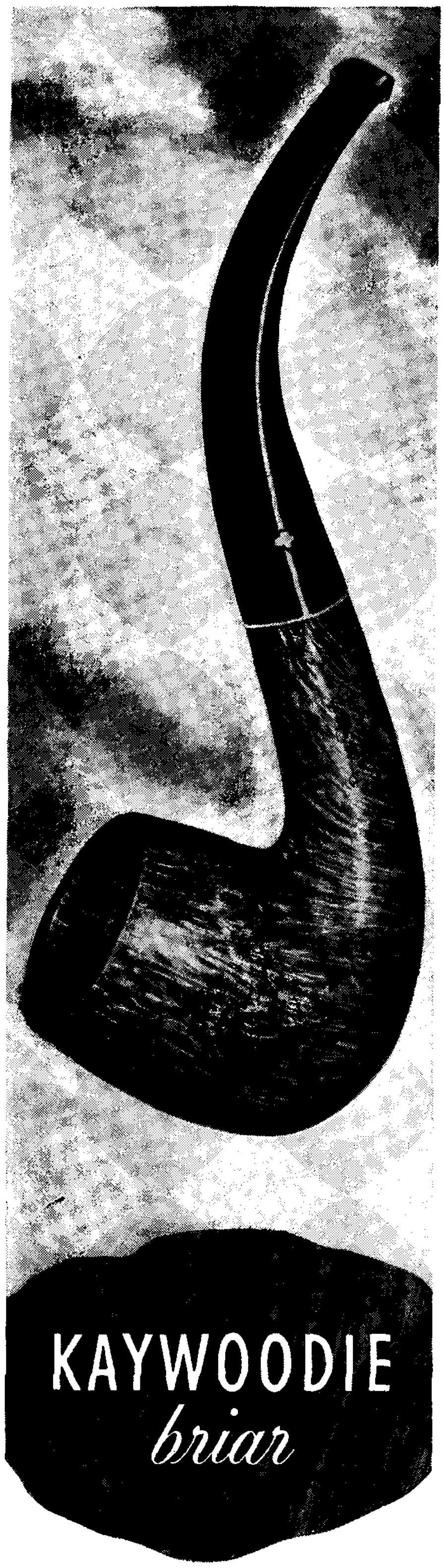
And today, as these words are being written, thousands of Pontiac men and women are devoting their *full* and *exclusive efforts* to speeding the progress of our subcontracting operations alone.

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.

GM ARMS FOR VICTORY

VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS

PONTIAC DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



There are several very good reasons why a Kaywoodie Pipe is a mighty fine thing to have, right now:

—*it is made of* the true Mediterranean briar (Erica Arborea) that has made the world's best smoking Pipes for over 100 years. Kaywoodie Pipes are not, and will not be, made of pine, maple or dogwood, or substitutes, with artificial graining put on them. That's sure. You can depend on it, for the duration.

—*these Kaywoodie* Briars, so well seasoned, yield a most satisfying and pleasant experience—relaxing, meditative and helpful. "In time of war, there's peace in a pipe."

—*Kaywoodie Briar,* being the oldest and best, will last a long time. You needn't be buying a new one frequently, as you would with a cheap pipe.

You'll find Kaywoodies at dealers everywhere, $3.50 to $100.

The pipe in this picture is a "Curved" shape Super Grain Kaywoodie, $5

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON
In New York . . . 630 Fifth Avenue

Mrs. Cugat nervously, "but I can have them brought down—"

"Either way, either way," he murmured impatiently.

"We'll go up, of course," put in Mrs. Cugat's mother in a light, firm voice.

"This is Miss Brownlow," said Mrs. Cugat at the nursery door, and Miss Brownlow, all unwarned, bustled forward with a sparkling smile, said, "We've got something pretty nice to show you Mr.—I didn't quite catch the name?" and was withered by a look. "Which one?" growled Uncle Simpson, advancing upon the bassinets. Mrs. Cugat pointed mutely to Joe's blue organza nest. Walking straight past the pink bassinet without a glance, he peered intently down on the sleeping Joe. Joe opened his eyes with a basilisk look and threw up. Uncle Simpson turned away. "He looks nothing whatever like any of us," he said, giving Mr. Cugat a cursory glance, and made for the door.

"Oh, Mother and I think sometimes, (don't we Mother?) that when he sits up—you can tell better then—that he's going to be the image of Daddy," interpolated Mrs. Cugat anxiously.

"That would be a pity," said Uncle Simpson dryly. "Baldy had a weak face."

He departed soon after, observing that the house seemed unnecessarily large for young people and must be expensive to run and Mr. and Mrs. Cugat, closing the door, fell shattered into each others arms. "Poor little Joe," she mourned, "Oh, why did he have to spit up—he hardly ever does!"

"Neither do I," said Mr. Cugat tersely, "but I came damn' close to it."

THE christening was at four the following afternoon and the assemblage that gathered in the chapel of St. Jude's was select and fashionable. Moe and Joe, under their robes of lawn and lace, kicked in vain and grew red in the face and Mr. and Mrs. Cugat in the first pew, dandled them nervously while Miss Brownlow, with a ready handkerchief, kept her eye on Joe. Behind them, Mr. Atterbury beamed, pink and benevolent, and Mrs. Atterbury, in white orchids, whispered vivaciously to Mr. Cugat's Aunt Edith, Moe's godmother-to-be.

Cory and Bill Stone sat stiffly—scrubbed and shining in their black coats and striped trousers and, across the aisle, Joe's godmother-to-be, Mrs. Cugat's cousin Melba from Cincinnati, stared at Mr. Stone's quarter profile, frankly intrigued. Beside Mrs. Cugat's mother, who looked as if she'd had about all she could take of him, Uncle Simpson sat with folded arms, staring stonily at the ceiling.

The bishop appeared, the humming of the organ died away, and Mrs. Cugat and Moe and his sponsors took their places. Moe cooed and gurgled and waved his arms and then fell into a convenient trance, eyes fastened on a candle flame. At the charge, "Name this child," Mr. Atterbury hurrumped and spoke up proudly, "James Duncan," and the bishop's voice repeated sonorously, "James Duncan, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Somewhat weak-kneed, Mrs. Cugat, bearing the regenerated Moe, returned to her place.

Then Mr. Cugat and Joe, Uncle Simpson, Bill Stone and cousin Melba took their places—Mr. Cugat hunched and rigid with Joe propped high on one shoulder. Joe humped his back like a caterpillar, tried to put Mr. Cugat's ear in his mouth and chortled gleefully and Mr. Cugat's neck turned from pink to red. Darling little Joe, thought Mrs. Cugat, watching apprehensively—one more hump and he'd be over Mr. Cugat's shoulder and onto the floor.

Her eyes went to the group about him. Really! Poor innocent. Here was Moe, secure and dozing in her arms, sponsored by the very nicest people and little Joe up there being handed Uncle Simpson, Bill Stone and Cousin Melba. Uncle Simpson now had his hands clasped under his coat tails and his head thrust forward and was giving the fisheye to the bishop. Bill Stone looked solemn and appeared to be *actually* listening to what was being said. Never heard it before, probably! Cousin Melba was looking at Bill Stone. Cousin Melba was a dear, but man-crazy. Always had been. Anything in pants. Look at her!

"Name this child," adjured the bishop again.

"Ulysses Simpson," cracked Uncle Simpson like the shot out of a pistol.

Mrs. Cugat caught her breath and Mr. Cugat started and halfway turned. Little Dr. Bennett, at the bishop's side, looked up questioningly.

"Ulysses Simpson," intoned the bishop, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Joe stiffened and threw up.

"That horrible old man!" gasped Mrs. Cugat, on their way home in the car. "That was no misunderstanding! He knew perfectly well we were naming Joe after Daddy. He did it on purpose."

"Well, he *might* not have," said Mr. Cugat placatingly. "You know—he's old and the fact that Mr. Atterbury's godson was being named after him may have got him confused and he thought—"

"Any time that old rhinoceros gets confused, I want to be there to see it!" sputtered Mrs. Cugat. "Wishing a name like Ulysses on darling little Joe! He's going to have to do something pretty big to make up for it, I can tell you!" She paused thoughtfully. "What do you suppose he is planning to do about Joe, anyway? He couldn't be so inhuman and ungrateful and bad-mannered as to just ignore him, could he?"

"Nothing would surprise me," said Mr. Cugat.

BUT Uncle Simpson had not forgotten his namesake. Arriving home, they found him waiting in his overcoat in the front hall—Mrs. Cugat's mother and Aunt Edith and Mrs. Atterbury doing all in their power to prevail upon him to stay with the rest and have some champagne. He held in his hand a small and ancient leather case. "This is for my godson," he said curtly, giving it to Mrs. Cugat "—your grandfather's stickpin."

"Why how nice!" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat. "Is it a garnet?" It was.

"Everything else, you may or may *not* know," went on Uncle Simpson, "I'm leaving to the church. God knows I'm not a religious man but I don't intend to let the Democrats have it to spend!" Whereupon, he shook hands briefly, clapped on his hat, was boosted into an ancient limousine and departed.

The christening party progressed much as such parties are prone to—a considerable number of mixed relatives being present and all ages represented. Moe and Joe were admired, cooed at and discussed and Moe waved his arms and laughed and cried by turns and Joe, unaware of the slump his prospects had taken, gnawed happily on anything he could get his hands on. Mrs. Cugat, covering indignant disappointment with a bright smile, moved from group to group and wished she could sit down. Mr. Cugat, the begetter of twins, wore his laurels with becoming modesty.

Bill Stone, on whom Mrs. Cugat was keeping a sharp eye, continued exemplary and solemn, drinking but one glass of champagne and bending a polite ear to Cousin Melba—although Cory, Mrs. Cugat suspected, in another half-hour would be doing his imitations. Really, if she couldn't sit down somewhere for just a minute in peace and quiet, she'd fall down. She slipped out into the pantry and was just about to sink down to the bottom step of a stepladder there when she discovered that she had been followed by Mr. Stone. He came in hesitantly, looking acutely embarrassed. Mrs. Cugat tried to cover her irritation.

"I've got this for Joe," he said, clearing his throat and taking an envelope out of his pocket. "Just a little something—"

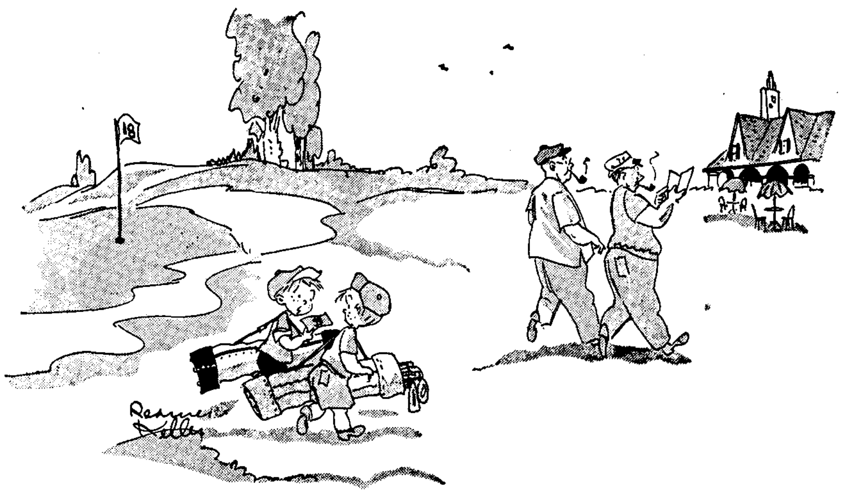
Mrs. Cugat gaped at him and then took the envelope uncertainly. Inside was a note. "Why, Bill," she gasped, looking up, her eyes big, "this is the nicest thing I've ever known! *Bonds!* And so many! What a perfectly wonderful thing to do!" He looked a little surprised at her warmth and reddened.

"Well, you know, I've never been a godfather before—I want to—try to—be a good one."

"I think you're just about the best in the world!" she exclaimed gratefully, trying not to look dumfounded. "I don't know how to thank you!" She looked up into his shyly smiling eyes and then impulsively reached up and kissed him. Mr. Stone did not reciprocate immediately but, after a stunned moment, came suddenly to life and returned it with interest. Mrs. Cugat opened her eyes to see Mr. Cugat's stupefied face in the door.

"Don't let me interrupt anything," he said quietly, "but Ulysses S. Cugat has just spit up Grampa's garnet!"

THE END



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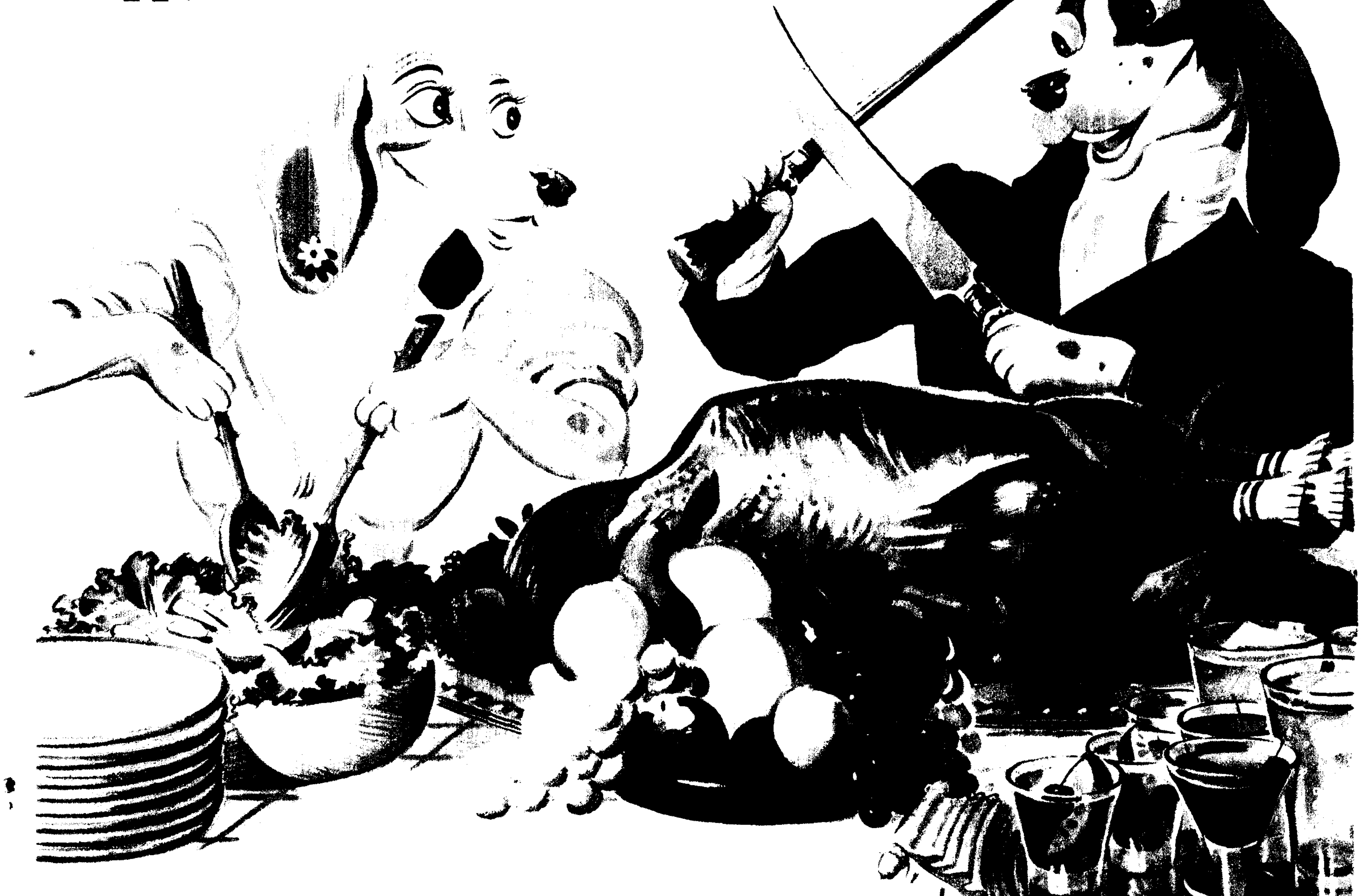
"Here's a pointer on good living... Happy Blending makes Thanksgiving!"



1. Roast turkey, dressing, ice cream, pie,
With raisins, nuts, and fruit heaped high—
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A Happy Blend of ALL good things!

2. That's just what CALVERT offers, too—
A feast of *whiskey* traits for you!
A Happy Blend of qualities
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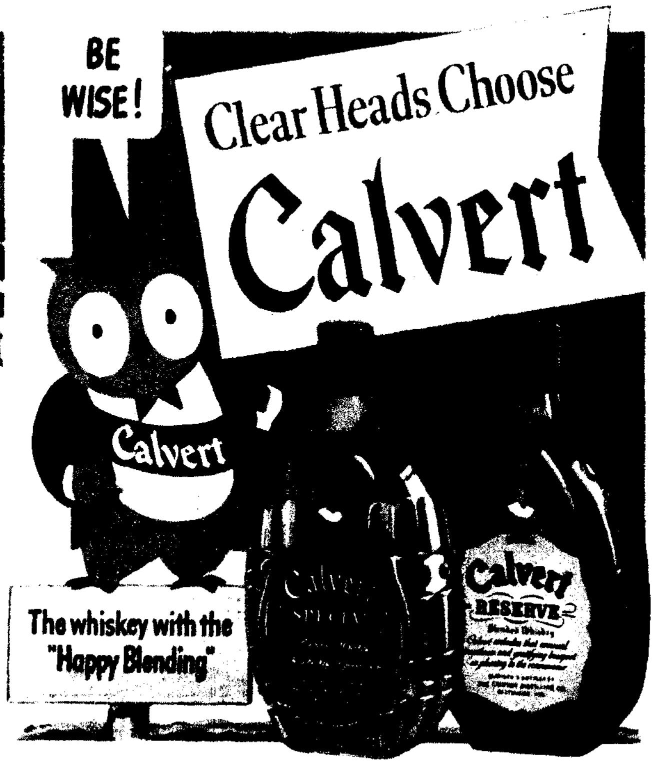
3. You know, ALL whiskey traits don't click;
Some get along—some fight and kick;
So CALVERT shuns conflicting traits
And weds just friendly, *happy* mates!

4. Add CALVERT to your feast-day treat,
In cocktail, highball, punch, or neat—
This mellow harvest of the best
Will win the thanks of host and guest!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1. WHEN HER HUSBAND ENLISTED, plucky Helene Bremer of East Aurora, N.Y. hung up her apron for a job at Curtiss-Wright. That job has taught her a lot besides how to build planes. For one thing, she's discovered why proper care of any precision machine, like her Easy Washer, is so important. Here's her advice on how to keep your washer going!

2. KEEP IT CLEAN! After each washing, remove agitator, rinse inside and out. Rinse tub. Clean drain screen. Every month, coat agitator drive block with vaseline. Leave tub cover off to dry.

3. KEEP IT OILED! Every 3-6 months, oil wringer reverse gears, motor bearings, casters and pump. Grease wringer roll bearings lightly. Restore oil level in transmission every 3 years.

4. DON'T OVERLOAD! Fill tub with water to within 1" of load line. Start agitator, add soap, then garments one at a time as long as vigorous roll-over continues. Don't overload!

5. WRING CLOTHES EVENLY... not in bunches. Turn buckles, buttons inside to avoid scoring rubber. After each washing, rinse rolls and release pressure to prevent flat spots on rolls.

6. IF SPINDRIER MODEL! After each washing, rinse and wipe basket and tub. Every 2-3 months oil hole in top of drive shaft, and turn up grease cup (if present) beneath tub.

7. SEE YOUR DEALER! Play safe by having him check your washer every 6 months. The emblem above is your guide to EASY CERTIFIED WARTIME SERVICE, and your assurance of genuine Easy parts.

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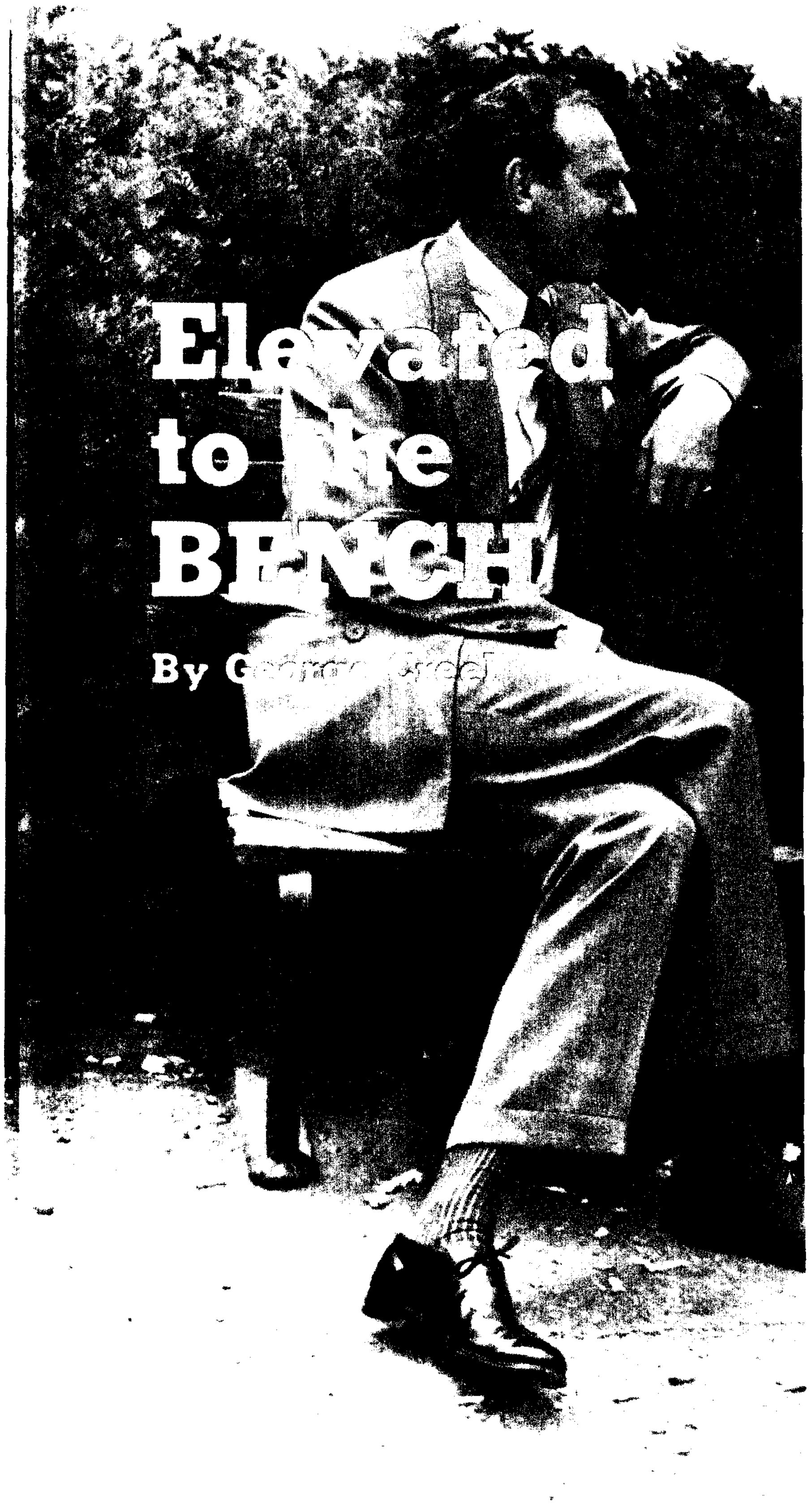

Elevated to the BENCH

By George Creel

Washington hits the trail to the park bench where the man who set us right in 1917 waits and watches with wise old eyes

WHEN the President named Bernard M. Baruch to report on the rubber mess, most people pictured the famous New York financier dropping large affairs in Wall Street to answer his country's call. This was far from the truth. For the last eight or nine years—ever since Franklin D. Roosevelt's initial inauguration, to be exact—Mr. Baruch's principal place of business has been a hard pine bench right across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. There he has sat through good weather and bad, long legs stretched out, hat well down over his eyes, waiting patiently for a chance to be of use. He had no favors to ask and there was no office that he wanted or would have taken. He was just a gray-thatched volunteer with a wealth of experience and a stubborn passion for public service.

Not that bench-sitting was in his mind when he first reached Washington back in the brave days of 1933. As an ardent supporter of the Roosevelt candidacy, a firm believer in the necessity of a New Deal, and one with a distinguished record both in private and official life, he counted somewhat confidently on being welcomed as a sort of Elder Statesman. What he failed to take into consideration was the President's elite corps or as Hugh Johnson loved to call it, the Palace Guard. Slowly but efficiently, inch by inch, they eased him away from the seats of the mighty and over into the leafy solitudes of Lafayette Square.

Now and then, after the crack-up of a plan that was to restore prosperity by the wave of a wand, and when even the most starry-eyed Brain Truster had nothing to suggest, a breathless messenger would bring Mr. Baruch a summons from the Great White Father. Whereupon, he would uncoil his length of six-feet-three, grab up his duffel bag

HARRIS AND EWING

Bernard M. Baruch, head of the War Industries Board during World War I, keeps an appointment in his air-conditioned office in Lafayette Square. With him is Dean G. Acheson, Assistant Secretary of State

of facts and figures, and cross the street at a lope.

Fewer and fewer, however, became these opportunities, and as the vigilance of the Palace Guard increased, the whisper went from department to department, "Careful, boys. Baruch's taboo." Careworn officials sneaked up and sat down for wise counsel, but for the most part, the Gray Man had his bench all to himself except for the pigeons and the squirrels. "Baruch's office," snickered the bright young men of the New Deal as they raced by on their happy way to all-day conferences.

It was not that his abilities were denied by the original Brain Trusters or even by the horde of successors that flooded in from colleges and universities after every commencement. All admitted freely that he had been a good man in his day, but that day was in the dead and dust-covered past. What *they* were thinking and doing was brand new—things that had never been thought and done before—so how was it possible for any old guy to be of the slightest value? Sincerely convinced that nothing of importance had happened before they themselves arrived upon the scene, not one felt that experience had anything to offer.

Distrust of the Baruch fortune was another cause that figured in his exclusion from the royal favor. Report had it that he was worth millions. How could a rich bird like that have any real sympathy with their plans for lifting up the Forgotten Man? To be sure, he made a noise like a liberal, but that was a lot of hooey. A man with money just had to be an Economic Royalist.

Instead of taking the hint, as did others of his vintage, Bernie took a firmer hold on his bench, nor could persuasion move him. "Get up and come on home, you big boob," friends called to him as they went by on their way to the Union Station. "Don't you know when you're not wanted?" Always his answer was to wriggle around in search of a softer spot on the bench. The man's patience and optimism never ceased to amaze. Once when I stopped to ask him how the old sacroiliac was bearing up under the strain, he pulled my ear down and whispered that business was

(Continued on page 46)

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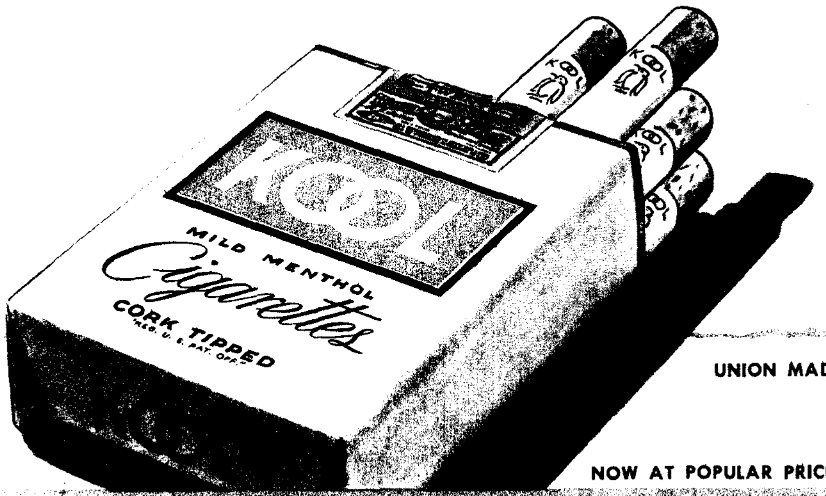

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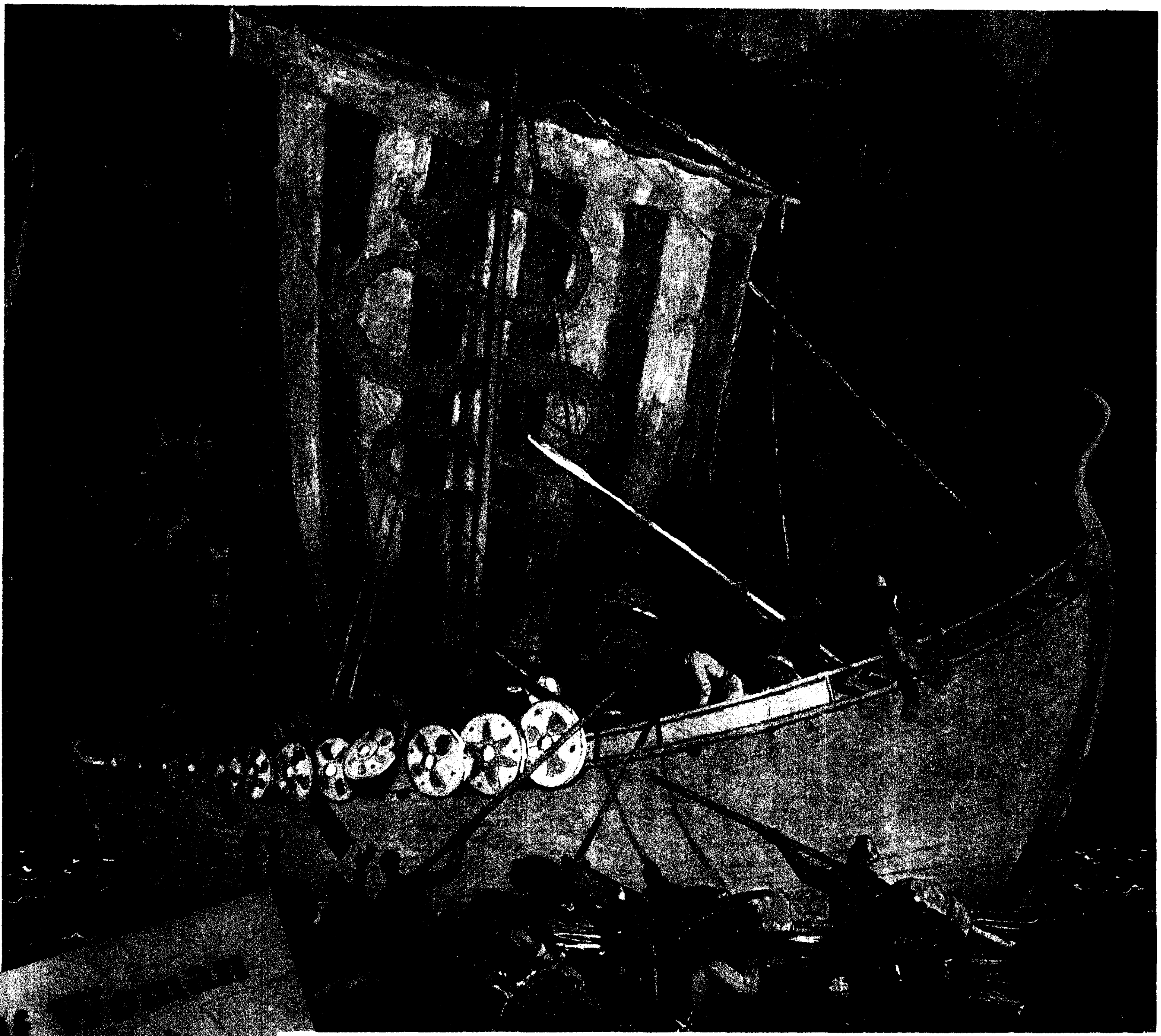


Every bit of cloth and loose rope the Icelanders passed down to the beach. They even pulled out the steering oars and rowing benches

Elf [illegible]

By Harold [illegible]

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

The Icelander thought her a creature of magic. But she was only a brave girl who was trying to help her man against the invader

FIRST of all, the coming of the foot-loose girl:

That morning Rang the Icelander picked clean the bones of an eider duck. He drank clean the barley soup from his bowl. He put the bones in the empty bowl and gave all that to the dog.

"Now," he decided, "will we need another duck."

The dog wagging its tail, and Rang, knowing by the flash of sunlight on the silver ring that the winter sun was up over the sea, stepped into the *stofa* of his strong stone house. Bending over the stone-pit, he washed head and hands in the steaming water from the spring. Drying his hands on a sheepskin, he overlooked his hunting weapons—a throwing stick, a weighted line for casting at birds, a stone-sling for small game, a looped rope for wild ponies, an ax for bear and a three-tined spear for fish. Rang took the bird line and went out to see what might be.

He went through the haystacks, covered tight with sealskins that shielded his stone house from the winds, and he overlooked his claim, in that mild winter light.

Among the thin birches his ponies grazed—four tens and three of them, as they should be. Over the river, eider ducks winged down toward the sea marsh, at the river's end. All was as it should be.

Even the smoke came lazily from the mountain high up there where the Sleeper breathed. A puff of smoke. Rang began to count, to ten and on to seven. Another breath of smoke. That was as it should be.

"He sleeps," Rang told the dog. "And the snow is white over the glaciers."

Now Rang spoke to that dog because the two of them lived alone in the valley, which Rang would not leave. On that day he was seventeen years of age—by count of the years on the time-stick over the hearth—and, his father being dead, he was master of his claim. All that valley from the glacier ice to the sands at the sea belonged to Rang, with the living things in it.

THEN the dog barked and Rang saw the sheep. They were strange sheep cropping the grass across the stream. Surprised, Rang counted them. Five. Five sheep would not wander across the crest into his claim unless driven. And the neighboring men, here and there beyond his valley, had all gone off to the Althing, by the Town, to sit in judgment on a manslayer. Rang had not gone to that judging, because he would not leave his stud of ponies and his valley.

This, Rang thought, was by way of being something strange. Thrusting the bird line into his belt he hurried down through his shaggy ponies. He hurried by leaping the slope in ten-foot drops, for that boy was long in the limb and sure in the jump. Heading toward the narrow gut in the stream, he hurried out on a rock and leaped the waterfall where spray swirled up in the wind. He hurried on to the sheep, and stopped by two stones.

There was the foot-loose girl between the stones on a bed of moss with an eider-down cape tucked around her knees. Her hands wound wool thread from a skein on a staff. She pushed away the loose hair blown over her face by the wind, and she looked up at him—dark eyes shining in her thin face.

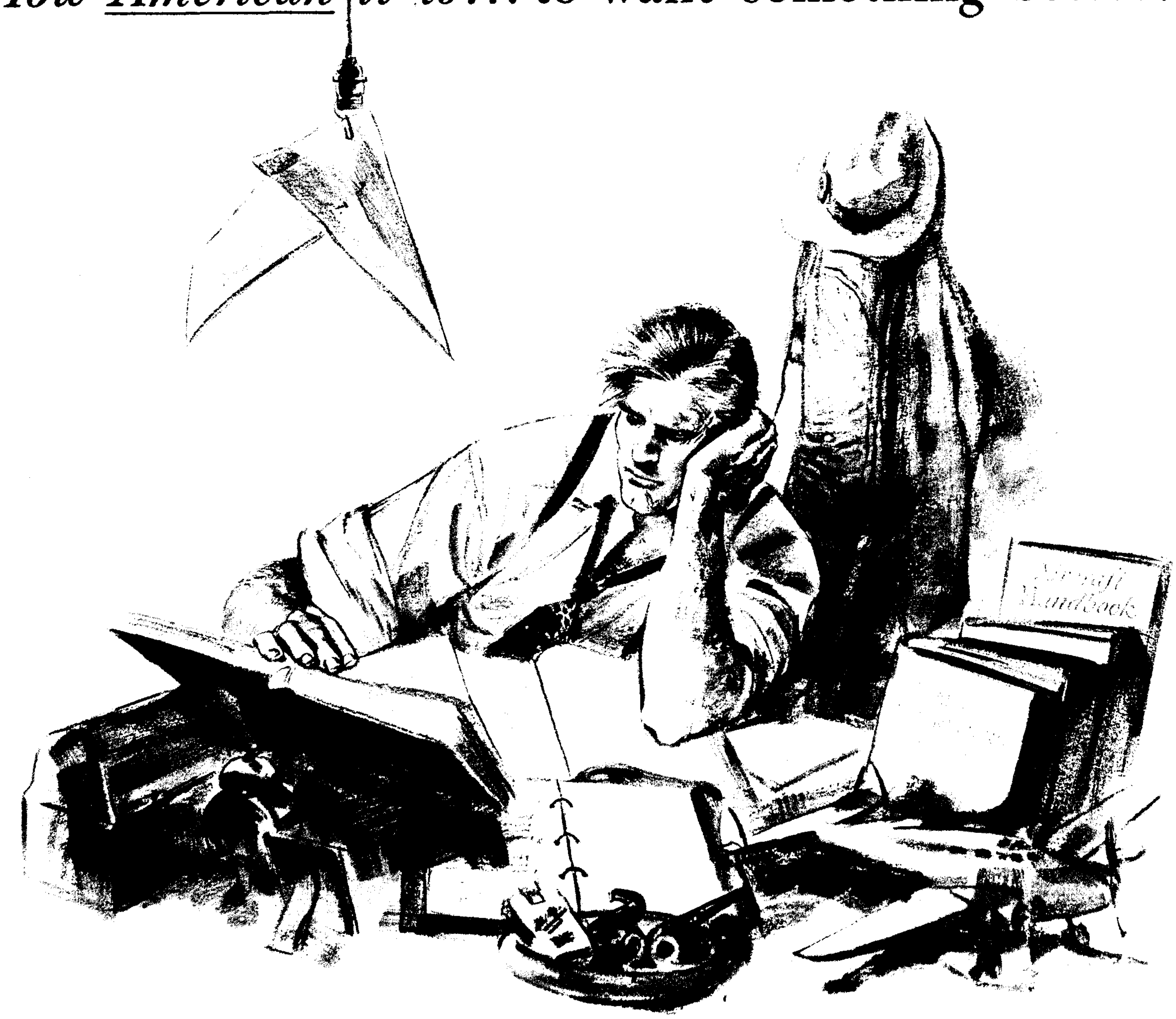
"Well," Rang demanded, "what?"

Her bare arms trembled over the tangle of wool; the sleeves of her smock were torn. She seemed to be hiding between her rocks, by the twigs of a burned-out fire.

"Are you foot-loose, to be driving sheep over hill and dale?"

(*Continued on page* 34)

How American it is... to want something better!



SOME CALL IT AMBITION, some call it the energy of a youthful nation. But it is pretty well agreed the world over that to want "something better" is a true American trait—the desire to be a better engineer, a better lawyer or a better doctor; the desire to design a better airplane or to build a better home to live in.

In fact, it is this never-ending desire that has made this country of ours "the land of something better."

AMONG the many "better things," and one not to be overlooked . . . is a moderate beverage, an ale in fact, with a trade mark whose Three Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." An ale that has been discovered and *approved* by many. *So* many, that in this land where the question "Is it *better?*" is on every tongue, it has become . . .

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Honorable Discharge

Continued from page 21

out of five thrashing off rifle drill and marching drill and parade-ground stuff and things. And the time is short, anyway. The men don't know the first thing about a motor. It's none of my business, of course, sir."

"I should bloody well say it's not, Smith. I am still running the show, for the time being. You got drunk the same night, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, sir. I felt kind of low, and I thought . . ."

"I have the report right here on my desk, Lieutenant," Sir George said. "The M.P. picked you up in a riot in the Ace, that night. You were dead drunk, and you struck the corporal of the M.P. in the face. You were in uniform, by the way. It is not forbidden for officers to go to places like the Ace. It was unnecessary up to now to forbid such things to officers of the 10th Hussars. It's clear to me that one day you'll ruin yourself, which matters little. But you'll also ruin the record of the regiment, and that's a bad proposition." His voice dropped, and he said quite softly, "One more report, Lieutenant, and I'll kick you out of the regiment, headfirst. Dismissed."

I HAD a good look at the fellow when I met him in the door. He was a young man, rather tall, and with a mop of black and very glossy hair. He was not handsome at all, but there was a certain air of simplicity and power about him, and I liked his looks.

Sir George tried to brush it off when I asked him about the man. "Some cockney," he said disdainfully. "I'll break him one day, if this keeps on. They've filled up the regiment with hoodlums from the East End. They call them instructors and specialists and what not, and then we've got to put up with them." He bent over to me, as if to tell me a secret. "They're not gentlemen," he added.

"Maybe they're not," I said. "Maybe they are, in a way. They're picked for a job, and they know the job. To know a job is almost as important as to know horses, bookies and members of the jockey club, in these days."

"This fellow Smith, for instance," Sir George said, as if he had not heard me. Probably he had not. "His father was an iron junk dealer somewhere near the East India docks. He probably played with cogwheels when you played with tin soldiers. When you went to Oxford he went to Mechanical Arts School in Whitechapel. No wonder he doesn't think very much of discipline and rifle drill and good manners. They don't teach them manners in Whitechapel."

"I don't know," I said slowly. "I sometimes wonder whether we'll win this war with rifle drills and good manners. It's kind of an ill-bred war, you know. It's not cricket."

"The 10th Hussars have changed a lot," Sir George said. He looked out of the window over the treetops of Battersea Park, and his eyes had a funny, forlorn expression. "Everything has changed."

"Things will settle again," I said, just to say something. "By the way, I shan't be round these parts for some time. Going down south, day after tomorrow. Big affair, lots of mediums, staff officers and men o' war. Something cooking, I suppose."

"I know," he said. "It's touch and go, down there, I'm afraid. Know the name of the fellow in charge?"

"It's Kirby, I believe," I said. "Kirby from the Edinburgh Kirbys, you know. They are very rich."

"I remember him from military school," he said and smiled a little. "Care to give him my card?"

"Thank you, I will," I said.

He sat down at his desk and wrote a few lines while I studied his lean, bony profile. He had yellowish crinkles round his eyes, and he kept himself very erect. Somehow he reminded me of a shabby old eagle in a zoo, perched upon an iron bar, with blunted fangs and eyes that dream of wide, cold skies. He gave me the card and I said, "Thank you." I had no intention of using it, anyway. I just wanted to make him feel good. He looked poor and old and very gray.

On the stairs I thought once more of Smith, and then I forgot everything about him. It was none of my business, after all, if he found his *bon plaisir* in going to pieces. Many of them had, and life went on just the same.

It was in the cards, though, that I should meet Smith again, and very soon. That was in a back slum in Soho, called Le Corsaire. It was really quite a nasty little back slum, but they had some extremely beautiful girls in the place. They put on a bad little show, too, just to keep up appearances, but the main thing was the girls. Two of them were Hungarian, five Irish, and one was French.

The name of the French girl was Catherine. Her hair was of a very light, metallic red, and she had a few faint freckles on her nose. She was very pretty, and that's what she got her wages for, after all.

She was sort of an entertainer, but she had a reserve, a dignity, that made her no good up on the stage. You had to dance with her to get a notion about her.

When I came in, Catherine was sitting at the bar. She wore the long, black, tight-fitting evening gown I knew, the one that was slightly shabby and mended in places, and her hair was shining in the light like a flag of rebellion. By her side was Smith from Whitechapel, in full uniform, with boots and even spurs, which are against regulations for an infantry officer. Catherine's eyes ran over him from time to time with those little appraising glances, as though she were not quite sure whether he was a very rich booby, or only an ordinary fool.

They are in a class by themselves, these imported French girls. The French like their country, and there is something to like, I should say. When a girl crosses over to the barbaric islands, there is only one reason. They earn their dowry, one way or the other, and then they go back and marry some little shopkeeper in some little town, and raise their children and go to church on Sunday morning. Some of them don't go back. But that is another story.

I SAT down in a dark corner and looked at them. The room smelled of stale smoke and of women, and for a moment it seemed to me that it was an ugly thing to live. The waiter was leaning against the cigarette machine. I called him and sent him over to Smith. Smith came to my table, slightly staggering, his spurs jingling like little Christmas bells.

"Sorry to bother you," I said. "I am Captain Lesley, King's Dragoon Guards."

"How do you do," he said. "My name is Wellington. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington."

"That's funny," I said without smiling. "I was pretty sure I saw you this morning in the Chelsea barracks, and my cousin, Sir George Jouffroy, told me your name was Smith. Lieutenant Smith."

"So what?" he said.

"I want to give you a piece of advice," I said bluntly. "I happened to hear some of the conversation up there. The 10th Hussars are a very old outfit. They don't care for people dragging their uniform through the taverns of Soho, and things like that. Don't you have a civilian suit?"

It was an awkward thing to say, and I regretted it at once. He took it with a little grin and said, "No, I don't own a good civilian suit. All cheap ready-made stuff and a lot of overalls."

"I am sorry," I said ruefully. "You must believe that I really want to help you. I'd clear out of here if I were you. I haven't seen anything. Do you understand?"

"Thanks," he said. "I ain't no baby. I can take care of myself."

"You'll end up before a court-martial," I said. "What's the matter with you, man? If you don't like the army, why don't you try to get out with an honorable discharge? Maybe they can get you a job in some aircraft place. They need good men there, too."

He looked at me and he seemed to be a little less drunk. I noticed for the first time that he had very firm and steady eyes, the eyes of a seaman or a gunner.

"No," he said, "I won't leave the army. They need me more than they need the others. They don't know yet how much they need fellows like me."

CURRENT ARMY QUESTION

Since a general is the most private individual in the Army, why is the most general soldier called a private?

"Then you'd better go," I said.

"Yes," he said, "I believe you're right." He called the waiter. When it came to paying the bill he had not enough money on him, and I had to help him out. It was a third-class place but it was quite expensive, at that.

"I suppose I have to thank you," he said with a wry smile. "I don't know when I can pay you back."

"Never mind that," I said and tried to be funny. "I've acted in the line of duty."

I may have sounded a little smug, because he turned around, his eyes blazing. "Go to hell!" he said. "Go to hell with your damned Tory conceit!"

HE WENT out without saying good night to Catherine. She came slowly to my table, with that slightly swaying step of the professional dancer. We were alone in the barroom, and there was not much light. The show was still going on in the next room; little pieces of music drifted in on waves of laughter and applause.

"Hello, Catherine," I said.

"Why did you send away the boy?" she asked. Her voice was low and almost hostile.

"There are reasons for everything," I said. "I'm glad that you like my friend, though."

"Your friend!" she said scornfully. "He's worrying about something, and he's unhappy. He hasn't got much money, has he?"

"No," I said. "Very little."

"I thought so," she said. "One ought to take care of him. He needs a friend—or a good girl."

"Maybe he needs you," I said.

"No," she said, after a little silence, "he doesn't need me. Will you buy me a drink? I don't feel so good tonight."

I ordered two champagne cocktails. She drank hers very quickly while I hardly touched mine. I don't like champagne cocktails at all, and the stuff they mixed here was abominable. I ordered a second drink for her, and a Cointreau for myself.

"Well," I said, "you'll get rid of me very soon. Got my transfer papers for Egypt today."

She raised her glass without looking at me. "Here's luck!"

"Thank you," I said. "That's all, I suppose."

"That's all."

"Catherine," I said, "you know I'm crazy about you. You promised me an answer when I came back to town."

"The answer is no," she said. Her voice was a little tired. "Don't get me wrong, Captain," she said. "I have nothing against you. I even like you in a way. Only you've misunderstood everything. I make my living by dancing and by drinking. I get ten per cent from every drink, and thirty per cent when the bottles go back unopened."

"I see," I said stupidly. "Ten per cent and thirty per cent."

SHE laughed a little. She was very lovely when she laughed. "Exactly. There may be nicer ways of earning money. But one has to live, and it's hard work sometimes. It's still harder, though, to make certain people understand that that's all I do for a living." After a little pause, she asked, "Now you're angry, aren't you?"

"No," I said, "I'm not. But it's a poor life you lead, Catherine."

"Maybe," she admitted. "I could do a lot for a man if I cared. It must be nice to be with a man without thinking about the bill and the cash register."

"But you don't care, do you?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I do not. You're a nice fellow, Captain, and you're a good customer. Only you are so . . . well, so terribly civilized, if you understand what I mean. *Soigné,* we say in French —it means something like well-bred, well-fed, well-to-do, and all that. Your suits are from Savile Row, your ideas are from the London Times, and your friends are from the right families."

"I understand," I said. I don't know why I added, "Smith is not from the right family, I suppose."

"No," she said, "he is not. And I am not, either. We both are not from the right families."

I left London a little later, with a hang-over and a stupid heartache. Sometimes I remembered Catherine in the cold nights of the Libyan desert. It's hard to sleep on these nights. When the wind moved the flap of my tent, I imagined it was she, stepping in with her lazily swaying step, in her tight black evening gown that was mended in places, her face proud and a little contemptuous. "Buy me a drink, *chéri.* You're flush tonight, aren't you?" Sometimes I thought of writing her a letter. But I never did.

We made quite a jolly show down there on the salt flats of Ain el Gazala. We advanced and feinted and retreated, and the Hun feinted and retreated and advanced. It was like one of those old-fashioned quadrilles, *en avant deux,* and bowing and curtsying, and back again. The gods were sitting in the galleries, looking on and shaking with laughter.

Then the Hun got tired of the game and made his second big push. Things started moving fast. My unit of mediums ran into a snug little trap of German heavies. They were much too far for our range, so we drove into the barrage like fools, and suddenly they came up behind us and from all sides. We tried to run for it, but they were everywhere, practically. It was as if the salt bushes and the sand had vomited them out. The fight was short and impressive. It was like a head-on collision between a truck and a baby buggy.

We moved round in an enormous ball of smoke, flame and noise, packed

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crackle
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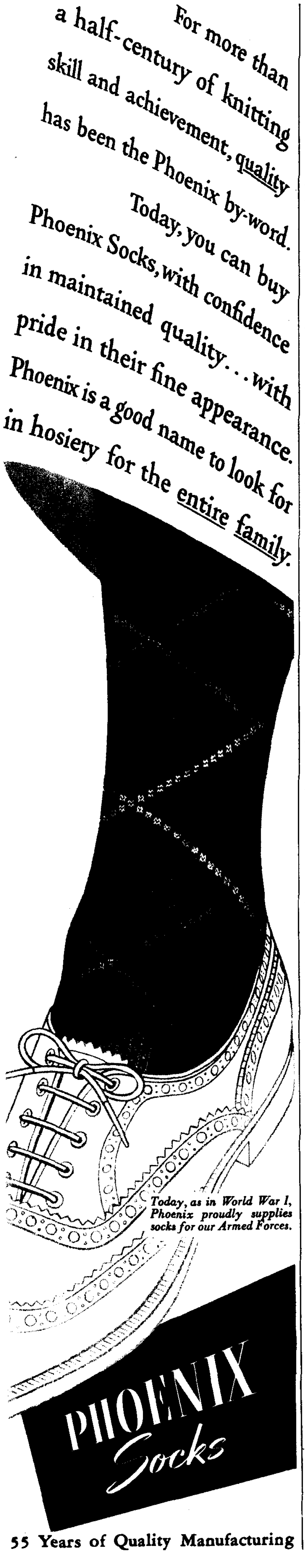
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between sheets of flying sand and the sickening fumes of cordite. Our supply cars had been hit and we had just a few minutes left to decide whether we should die like men and British soldiers or get out of our sweatboxes, raise our hands and shout "*Kamerad*" like sensible people. There's not much fun in dying just for the hell of it. It's one thing to add a paragraph to the regimental history, and it's another thing to get blown up with a red-hot piece of junk; especially when it doesn't do anybody any good.

Anyway, in this moment the curtain of swastikas moved a little and through the crack came the funniest collection of vehicles I ever saw. There were two or three heavies, several dozens of jeeps, armored cars and American lights, and even a few Bren gun carriers. They wheeled in, spitting from all their muzzles as if they were on the shooting grounds of Aldershot. The Huns could have wiped them out as easily as you wipe a speck from your windshield. But they were just too perplexed to do anything for a few moments, or maybe they suspected a trap of our own, and we beat it, hulls down, at forty miles per hour, like a flock of scared cattle, the newcomers covering our retreat.

The Germans began to shoot again but they didn't follow us. We left them the battlefield and the wrecks but we didn't leave them our hides and our machines.

Back at our base, I reported to Brigadier Kirby. The atmosphere was depressed and gloomy. After having finished my business, I went over to the encampment of the little force that had relieved us. They were huddled close together in the dusk, and they didn't look nice at all. I asked for the commanding officer. They pointed to the small square where they had taken the wounded to be carried back to Tobruk. It was fenced in with empty petrol cans and ropes, and two medical noncoms were busy between the stretchers.

SUCH a little first-aid place behind the front is about the saddest place on earth. It is worse than a base hospital, and much worse than a battlefield. In the hospital, they are wearing their white shirts, and things are covered with gauze and bandages and blankets; you get the feeling somehow that everything is as it should be, or almost so. But in these little squares behind the lines you see—well, I won't tell you what you see.

I was just a little too late. The officer in command was dead. He was lying on his stretcher, a big man with a reddish and angry face, his British warm spread over his body. On the stretcher next to him was Smith from Whitechapel. He was all smeared with grime and oil, his chest was bandaged thickly, and he was very pale. His tunic was hung up neatly at the corner of the stretcher. It showed the ribbon of the D.S.O. and the bars of a first lieutenant. He heard my steps on the gravel, and he opened his eyes. When I saw his eyes, I knew that he was going to die.

"Hello, Smith," I said and tried to smile. "Seems you are following me round like a rubber check. Got a little scratch, didn't you?"

"Yeah," he whispered, "they got me good this time. Can you fetch me some water, please?"

I went for a flask and held it to his lips. He drank the water quickly, almost greedily. Then he looked at me in a funny sort of way. "Thanks," he said. "Guess I know you from somewhere but I'm a little mixed up. Feeling like drugged, you know. Gimme a cigarette, will you? And tell me where I know you from."

"London," I said, "Le Corsaire, Catherine Leclerc. Remember now?"

"Yes," he said, "I remember you now. I am very happy that you are here."

"That's good," I said. "You shouldn't talk so much, though."

"The matter is this," he said, as if he hadn't heard me. "I married Catherine before I went away. She was very sick when I left England, and she may have a baby for all I know. I'd like to see the baby. I won't see it, of course. I'm in for the big transfer."

"Don't talk nonsense," I said. "You'll be all right. So you married Catherine."

"Yes," he said. "I married her. What about it?"

"Nothing," I said. "I should have known it, though. It is a little late for congratulations now."

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "In your way, you were in love with her. But you didn't see how clean she was, how proud, how brave. You didn't see the good things — you couldn't!"

"I'm sorry," I muttered. "I'm terribly sorry."

He smoked silently for a few moments. The glow of the cigarette lighted up his face. It was calm and very grave.

"You are not my friend," he said. "But you are an officer and a gentleman. Will you do something for me?"

"Yes," I said.

"When you get out of here and get back to London, go to Catherine. She isn't working in that dirty place any more. You'll find her address in my tunic. Go to her and tell her that I love her, that I love her very much. And I thank her for everything, for all the happiness that forty days of a man's life can hold."

"Yes," I said. I didn't feel like talking very much.

"Another thing," he said. "You're a big shot in London. You can do things. Look after Catherine and the baby. Just in a small way, you know. A woman needs some advice and some friends. She hasn't got a decent soul in London. All her people are over in France."

"I'll do it," I said. "I'll wire to my solicitors and my mother, and I'll do it right away. I'll take care of her."

"That's good," he said. "I knew you'd do it." He was lying back, comfortable and relaxed. His hands were lying on his chest like sleeping animals. They were strong and almost clumsy hands, the hands of a mechanic. "It was nice of you to come over and see me. How did you know I was here?"

"I really came to see the officer in command," I said. "We were in a terrible spot out there when the jeeps came, you know."

He propped himself up on his elbow and looked at me. His face had a new dignity when he said, "I am the officer in command. Captain Rosenbloom was hit right at the beginning of that scrap. I had to take over."

"Suppose I have to thank you," I said gruffly. "Mine and my men's lives weren't worth tuppence out there today."

"It was a fool thing you did," he said. "Open flanks and rear. No reconnaissance. That's the desert, Captain. That's not the courtyard of St. James."

"Yes, sir," I said and drew myself up.

SMITH didn't look at me. He looked over to the west where the dusk was lying over the desert like a green veil, woven of glass. The Germans fired star shells up in the air; they went up quickly like rockets, stayed a little and floated down again, red and purple sparks between sky and earth.

"It's beautiful," he murmured. "It's like Leicester Square without blackout. Good old London! Remember when you told me to get an honorable discharge?"

"Yes," I said, "I remember."

"I'll have it in an hour or so," he said and grinned a little. "Bleeding to death —inside, you know. I've seen it quite a few times down here."

"You're a silly ass," I said. "You won't get away that easy. I also remember that you still owe me some money. You better get well soon and pay me back. Two pounds and the tip, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "but you owe me your life, and so we are even." His smile grew deeper, and he said with a light, clear, almost boyish voice, "Report to G.H.Q. Whitechapel pulls Oxford out of a jam."

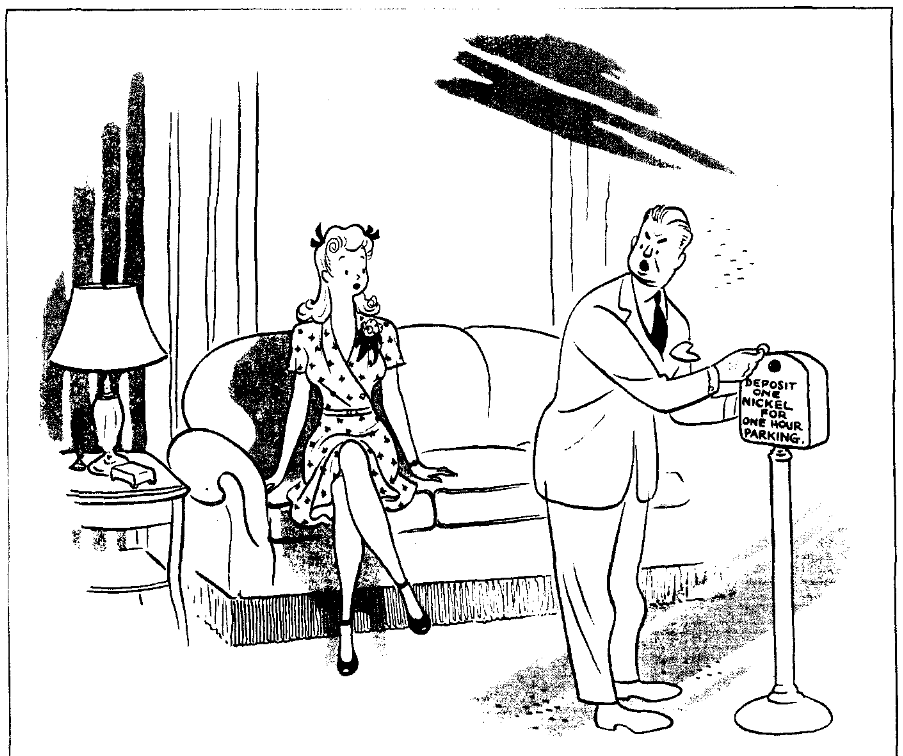
"Go to hell!" I said.

"I'll be there before you," he said. "Good night."

"Good night," I said. "And God bless you, lad!"

I went away. When I came back later in the night, he was dead. His face was still dirty and grimy, but it was very peaceful, and the corners of his lips were curved upward a little, as if he were still smiling.

THE END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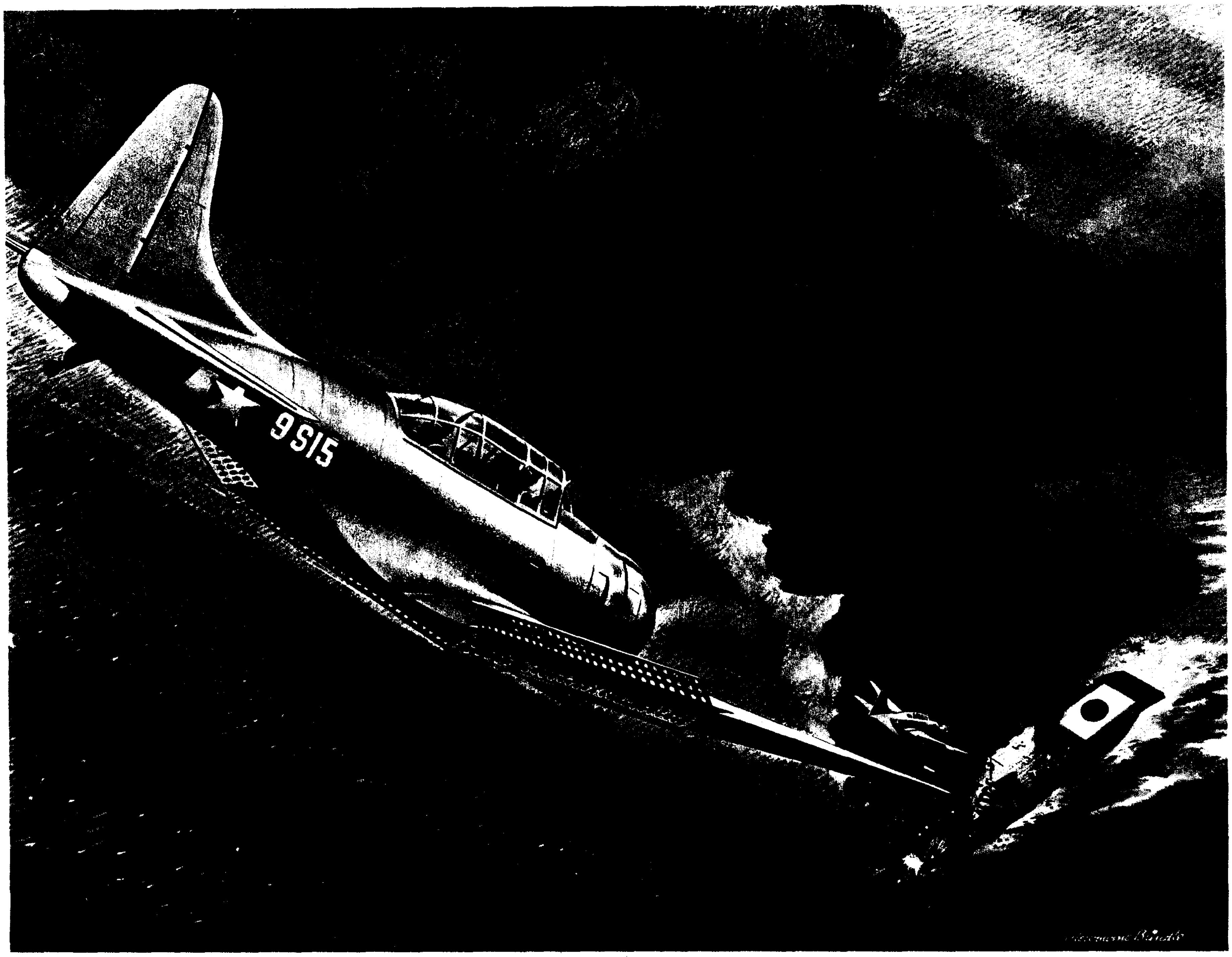

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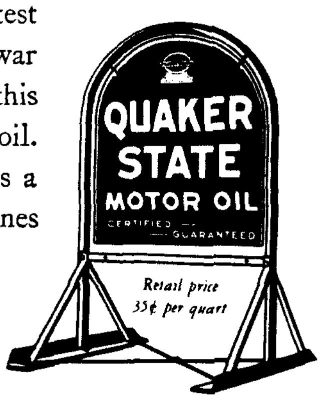

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He started smoking such
Uninspiring substitutes as
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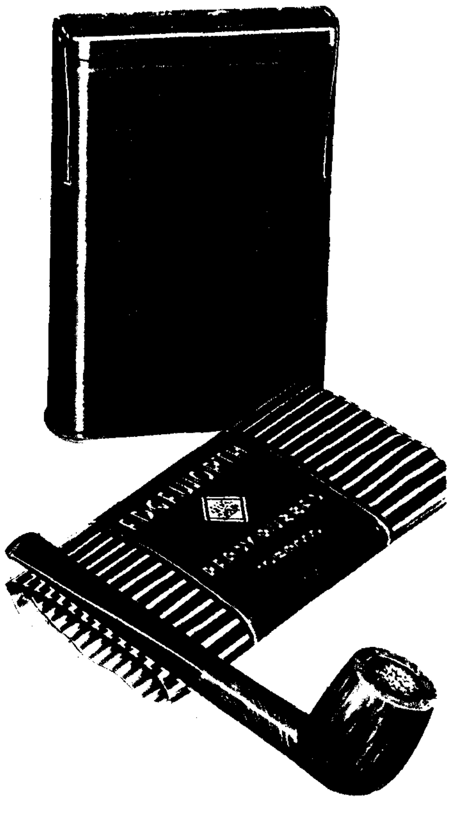

We wish you could read that entire letter. "I often think," continued the Englishman, "if I could return to earth in 100 years' time, one of the things I should look for with most interest would be the picture presented by your great country, America." Well, if he did return 100 years from now, we are sure he'd find EDGEWORTH . . . still America's Finest Pipe Tobacco!

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Elf Woman

Continued from page 28

She whispered yes, trying to draw down the tangle of her hair. "And I am afraid," she added, seeing him frown.

"Of what, girl?"

But she would not say of what. She only worked at her skein of wool, and the Icelander rubbed his yellow head, not satisfied. "This is Rang Dale," he explained, nodding at the valley. "And that is Rang River."

"And what man are you?"

"Rang."

At that she laughed.

"I am Caill—I would like well," her voice chimed like a bell, "to be in Rang's house up there." She nodded, wistfully. "Then perhaps I would not be frightened."

Considering this carefully as he did all such matters, Rang frowned.

This seemed to frighten her again. "I can turn mare's milk into good sour cream," she whispered. "I can—weave wool into cloth."

Now that Rang had considered, he announced his judgment. "Food you may have, foot-loose girl, in my house, and shelter against this night's cold. But this claim of mine I will not share."

She flung up her head, trembling. "Bright you may be, and full of wealth, and proud by good right. Dark though I am, and without a claim—yet I will never set my foot in your house."

"Suit yourself, Caill," Rang agreed.

And he went away angry, wondering what could make the girl over there afraid in this valley. No harm could be hidden here where his ancestors had lived by the stud of horses.

His father had found death in the sea, coming back on the west voyage with sheep from the Green land, when there had been famine on Iceland. His grandfather had come to a peaceful end when he had broken his back in a wrestling bout—for the Icelander folk were mighty wrestlers—at the Althing bullfeast. Yea, and *his* sire had never come back from venturing on the uplands too close to the Sleeper.

For that Sleeper who lay outstretched beneath the island stirred at times in his sleep. When he turned over, the earth shook. The mutter of his waking ran along the land—the steam of his breath filled the sky and came down in ashes around the mountain. Those ashes choked to death men who were caught on the mountain.

And then the Sleeper spat out molten rock and steam from his mouth. The fire of his spittle ran down the glaciers, turning ice into steam. Rang knew the signs of the Sleeper's waking. *Black lines upon the snow of the mountain-side.*

IT WAS in the mist of the next morning that he heard the wailing. His ponies broke and ran uphill. And Rang, who had not heard the like before, traced it down to the water.

On the far side walked a dark man. Under his arm he pressed a skin—he blew his breath into one end of a pipe, and moved his fingers over another pipe.

Rang hurried and leaped the waterfall. The stranger stopped, staring. "Now that was something to do!" he shouted. "But I can liken it easy."

He sounded a blast on the pipes. Then putting aside the pipes, he faced Rang and leaped in his tracks, cracking his heels high in the air where his head had been.

Rang reached angrily for the pipes, but this stranger moved quickly before him, pulling a knife from his belt. Steel flashed under Rang's chin, and the Icelander stepped back, surprised.

"You frighten the beasts!" he exclaimed.

The man of the mist nodded.

"I frighten more than beasts," he said *softly, "when the mood is on me.* For I am a ready man at slaying or marauding or thieving. Yea, I will match you, Icelander, at what you will."

He grinned crookedly, and nodded. "It is easy to see that you are a sleepy and simple man, very tender in what you do." Sheathing his knife, he took up his pipes carefully. "But now I am making the pipes sing to bring a smile to the lips of this elf-maid."

Then Rang saw that the girl Caill was perched on a rock with her staff of wool, watching them.

"You are quick to boast," he remarked, "Honeywords."

He thought of that name because the dark man had a soft, throaty voice.

"Yea—quicker than you will ever be," said Honeywords. "For I have fared forth over the seven seas, and my eyes have seen all the wonders of the world itself. I have seen the dragon that swims this sea of yours with ten legs creeping on one side, and ten on the other. Can you match that, Icelander?"

The girl Caill was coming closer, listening.

"Well, hear this," growled Rang, who was no hand at words. "In the dark of a night my eyes can see. Yea, every stone of this valley I can see."

Honeywords grinned. "Easy to do, when that volcano of yours spits out fire. Now, hear this, horse-herder! Through wind and wave and mist have I come hither. Yea, from Saint Patrick's isle have I come in a skiff without a sail. Can you match that?"

His eyes gleamed and snapped, while Rang thought slowly as usual.

Then Rang's dog barked, far off.

"What may that be?" Caill asked.

Up the river scores of men were climbing, feeling their way around the quicksands. They had round shields slung to their backs, and they carried spears that were not fish spears.

"Raiders," quoth Honeywords. "Now there will be a gathering of spoil and a shedding of blood, and a great rapine in Iceland." Rang had far-seeing eyes, and he made out a ship drawn up on the shore. Its prow reared up, shaped like a dragon's head. From its stern hung two steering oars, like legs.

"There sits your dragon," he said, "on the beach."

Some of the ship's crew were letting themselves down over the side.

"Who are the raiders?" he asked Honeywords, who seemed to know all that went on at sea.

"I am not so curious," Honeywords shook his head," as to want to look at them closer to find out. Nay, I will hie me the other way." Tucking his pipes under his arm, he caught at the Icelander. "Man, are ye beside yourself?"

For Rang had seen some of those raiders spreading themselves out toward his ponies, grazing down by the river, and he jerked away from the piper.

"You run quickly," Honeywords shouted, "to find your death. Turn away!"

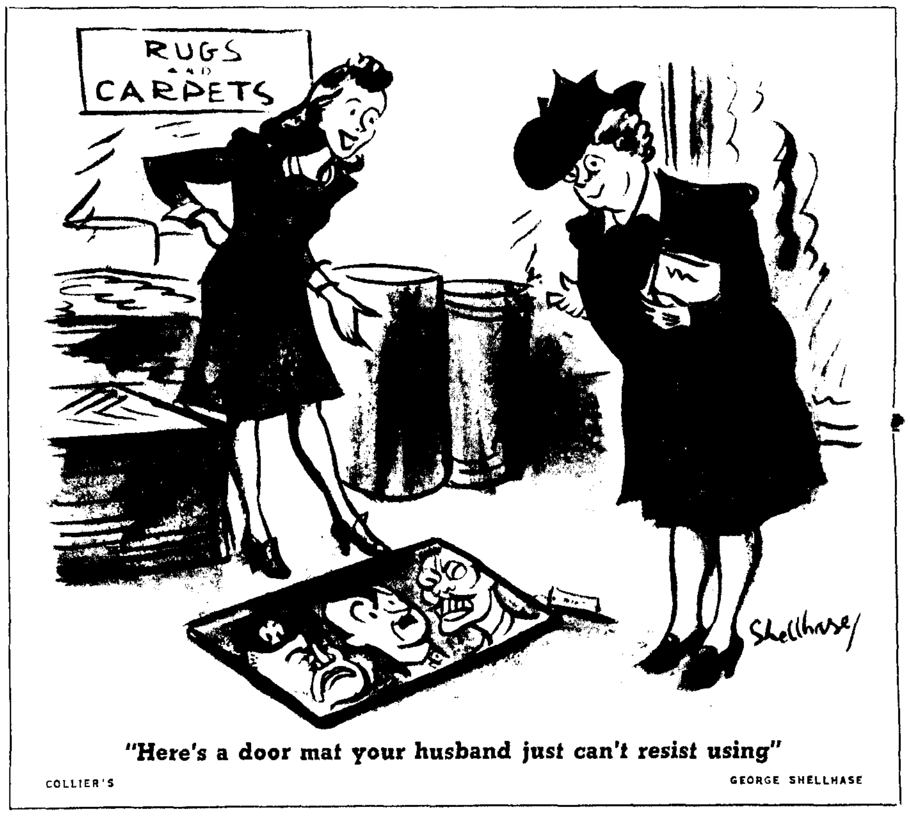
With empty hands Rang was hurrying down to the river. "He had his warning," Honeywords muttered. "Now I must be hiding you, Caill."

"The sheep!" cried the girl. And she was off, scrambling through the rocks, looking for her animals.

HONEYWORDS looked around him thoughtfully. With no one to see him, he crossed the stream, and ran up to the Icelander's hut. Thrusting his shaggy head through the door curtain, he blinked at something that hung from the roof, gleaming in the late afternoon sun. A heavy silver ring, lopsided. When the men of Rang's family gained a bit of silver, they had heated it, and molded it to this ring. They had kept this treasure of silver carefully. Honeywords felt its weight curiously.

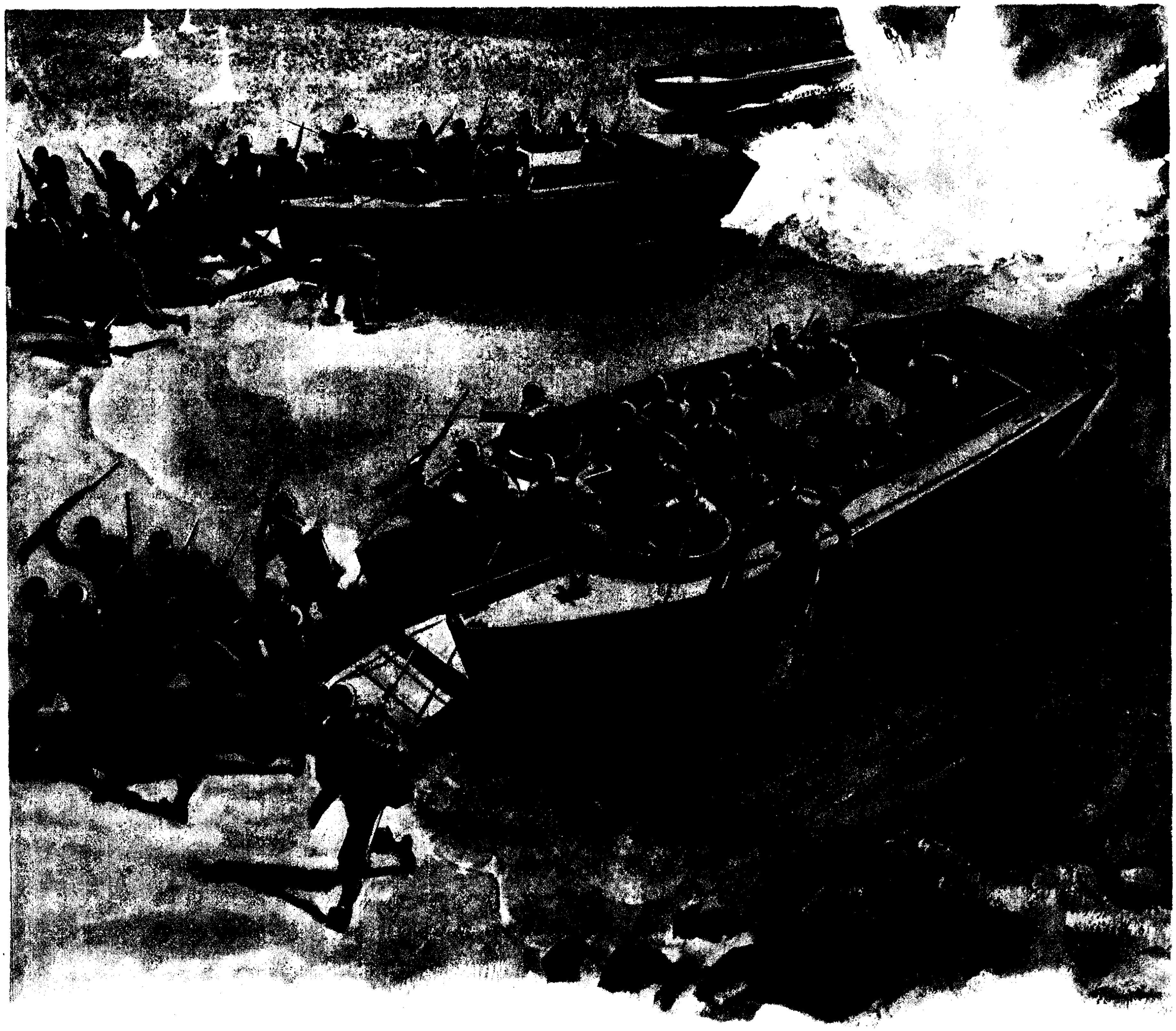
Rang hurried down his land to the leader of the shipmen, where they had caught his ponies. They had their legs bandaged, they had iron shirts on their bodies, they carried wallets and axes and short swords. Silently they watched him. Two of them stepped around behind him.

And Rang felt the chill of fear in his blood. This leader, this tall man who leaned on a spear, had the half of a boar's head over his own. The snout



"Here's a door mat your husband just can't resist using"

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELLHASE



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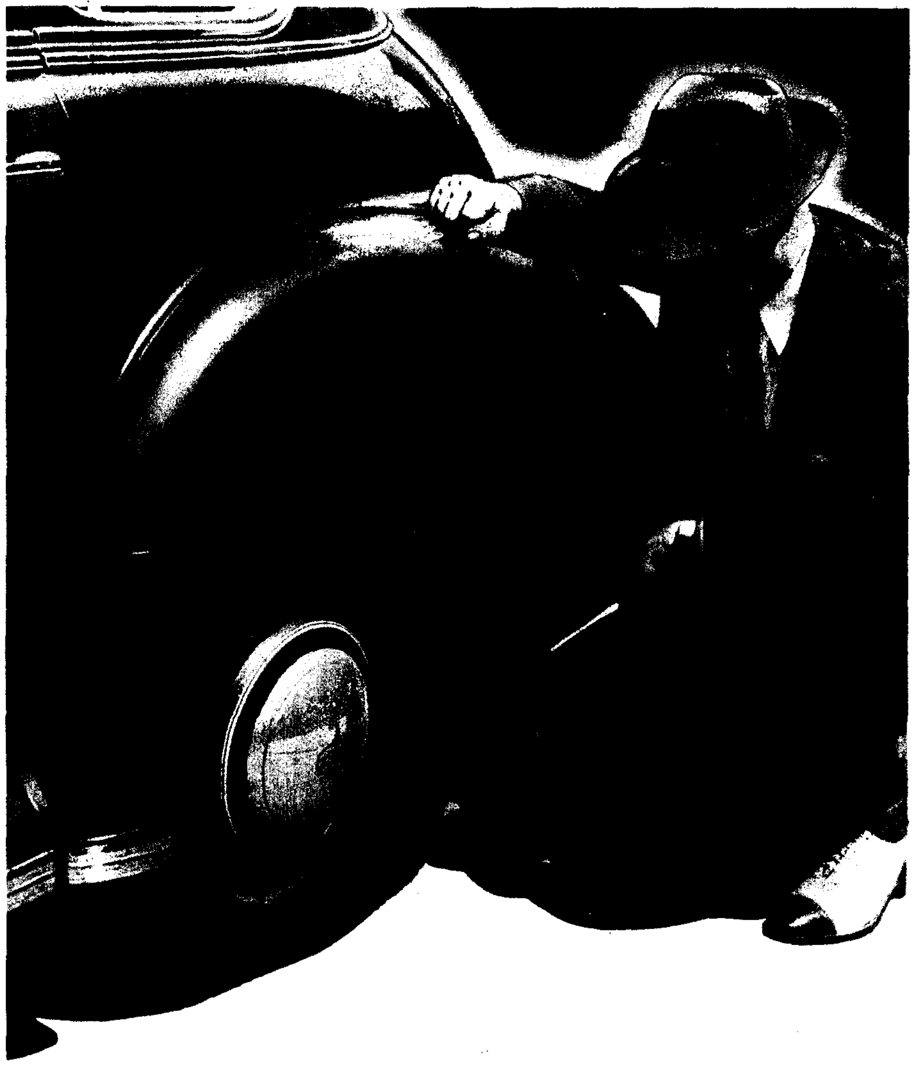

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and the bristles were gleaming gold.

"Why do you make a landfall here, Swinehead?" Rang asked.

The tall man looked at Rang's empty hands. "We saw the skiff." Softly he spoke, with a twang to his words that was not Icelandic. "Men call me Hjor."

His curling beard twitched in a smile, as Rang looked over him. A dragon's head on a boat's prow—a swine's head on a man. Long iron weapons in the hands of a hundred shipmen. Never had such things as these appeared on his beach before.

"Then, Hjor, turn loose my ponies."

Gently Hjor shook his head, and the jeweled eyes of the boar gleamed. "Why, no. Some of us can ride them to town, youngling." He stared at Rang's skin jacket and uncut hair. "Are the Icelander-folk all as dumb as you?"

NOW Rang was beginning to understand that these were no guests or settlers making a landfall.

"Yea, they are dumb as their cattle, Hjor!" Honeywords shouted, running up. "They tend horses and catch the fish of the sea. Now they herd themselves in the Town, to make laws. There they listen to the law-talk of their chieftain, Gizur the Old."

It seemed to Rang that Honeywords must have discovered all this from the foot-loose girl.

"By Freya's boar, where is this Town?" Hjor scanned the empty ridges that closed in Rang's valley. "I see it not."

"Two hours over hill and dale," chanted Honeywords. "Ochune! Good are the signs. The menfolk of this coast will be sitting at their Hill of Laws. Wait, Hjor—abide here until night falls, lord of the Kattegat and Skagerrak—spoiler of ships! There will be a moon to light the path to the slaying and spoiling. There will be a wailing of women, when your seafarers run in with their swords. Yea, good are the signs, Hjor." Shuffling his feet and fingering his pipes, he grinned up at the raider. "Only wait until dark. And I will be after spying and peering before you, along the way. I will be your forerunner to the destruction, even as I found this landing place, marking it with the skiff. I will go on ahead—"

Gently Hjor shook his head. "You will stay by me, piper."

"Nay, this horse-herder knoweth the way. Let him lead you, Hjor."

"He will lead and you will follow."

For the first time Rang realized that the words he had heard meant that these two would seize the herds and the silver of all the Icelanders they found, and would slaughter the men, like cattle. No one in the Town could have noticed their arrival in this valley.

This much being clear to him, Rang reasoned that he must forewarn the folk in the Town. Edging toward a pony, as Hjor's men drove the herd up toward his hut, Rang jumped to it. Swinging himself up, he kicked at the animal's ribs.

Something whisked through the air, as the pony sprang forward. It fell away beneath him. Rolling over, the Icelander saw a spear-shaft thumping the ground, and the point of it was through the pony's loins. The horse cried out.

Hot anger came over Rang when he saw this. Tears ran from his eyes, and he threw himself at the nearest of those raiders, to grapple him. The man laughed and stepped back, bringing the flat of his ax down over Rang's ear.

"He sheds tears," the raider gibed, "before he is hurt."

Blood ran from the Icelander's head. Fingers of pain tore beneath his skull as he tried to raise himself. He heard Caill's voice cry, shrill with fear.

Hjor looked around sharply. "Find me his woman."

The weapon-men were starting to beat through the dwarf birches when Honeywords pranced out in front of them. "Yonder she hides."

Up the river he pointed, at a grassy mound, where there was no sign of a living being. "Yonder in the elf-mound. An elf-maid, she, dwelling beneath the grass until the rising of the moon. Yea, that is the hour of her coming forth upon the earth."

Hjor grunted, but some of his men came closer to hear.

"When the moon is full upon this elf-maid," Honeywords explained, "she sings, and she combs her hair with a shining comb. Some of you, mayhap, have seen the mermaids of the waters. Fairer indeed is this elf woman. White as wands, her arms. Like fruit blossoms, her breasts. With her distaff she weaves a mist of magic about her, and if you can enter *that,* you will find her dearer than mortal women."

"No such lorelei lives!" Hjor snarled. He and his men thought no more of looking for a woman. Instead, pulling Rang with him, he pushed into the hut. The sunset was fading, and Hjor peered at the Icelander's hunting weapons. "Sticks and cords!" The tined fishing spear he tossed away contemptuously. And with the throwing stick, he poked into the chest where the Icelander kept his precious things—the green cloak of silk that had been his mother's, and the jewelry he had made her out of pearl-shell. These Hjor tossed aside indifferently. Spitting into the steaming water pool, he called for Honeywords.

Rang noticed that the silver ring, his treasure, had vanished from its cord. And the raiders discovered that the piper of Erin was not to be found. In the twilight, he had slipped away while Hjor was inspecting the hut. Hjor breathed deep. "By Freya's boar!"

Taking up Rang's roping pole, he broke the shaft away from the cord, and jerked the noose over Rang's head, tightening it about his throat until his injured head ached.

"You feel that?" he asked softly. "We will cut the skin from your head and pull it off and leave you for the wolves to find, Icelander, if you do not lead us by the shortest way to the Town. Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said Rang.

KNOTTING the free end of the rope about his own left wrist, Hjor went outside, pulling Rang with him. He peered into the dense mist over the river. "Can you see your way through this?"

"Yes," said Rang. "Soon the moon will be clear on the hills."

For a while, until the moon showed, Hjor inspected the foot of the trail that led to Town. Tracks cut up the ground, and it was broad enough for his men to ride two abreast.

When the moon's glow showed through the mist above them, he peered into Rang's eyes from beneath the boar's head. "You," he advised, "go first and go quietly." Rang felt a cold iron point sear the flesh under his shoulder. "And keep to the path or you will have the whole of this blade in your guts."

Silently Rang started up the path by the river. He did not think he would come down again into that valley.

Then he heard a voice singing, clearer than the rush of the stream. After a step or two he saw the moonlight full upon the top of the grass mound, and a woman singing there, bending over, combing at her hair.

Soft she sang, heedless of the men, the silk of her green cloak shining on her slender body, with a necklace gleaming on her bare throat.

For a moment Rang hardly knew it to be Caill, so different she seemed.

"The lorelei!" said someone.

By her bare feet lay the distaff, and around her the mist thinned away. The lines of men edged toward her, staring. They came around the mound hungrily.

"Fetch her along," Hjor said. "We have no time to play with the young witch now."

So the moon was higher when they started up the path again, with Caill among the men. And Rang pondered, each step sending pain shooting into his head. He wished that he had some of Honeywords' cunning. For in that night light he could see; still that did not help him to make a plan.

He saw where the path forked ahead of him, and that showed him something he could do. He stopped. "On the right hand," he said to Hjor, "goes the path through the dales, easy to follow but long. On the left goes to hill path—"

"Up or down, take the short way. Stir yourself, animal."

And Rang turned left, climbing. Here he did not know the landmarks, for this path led up to the white glaciers of the Sleeper, not to the Town, and Rang had never explored it. Out of the birch clumps he climbed, past the face of black rocks shining with wet, out along a ridge crowning one of the glaciers. White and cold lay the ice.

Above him he could see the breath of the Sleeper puffing out, after he counted ten and seven each time. He was thinking about Caill, who seemed so beautiful now in the moonlight in her fine cloak, and what might happen to her presently.

They were passing under bare rocks, skirting the edge of the glacier when Hjor jerked the rope hard. "I see no roofs about here. Where sits this Town?"

Rang did not answer, because he was holding his breath. A cloud of smoke billowed down over them, and the men began to cough, choking. Edging closer to Caill, he whispered, "Hold your breath." Some of the ponies neighed and plunged.

A squealing and a wailing broke out above them, in the smoke, as if fiends danced there. The ponies reared, clattering on the loose stones along the path above the glacier. One of the raiders yelled in fear.

" 'Tis that mad piper of Erin," Hjor shouted, "who swore by his soul he would deliver Iceland to us."

His eyes aflame with suspicion, he whirled on Rang. A stick whistled through the air and clanged against his headgear. A throwing stick, Rang saw it to be. A long fish spear followed, out of the smoke, sticking in a man's thigh. Lifting his shield, Hjor stopped. A stone smashed against the shield.

"The mountain lives!" a man shouted, staring. Along that path bedlam was breaking loose, with the whistle of the wind, the billowing of smoke, the hurling of weapons, and men tumbling from frightened ponies.

Above them, in the rocks, shapes in fishskins and seal pelts jumping. Rang saw them to be the fishers and hunters of the Iceland folk. A net sailing down upon the heads of the nearest raiders, and the while the pipes of Erin wailing—

Rang jumped among his ponies, shouting at them, and they headed back, rushing down the path, spilling men. Then the rope tore at Rang's throat, hauling him back.

LIGHT arrows rattled against the iron shirts of the raiders, and sling-stones slashed their faces. From between the rocks a seal hunter slipped, to make a cast with his roping-pole, and catch a warrior in the noose, throwing him. Amazed, the weapon-men were ducking and scrambling for shelter.

Then Hjor's voice boomed out: "Sticks and stones and smoke, messmates! You are hiding your heads from fishing folk. Up with you!"

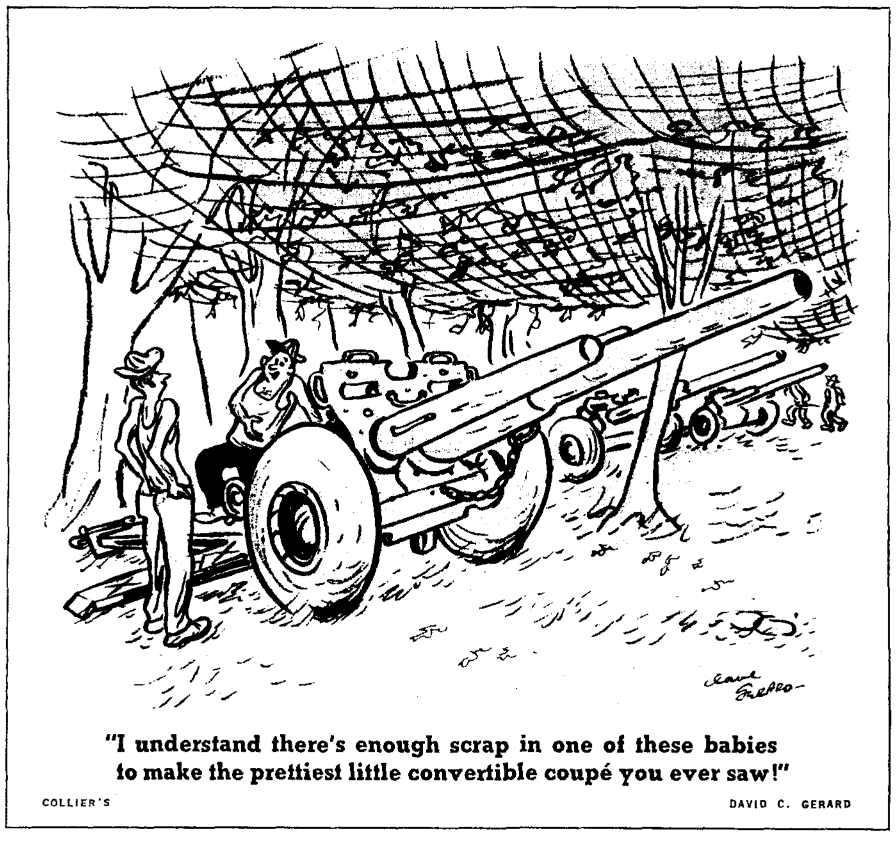
Climbing to a rock, he called those raiders together: "Shield wall! Shield wall!"

Obedient to his voice, the war band gathered, shields overlapping. Limping and uncertain, they rallied toward Hjor's voice: "Fight down to the ship, lads!"

Unnoticed for that instant, Rang pulled the noose from his neck. "I will show you a way down," he shouted, forgetting the pain in his head, running toward Hjor's rock. Up to the rock he leaped with empty hands. Before Hjor could strike at him, his legs and arms caught around the warrior in a wrestler's grip. The blow knocked Hjor off balance, and Rang locked his arms.

The two of them rolled off the rock, and Rang shoved Hjor out upon the glacier ice. As he did so, he felt himself shoot downward. Sliding, he let his body go limp, and curled his arms about his head.

Over the gray ice he slid faster, scraping against rocks. He whirled around, and brought up in soft, wet snow. He



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got to his feet, finding no bones broken.

A stone's throw away lay Hjor without his sword, but with his shield arm twisted under him. The heavy shield had caught fast beneath the snow and Hjor groaned. Rang jumped on him with his knees. He caught Hjor's beard and twisted it one way, while he knelt on the man's broken shoulder. And Hjor yelped at the pain.

Sliding and scrambling, Honeywords appeared beside them, pulling out his sheath knife.

"Let me stick it in his throat," he panted.

Rang shoved the piper away, and Honeywords gibed at him: "Horse-herder! Slay him now, or he will feed you to the birds!"

But Rang was thinking about that. He felt anger rise in him, because Hjor's men had killed the pony. Still, he thought how they would obey Hjor's voice. So thinking, he ground his knee again into Hjor, and the warrior yelled, tears running from his eyes.

"Call to your war band up there," Rang said, "to throw down their shields and weapons, or you will weep more than that."

"What then?" gasped Hjor, sweating.

Rang considered. "The Iceland folk will summon you to trial for making a landfall with weapons."

Hjor's eyes gleamed when he heard this. He nodded his head, and Rang got up from his knee. Swallowing hard, Hjor shouted up at the path, "Down shields, Hjor's men. Throw away your swords. The power of magic on this mountain is too much for us!"

Faces peered down at them through the drifting smoke, and they heard iron clatter upon stones. Rang felt with his feet in the snow, and took up Hjor's sword, while Honeywords stared at him as if he had changed his shape.

"By the powers!" the man of Erin cried. "You shall not be saying at the court that I was forerunner of these sea-snakes, Rang. Look ye! I ran fast to the town, and summoned forth the folk, to keep you from being cut out of your skin. So you owe your life to me. Do you understand, Rang?"

"Yes," said Rang.

ON THE beach, when the moon was high, the Iceland court held inquest upon the raiders. The court sat by the dragon-ship.

Gizur the Old sat by the fire they had lighted, with good men and true from the Thing to consider the judgment after witness had been taken. On one hand sat hundreds of the hunters and fishers, with the weapons, the iron shirts and the shields of the raiders close by them. On the other side, away from the ship, sat Hjor and his raiders with empty hands.

Gizur pulled at his white mustache, and spoke each word carefully. For the law of Iceland, made by the first comers to the land, was older than Britain or the Angle and Saxon folk, and it was the duty of the old men like Gizur to see that the law suffered no change.

The witnesses, Gizur said, had established that these raiders summoned before the court had suffered some flesh wounds but no body or bone or death wounds. So he took no account of those flesh wounds. The Icelander Rang, however, had suffered a head wound, and the raider Hjor a broken shoulder. These he set against each other and took no more account of them.

Hjor breathed easier when he heard this.

"The death of the pony is to be atoned for," Gizur continued. "And for that I will let Rang name his award."

Standing up before all that court, Rang considered carefully what the true value of the pony might be. "Hjor's sword I shall take," he announced, "in full atonement." He thought a good ax could be forged out of the blade.

And Hjor almost laughed, seeing how carefully the Icelanders dealt with little things. Not so Honeywords. "What a simple folk you are," he gibed, "and tender in what you do! Will you be after letting these manslayers go off scot-free in their ship? They will come back to take the hides off you. Whatever!"

Now in this, Honeywords was thinking about his own hide. But Gizur the Old was not pleased.

"A word more," Gizur said, "and you will be in contempt of this court, man of Erin. The law may not please you, but in this land men must have equal right, by law." Hjor sprang up, to run with his men to the ship and push off, when Gizur bade him wait, as there was one more point to be judged. "It is evident, Hjor, that you and your shipmates made a landfall at this spot with intent to do bodily harm."

Hjor stopped as if struck, and Gizur added that he could plead his own cause.

"True enough, we made a landfall," muttered Hjor, looking about him cunningly. "But where is the witness who says we came with any malice aforethought? I do not see him."

"There are the witnesses," Gizur said. "They are those killing weapons of yours." Gizur nodded. "Nay, those swords and battle axes and spears were made for manslaughter. And by carrying them you are guilty of intent to kill. For that, atonement must be made."

Chewing his beard, Hjor waited.

"I award," said Gizur slowly, "to those who were to be killed but are not—to the Iceland folk—all goods and gear that are movable upon your dragon-ship."

"And the ship itself?" demanded Hjor.

"That is yours." And Gizur ordered him sharply with his men into it—to the stern. Those raiders hurried to obey, hiding their exultation. They watched the Icelanders, armed with the killing-weapons, haul fur cloaks and beer kegs and dried fish and a chest of gold from the dragon-ship. Every bit of cloth and loose rope and every sea chest, the Icelanders passed down to the beach. They even pulled the long steering oars from the stern and heaved out the rowing benches. When Hjor shouted protest, Gizur reminded him that the oars were movable gear. And he bade the Icelanders throw out the rowing oars.

At this, Hjor stormed forward. Then Gizur with his own knife cut the yard sheets, and the yard came down. Iceland fishermen slashed loose the one great sail of the dragon-ship and tossed it to the sand.

"Robbers!" yelled Hjor, in a fury. "How will we sail—"

The dragon-ship began to move out into the swell. Scores of fishermen shoved at its sides, running it out into deep water. The ship slid past the break in the swell, and turned slowly, caught by the offshore wind.

"This is murder," roared Hjor, his hands groping for a stick or a pole in vain.

"No," Gizur shouted back, where the armed fishermen waited in the swell, "it is what you had in mind, intent to do manslaughter. You will judge for yourself how it turns out."

The dragon-ship drifted farther out, into the moonlight.

Rang did not see it. He went to where Caill sat, and she held out the fine silk cloak and the pearl shell trinkets to him. "Those are yours, Rang."

Instead of taking them, Rang shook his head.

"Why did you make yourself into an elf-maid," he demanded, "sitting on that mound?"

"I thought I could beguile them into looking at me," she whispered, "so you could escape." A shadow of the old fear touched her eyes. "Why did you leap upon Hjor up on the mountain?"

"I could not have them fighting where you might be harmed."

"You are foolish," she said, laughing. "You were not like that at first."

BENDING over, he picked her up in his arms, and began to carry her. Along his river, up his land he carried her, to his hut. And he would have carried her across the threshold if Honeywords had not jumped out into the moonlight close by it. He peered at those two and he grumbled.

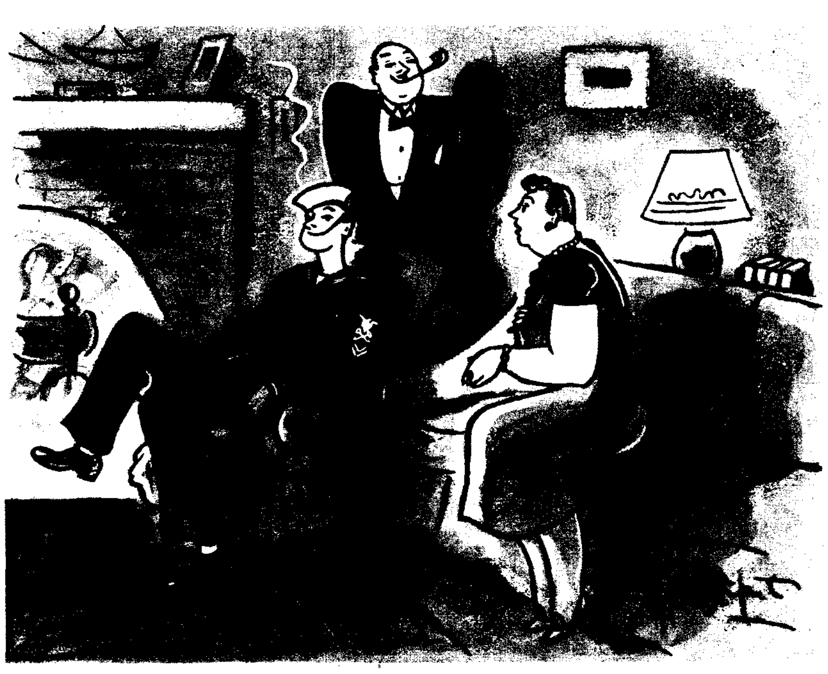
"Ochune! Too tenderhearted and simple am I."

"You!" cried Caill. "Indeed you are a fine, scheming man."

Honeywords looked into her face, and shook his head. "I could have had gold and gear as the forerunner of the sea raiders. Yet for the sight of a girl and the sake of a boy, I saved Iceland. 'Tis the heart of a poet I have and nothing else."

Listening, they heard the wail of his pipes as he walked away, the sound of it soft and mournful as he pressed the bag under his arm. But they did not see over his other arm Rang's ring of silver.

THE END



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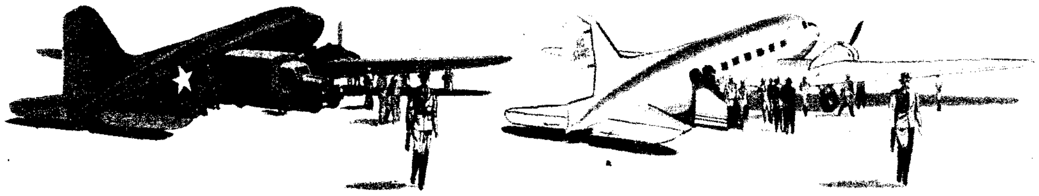

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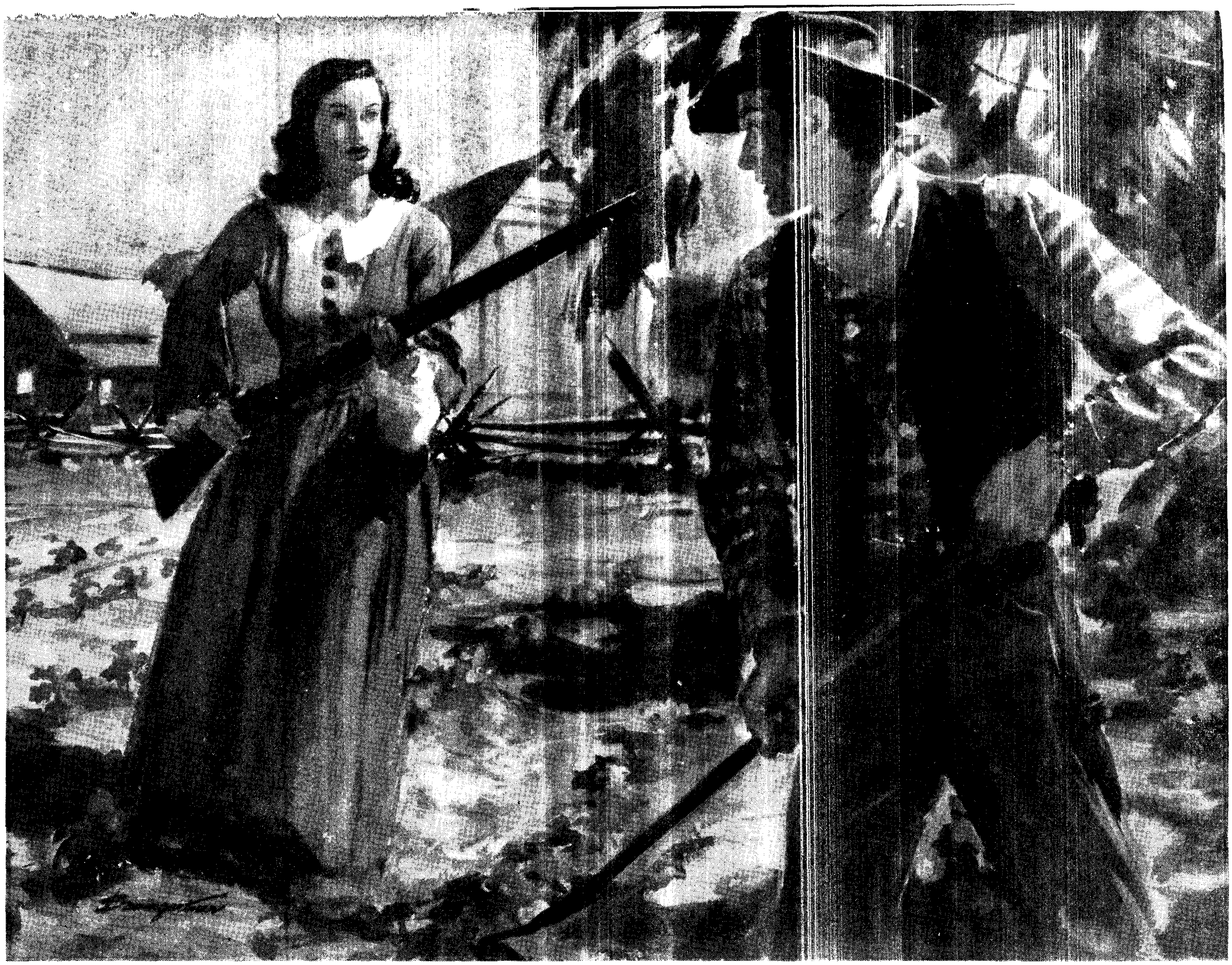

"How come you ain't off a-fighting?" Bessie White demanded. Luke began to tell her. "You're a deserter," she said softly

The Foxes Have Holes

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

She judged him harshly, and when she came to see that he had been right she found that time had cheated her

THE old man rode with long reins, his feet turned awkwardly outward in the stirrups. Slightly behind him rode the army engineer, to whom he was showing land lines. The engineer, reluctantly fascinated by the country history that the old man seemed to think necessary to the confirmation of the land lines, tried to keep abreast, but the borrowed horse that he rode was lazy, and content to stay at the other horse's croup.

"Now, yonder," said the old man, "is the graveyard I was telling you about. I got a granddaddy and a grandma buried there. That grave right yonder has got in it the bones of a infidel fellow. He used to set down and write pieces about there ain't no hell, and suchlike. If he ain't already found out different, maybe he will now, when you Army fellows git through with that bummin' field you're fixing to start."

"There won't be any bombing close to the cemetery," said the engineer.

"Right yonder that branch comes out, and that's where we turn north at. My granddaddy Mandon, he used to own right up to that hammock. I had two granddaddies, like everybody else. One of 'em he was a powerful good man. During the war, when women or niggers was hongry all they had to do was come to Adam Mandon, and he give 'em corn and potatoes. But not an ear of corn would he sell—he said them that had money to buy didn't need it.

"My other granddaddy, West—my daddy's daddy—he had a family of big boys, all of them hardheaded. When the war come, them that wanted to go went, and them that didn't want to go never. There was three of them didn't want to go, not having no niggers nor no argumint with the Yankees—Jeb, Roy, and Pensy. You see them big woods yonder? Them boys holed up in Mandon's Hammock for four years. Adam Mandon had a pit dug under his house, and whenever one of the boys slipped home for a side of meat and a sack of potatoes, they kept the pit ready to slap him into if the soldiers chanced to come looking for him.

"ONE day this infidel fellow—Luke Rayburn his name was—come riding down the road on a skinny young stud horse. Luke Rayburn was a sort of dreamerlike fellow, always thinking up things and writing things, and floating a little too high off the ground to plow or plant potatoes, and when he come he was near-about starved to death. Didn't nobody know him, but Adam Mandon told Rayburn to git down and come in and eat.

"After supper they sat out on the porch, and Rayburn, he paid them back by reading some of the stuff he had wrote. First he read them a piece about there not being no hell—that's how come them to know he was an infidel—and when he was finished he waited for Adam to run him off, but Adam he just sucked his pipe and didn't say nothing. I reckon old Adam had come to see he was just a sort of lunatic. Then he read another piece about how the South hadn't ought to be fighting, and how the same God made niggers that made white folks—and hadn't never meant nobody to be slaves. When he finished that, knowing by now that Adam had four boys in the war, he waited for him to sick the dogs on him, but Adam just set and rocked and didn't say nothing.

So Luke Rayburn he stayed on. But one day some soldiers come by looking for deserters, and the folks hid him in the pit under the house. When the soldiers had went on, old Adam told him he better go to the big woods and hole up with Jeb and Roy and Pensy. So next night, when Pensy come slipping

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in for rations, Luke Rayburn saddled up his horse and went back with him." . . .

The sun was high when Luke Rayburn and Pensy Mandon reached the hammock. Luke's horse had fattened on corn from the Mandon crib, and he shone with healthy sweat. Pensy said, "That's a tol'able nice horse, but I ain't sure Jeb's goan agree for you to keep him. A stud horse will be always squealing and he may git us shot."

"He don't squeal," Luke said. "He's quiet and gentle."

"We'll see what Jeb says," Pensy answered easily.

"I'd hate to have to get shut of him," Luke said. "He's a powerful good horse."

After a while Pensy drew in suddenly, listening. Luke heard nothing. Then Pensy relaxed and they went on, and presently Luke made out the sound of singing . . . *could my zeal no respite know, could my tears forever flow* . . .

"They's a fellow holding a singing school yonder at Pine Ridge church."

Luke hummed along with the hymn; finally he said, impulsively, "Let's wait up a little and listen at them."

Pensy regarded him curiously. "All right, if you're a-mind to. We ain't in no hurry. Is right pretty, ain't it?"

They sat in their saddles, behind a screening head of titi brush, and listened.

As they waited there, a wagon came through the woods, headed for the church, and in it rode two women, one old and the other young. The young woman was driving the mules, her bonnet hanging limp from her neck. Her hair was light brown, and her face held a strange, unhappy beauty.

"Who is that?" Luke whispered, staring at the young woman.

"That's young Widow White, and her ma. Jeff White, he had to go off and git in that mess, and git hisself killed. Durn' fool." Pensy turned his horse. "We better go."

They rode for another hour, until they reached a slow rise of ground that eventually became a wide hill, pine-wooded. Pensy drew up and sat without moving for a time, then he gave a hen-quail whistle several times, after proper intervals. Shortly, from upon the hill, came a clear bobwhite call. They rode up the slope to where Pensy's brothers, Jeb and Roy, were waiting. The two men showed no suspicion of Luke, and accepted him and his horse almost indifferently, once Pensy had assured them that the stallion, to his own knowledge, was quiet.

BOTH men were tall and black-bearded, in contrast to Pensy. Jeb, the oldest, that night told Luke, "If you expect to make out for long without gitting shot, you better learn to know the woods of this hammock. When them soldiers come a-looking it's handy to be like a fox, with always a ready course to run."

Luke said, "'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.'"

"You a preacher?" Jeb said.

"He shore ain't no preacher," Pensy said, and then, aside to Jeb, "Just sort of loony."

The horses were not tethered together; they were sentinels posted around the camp, and kept ready saddled. The men always sat facing one another, like cardplayers, each man keeping an eye on his own horse. Any undue alertness on the part of a horse was cause enough for quick mounting and a scattering through the woods.

But the woods were big and there were few alarms. Day by day Luke grew to know the hammock, the creeks and thickets and ponds, the long lime sink that lay, a great crack in the earth, beyond the open pineland and the marshes. Sometimes he rode alone, sometimes Pensy went with him. To Pensy, Luke was an amusement, the way he could talk for hours about God and souls and all.

Luke was alone the day he came upon the cotton field. Two women were chopping the young cotton, the same two women who had passed close to them that day on the way to the singing school, Jeff White's young widow and her mother. His horse hidden farther back in the brush of the woods, Luke lay close by for a long time, watching. The field was not large, but it was more than two women could tend, especially with one of them old and sickly.

A jay saw Luke lying in the brush, and scolded loudly, but the women paid no attention. Once Bessie White stopped in the shade of the woods, not far from him. She pushed her bonnet back from her flushed face, and wiped the sweat from her cheeks. Luke had a desire to stroke the damp hair that she lifted in her hands to cool her head. She turned to the next row. He lay still. He heard again the *cuff cuff* of her hoe.

That evening when the women went in, the old one, in her weariness, forgot her hoe. Luke saw it, and waited. Finally dark came, and the moon rose, shining upon the young cotton leaves. Luke went out into the field and began chopping cotton. He dared chop only a few rows, for more than that would be noticed.

He returned next morning early, and was hidden when they came into the field. He heard Bessie say, "Look, we did a right good day's work yesterday, mamma. More than I figured"

Before long it began to rain, and they had to quit work and go to the house. That night after the rain stopped, Luke slipped quietly to the barn, without even waking up the yard dog, and got a hoe and chopped several more rows. He slept most of the following day, and returned to his secret job that night.

As he hoed, a screech owl called from a tree on the edge of the woods.

At that moment, about twenty yards away, Bessie White said, "What are you doing in my field?"

Startled, he turned, and could see her plainly, and the rifle she held at her hip, leveled at him. He said, "I'm trying to help you."

She came closer, unhesitatingly. "This morning there was hoeing done fresh since the rain. I knowed somebody else done it, and I come to find out who. Now you tell me."

"I seen you had more than you could manage."

"I'll manage," she said grimly. "You tell me what you're up to."

"I ain't nobody to be scared of."

"How come you ain't off a-fighting?" she demanded.

So he began to tell her, but she suddenly interrupted him.

"You're a deserter," she said softly. "You'd lay out yonder and let better men do your fighting—men like my Jeff. You'd let the Yankees come and burn the barns and shoot the stock, while you talked about it being wrong to fight."

"No, that's not it—you don't understand."

"You'd tend my cotton so it would grow big enough to steal later."

"I was just helping you out. You don't see what—"

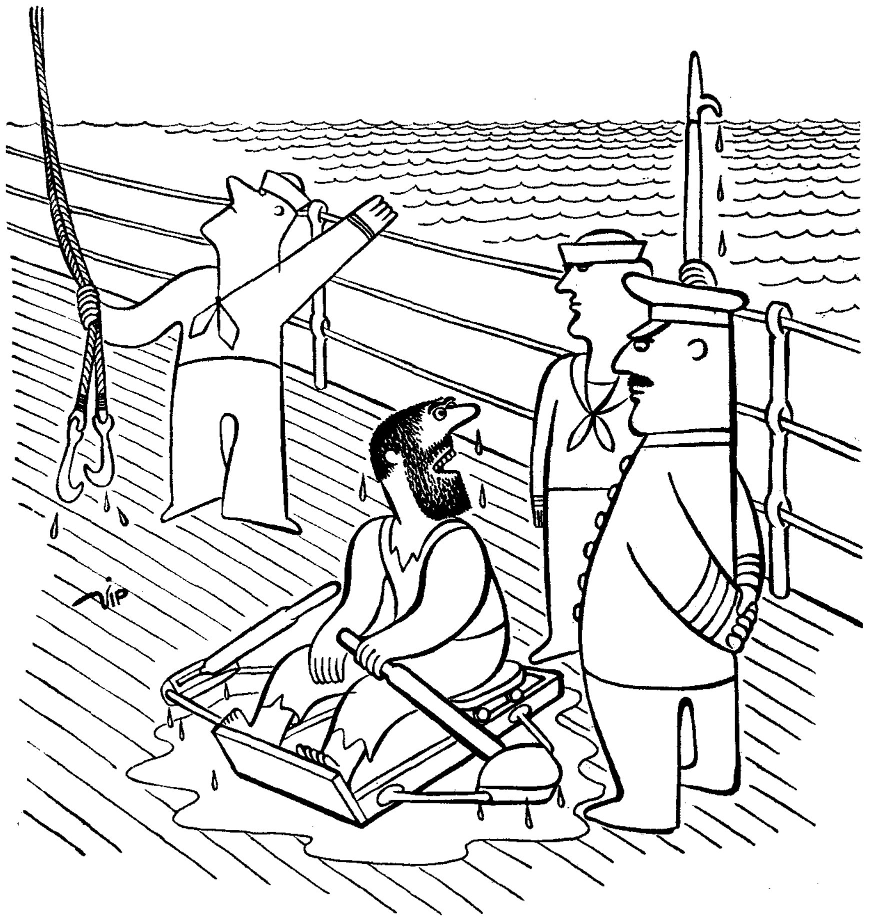
"I expect I better turn you in," she said quite evenly. "Walk toward the house!"

But Luke turned and ran, striving to reach the shadows along the edge of the wood before she could shoot. There came a flash of fire, and the bullet buzzed like a hornet somewhere close by. Once in the woods he slowed and groped his way along. Distantly he heard the old woman calling anxiously across the field.

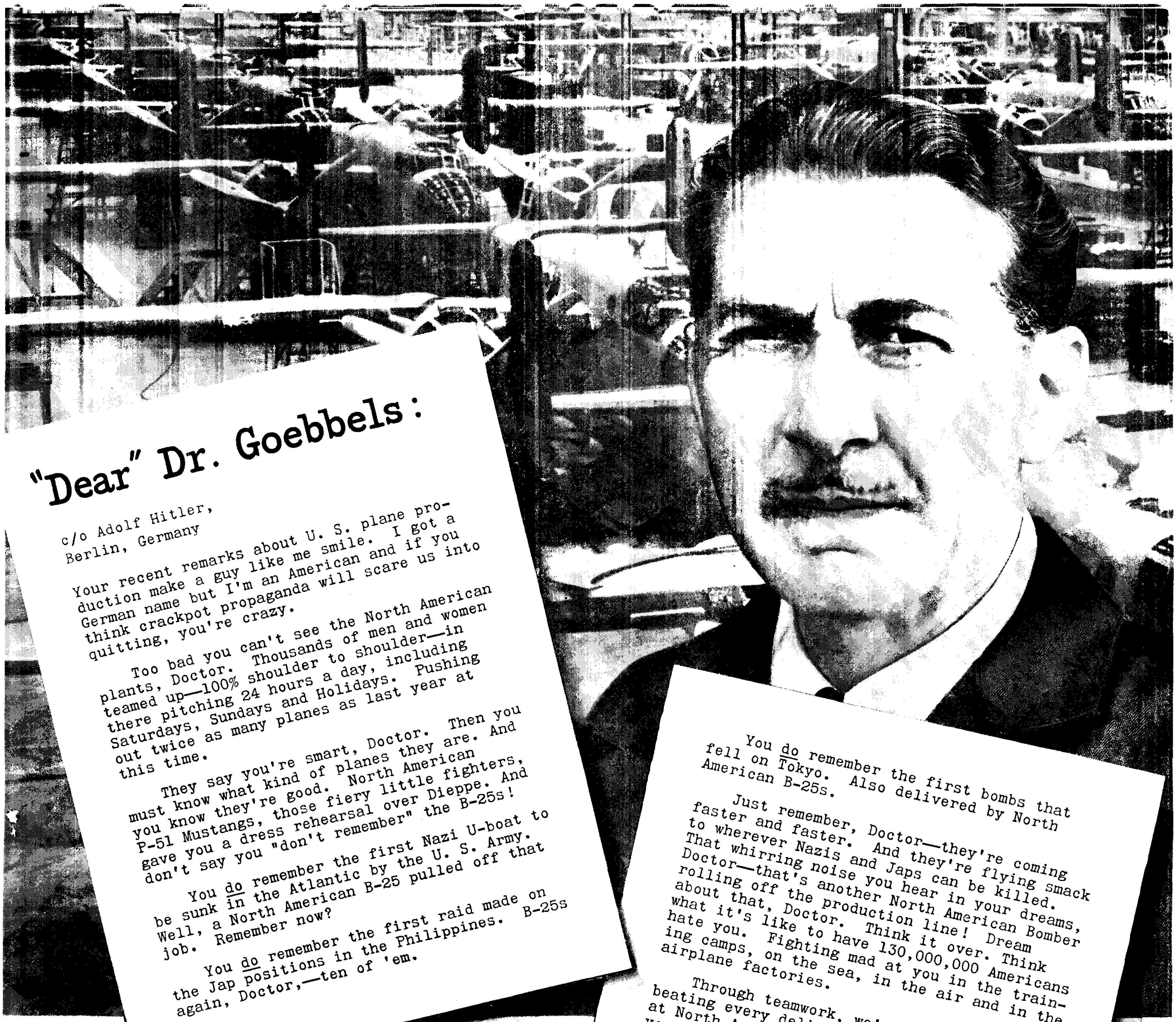
THE next afternoon, Jeb said, "Look yonder at that stud horse." The horse had stopped grazing around his tree, and held his head up attentively. The men got to their feet, rifles in hand, and began making preparations to leave. All the horses were quickly untied. Luke's stallion was still alert. "It ain't something he sees," Luke said; "it's something he hears."

"Listen," Jeb commanded.

Finally they heard it, the far-distant



COLLIER'S "Yes, there were days when the going was tough" VIRGIL PARTCH



"Dear" Dr. Goebbels:

c/o Adolf Hitler,
Berlin, Germany

Your recent remarks about U. S. plane production make a guy like me smile. I got a German name but I'm an American and if you think crackpot propaganda will scare us into quitting, you're crazy.

Too bad you can't see the North American plants, Doctor. Thousands of men and women teamed up—100% shoulder to shoulder—in there pitching 24 hours a day, including Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Pushing out twice as many planes as last year at this time.

They say you're smart, Doctor. Then you must know what kind of planes they are. And you know they're good. North American P-51 Mustangs, those fiery little fighters, gave you a dress rehearsal over Dieppe. And don't say you "don't remember" the B-25s!

You do remember the first Nazi U-boat to be sunk in the Atlantic by the U. S. Army. Well, a North American B-25 pulled off that job. Remember now?

You do remember the first raid made on the Jap positions in the Philippines. B-25s again, Doctor,—ten of 'em.

You do remember the first bombs that fell on Tokyo. Also delivered by North American B-25s.

Just remember, Doctor—they're coming faster and faster. And they're flying smack to wherever Nazis and Japs can be killed. That whirring noise you hear in your dreams, Doctor—that's another North American Bomber rolling off the production line! Dream about that, Doctor. Think it over. Think what it's like to have 130,000,000 Americans hate you. Fighting mad at you in the training camps, on the sea, in the air and in the airplane factories.

Through teamwork, we're meeting and beating every delivery date on our schedule at North American. We're all-out to show you that our production can stifle your propaganda, that our bombers can black-out your bombast.

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Hoffmann

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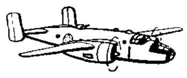
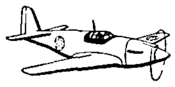
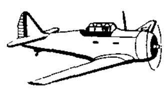

BOMBERS For the United Nations, B-25 "Mitchell"


FIGHTERS For U.S. Army and RAF, P-51 "Mustang"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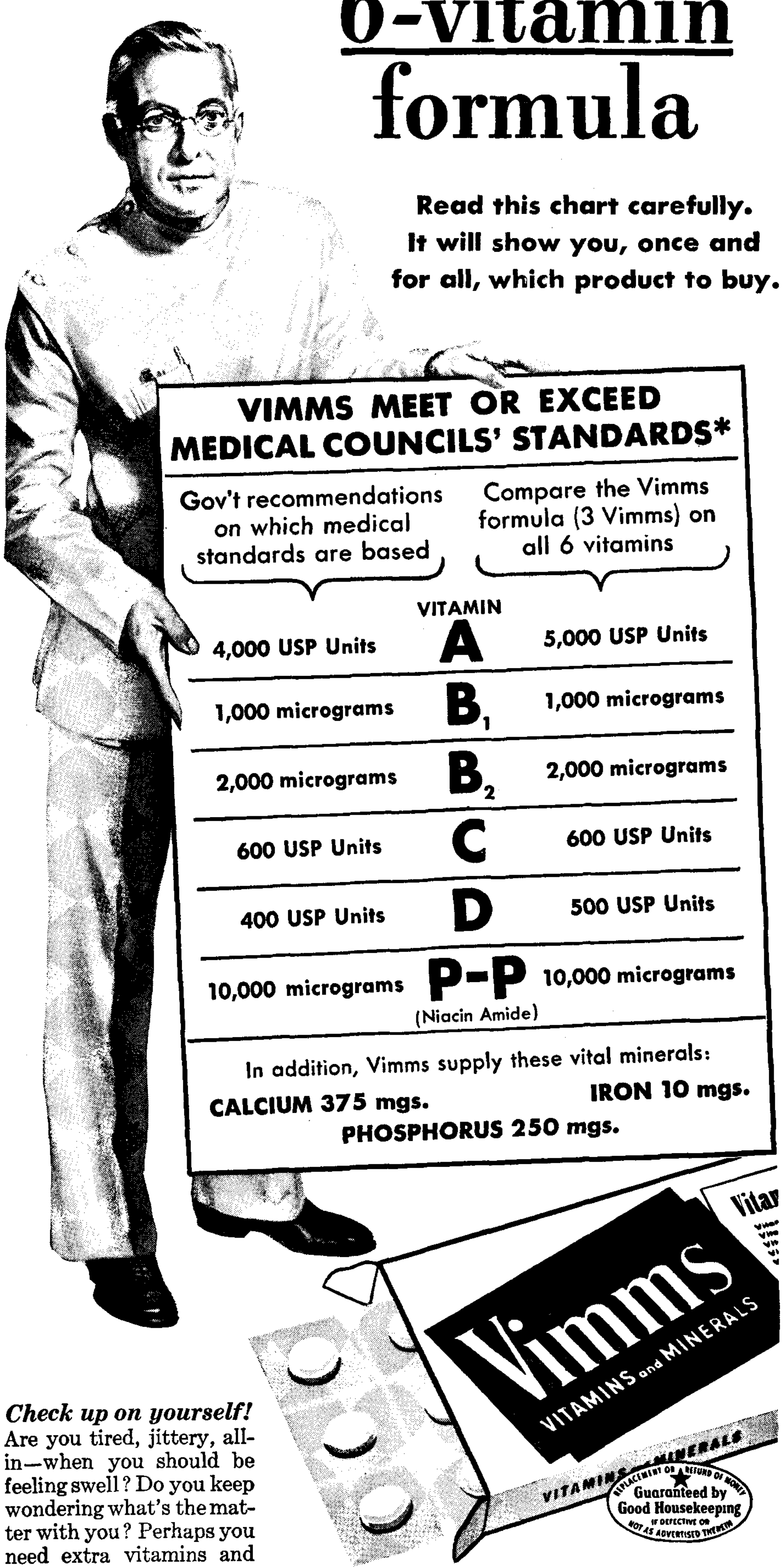

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sound, the crying of a hound on trail.

"You know what that is?" Pensy said. "That's Paul Manry's nigger dog!"

They listened another moment. "That's what it is," Roy said. "We better haul tail out of here."

"Wait," Jeb said quietly. "We caint leave here with that dog on our trail—he'll follow us to hell and gone. We'll have to git shut of him first."

JEB and Pensy and Luke mounted, and held Roy's horse ready. Roy, the best rifleman of them, leaned against a tree, waiting. By the sound, the dog was coming on a direct line from Jeff White's farm, following the same route that Luke had followed last night. "I hope you've learned," Pensy said as they waited, "not to never again try to help out no pretty young widow woman." Roy looked around at Luke and grinned.

The dog was still a half-mile away. Jeb gazed down the slope contemplatively. He said to Luke, "You come right up that trail yonder, last night?"

"Right yonder."

"Horseback or afoot?"

"Horseback."

"You ride down to that log and let your horse stomp around there some. When the hound hits it so hot there, he'll have to stop a second and let out a shore-enough holler."

Although Luke did not understand, he rode to the log, a hundred and fifty yards down the slope, and walked his horse back and forth across the log a few times, then rode rapidly back to the camp they were about to leave.

The baying now echoed across the hammock. "That's a pretty-voiced dog," Pensy murmured. "Paul Manry sets a heap of store by him."

Roy raised his rifle and rested it against the tree, and his cheek lay familiarly upon the stock. Down the slope a bush moved. A black-and tan hound emerged at a run, whimpering eagerly. At the log that lay across the trail he stopped suddenly, excitedly, then threw his head back and gave a loud bay. They waited for Roy to shoot, hearing now the hoofbeats of the soldiers' horses beyond.

The hound started to follow the trail on, then looked up the hill and saw them, and wagged his tail. At that moment Roy fired, and the hound fell, shot through the skull. There would be a moment or two while the soldiers pulled up, having heard the shot, to consider the possibility of an ambush. Roy swung up into his saddle, and punched his horse's flank with his rifle butt. Luke's stallion whirled nervously, throwing his head. Luke thought, *He was a fine-mouthed dog; and just wagging his tail, friendlylike.*

"Red Slough!" Jeb shouted as the horses broke away; and they understood that it was contingent on eluding the soldiers. They were to come whenever they were free, whether tomorrow or a week.

They separated, but soon Pensy swung his galloping horse back alongside the black stallion of Luke. "You better sort of stay with me," he said as they rode. After a while he said, "Hold him in a right smart until we see whether they're taking after us. Ain't nobody can hit you with a rifle ball running in these woods, but if they git anyways close, one them smoothbores loaded with buckshot is bad."

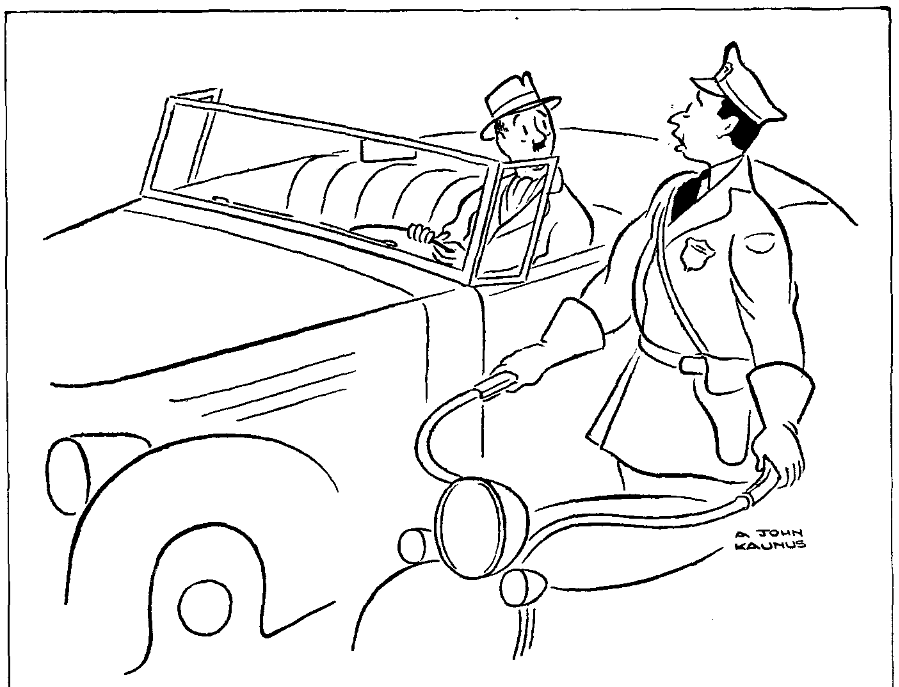
Shots sounded far behind, and a loud yell. "Just shooting and hollering," Pensy said.

Once a big buck deer with, according to Pensy, a rocking chair on his head, jumped from the sedge patch where he had been lying and ran before them, his white tail flashing with each bound. Pensy playfully pursued him for a way. "That dog of Manry's could a took him for a round, I expect," he said.

As he spoke, the deer reappeared ahead, having turned back and running a new course off to the south. Pensy reined in and Luke stopped beside him. "That deer seen something another he never liked, to strike off to one side like that," Pensy said tensely, "and I don't imagine we'll like it neither, 'cause it's liable to be some of them soldiers, come around from the other side. That deer knowed what he was doing. We'll take the same road he took."

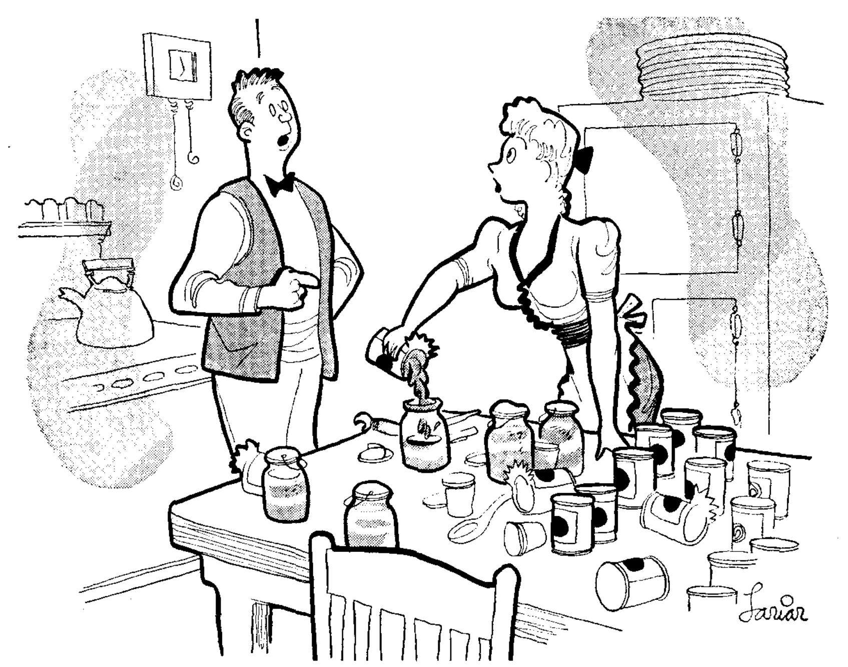
NOW the time had come for fast running, to escape the trap, and the horses were ready for it. Heads low, they raced across the pine flat. To the left, where the deer had turned, four soldiers on horseback broke cover. There was a puff of black-powder smoke, followed by the sound of the shot, but the bullet did not come even close enough to hear. On the right flank was an old millpond, fed by a deep creek; this was the far side of the trap, and to escape, they must get past the millpond before the soldiers reached it.

Hugging low on the stallion's neck, Luke thought, *Ain't no sense in having to run like this. I ain't done anything.* He was drawing ahead of Pensy, but there was no slowing the stallion now



"I feel kinda funny saying this, but you were doing at least 37"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS



"But that isn't the way you put up preserves, dear!"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

without pulling him around in a circle. The footing became somewhat boggy along the edge of the water; in the pond, sunning cooters spilled from every log. The ground grew firm again and he knew he had passed the pond. Pensy's escape was much narrower: a bullet went through his horse's ear.

Later, as they rode slowly along, resting their mounts, Pensy said, "Durn' if I don't git tired of running and gitting shot at all the time. It was kind of play for a while, but I believe I'd rather be where I can shoot back some. Let's me and you slip on out of these woods and join up."

"Join the army?"

"If we don't like it, we can slip away and come on back to the hammock again."

Two soldiers appeared ahead, riding casually toward the south, obviously on their way to rejoin the detail that had waited in ambush. They saw Luke and Pensy almost at the same instant that the latter pair saw them. The soldiers threw up their shotguns. Luke and Pensy whirled their horses, Pensy heading off south, his horse jumping in lengthening strides.

Luke turned southwest, trying to put a clump of trees between him and the soldiers before they could shoot. Then the shot came, flat-sounding, not sharp and hard like a rifle report, and buckshot whined, some splintering white wood from beneath tree bark. Two of them struck the cantle of Luke's saddle; and one of them went into the small of Luke's back.

THE man who pursued Luke had a good horse. Luke risked a glance over his shoulder; the soldier rode low, with a pistol in his hand. Luke swung in a wide circle that would take him back out of the flat pineland into more treacherous country. There he might be able to lose the pursuer who clung grimly mile after mile. The stallion was good for many more miles, but Luke was not—sitting, as he was, in his own blood. Gradually his legs lost the strength to grip the saddle; he wrapped the horse's mane around his hands.

So he headed toward the lime sink, finally, turning straight for it. The racing stallion saw the gorge, and swung off obliquely, but Luke straightened him and kept him driving forward. Assured that the chasm was intended to be on the course, the stallion sped directly for it and without slowing he jumped. Luke got one dizzy glimpse of the bottom of the sink, sixty feet below. The stallion landed on the other side, his knees almost buckling; then he was steady again, now running a little sideways to offset the weight of his rider who was gradually slipping from the saddle.

THE old man pointed a brown and bony finger. "Now yonder is the end of Harley's two lots of land, Jim Harley his name is, married my wife's sister, and I reckon that's about where your bummin' field will commence at."

Presently they came to a great cut in the earth, a deep gorge at the bottom of which, far below, ran a tiny stream. "You recollect I spoke of a fellow name Luke Rayburn The soldiers got after him once, and how he got away was to jump that stud horse of his across this here lime sink, right at this place where we're a-standing."

The Army engineer stared at him. "No horse could jump that. It's at least fifty feet."

"That's right. But it's caved in some more, in eighty years' time. My Uncle Pensy, after he come back from the war, he measured it, and it was thirty-two feet acrost. My granddaddy, old Adam Mandon, when they found this here Rayburn in the woods, he seen to it that they gave him a decent burying in the church graveyard. Then *he* died, and didn't nobody bother to tend Rayburn's grave for the longest kind of time.

"Now here's something that's been a puzzle to me ever since my mamma told it to me—her and that widow woman, Bessie White, was girls together. Like I said, Rayburn's grave wasn't looked after; then, eight or ten years afterward, Bessie White all of a sudden commenced to come to the graveyard and see after Rayburn's grave. Kept it hoed around, and even put flowers on it. You reckon how come she done that?"

The engineer said slowly, "In eight or ten years maybe she had time to reconsider her judgment of him."

"Why, it's plain he was sort of half crazy."

"But there was another half."

"That don't make a lot of sense to me." The old man nudged his horse into motion again. "Now when we git to the top of that rise, we can see Eb Wilson's old farm. Eb and me, we used to git in his buggy and go a bird-hunting all day long. Take us a quart of liquor along, and here we'd go. That field of yourn, now, it'll corner right yonder at Eb's old place."

THE END

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Elevated to the Bench

Continued from page 27

definitely on the mend. "Yesterday," he *reported proudly, "my opinions* were asked by two park attendants and a WPA economist."

None of it all, to be sure, was a new experience, for back in the first World War, Bernie Baruch took a beating that would have broken anyone less resolute. One of the first to realize that America could not keep from being drawn into the European conflict, he closed out all of his New York affairs as early as 1916, and advanced on Washington with a gospel that he called Industrial Mobilization. It was right and proper for military men to exercise absolute control over the first lines and the fighting, but *production*—the second line—should and must be the business of *businessmen*. A full-powered board with one full-powered head!

An outraged opposition, forming quickly, hit him with everything but the Washington Monument. The admirals and generals damned him for his impudence, insisting that warmaking, down to the last detail, was their concern, absolutely and solely. The liberals around Woodrow Wilson attacked him as a Wolf of Wall Street and a Tool of the Predatory Interests, and the "Business as Usual" bunch slammed into him as a "market gambler," not a builder. At the time, some local wit suggested that all those wanting to give Baruch the boot should take their places in line.

The Horatio Alger Story

It stung, of course, for deep down in his heart Bernie Baruch was and is a proud man. What's more, he's a man *with a right to pride. His forefathers* were princes in the House of David and counselors to the kings of Israel, and he himself had won a place, power and fortune in the Great American Free-for-All. He started from scratch, too, for after four years as a surgeon in the Confederate army, his father had nothing left. A public-school education, a minor clerk in a broker's office at nineteen, a partner at twenty-five, and at thirty-three an independent operator on his way to riches.

What added to the sting was the unfairness of the charges. Far from being a Tool of the Predatory Interests, he had been at the forefront of every progressive movement, supporting Woodrow Wilson with his voice and money just as he had campaigned for Theodore Roosevelt against "malefactors of great wealth." As for gambling, no man was ever less a gambler. Herbert Swope, I think it was, once likened Bernie to an elephant at a bridge. "He tests every board with the utmost care, and after he is fully satisfied that it will bear his weight, sits down on the bank and waits for somebody else to go across first."

The slur about being a speculator, not a builder, was particularly untrue. In Wall Street, but not of it, his eye was never on the ticker but always looking out over the country for development possibilities. Perhaps a small business far out in the sticks, needing only better management and more capital to yield profits. Or maybe some overlooked field in copper, lead, lumber, rubber or sulphur. A next step was investigation *by the experts that he kept* on his pay roll, and then, in event of a favorable report, financial backing to the limit. Texas Gulf Sulphur and Kennecott Copper are only two of the companies that stand as a monument to his vision and courage.

Bernie Baruch pointed out none of these things to his accusers, nor did he *quit in a huff, for stronger than pride* and resentment was a determination to serve the country that had dealt so generously with him and his people. Woodrow Wilson, heeding the admirals and generals, named only an advisory commission to deal with the mobilization of industry, but impressed by Baruch's arguments, included him in the list of members.

It failed miserably, as did all of the other advisory bodies that followed in dreary succession. With no accurate inventory of raw materials, and no balance whatsoever between supply and demand, the Army and the Navy plunged into a competitive market, bidding against each other and making purchases far beyond immediate requirements. Manufacturers also bought and hoarded, plant conversion and subcontracting went unregarded, and prices leaped sky-high, adding billions to the cost of the war. Some "advisers" sickened from worry and heartbreak, and others resigned in disgust, but Baruch stayed on the job, harping always on the necessity of a single authoritative board with a single boss.

After a year of failure and confusion, President Wilson saw the light, and over the squawks of military men, created an independent War Industries Board, putting Baruch at its head with an unparalleled grant of power. Then, and only *then, America's war machine began to* hit on every cylinder. An abrupt end came to overlapping, duplication and conflict, and at the time of the Armistice not only were 2,000,000 doughboys on the firing line in France, but 2,000,*000 more were waiting to go.*

Watching him work was an education. No "yessing," no huffing and puffing, no quarrels, and nobody tearing his hair and telling you that the strain was killing him. Best of all, no time-wasting conferences to adjust jurisdictional disputes. Every man had his job, knew exactly what he was expected to do, and had the power to do it.

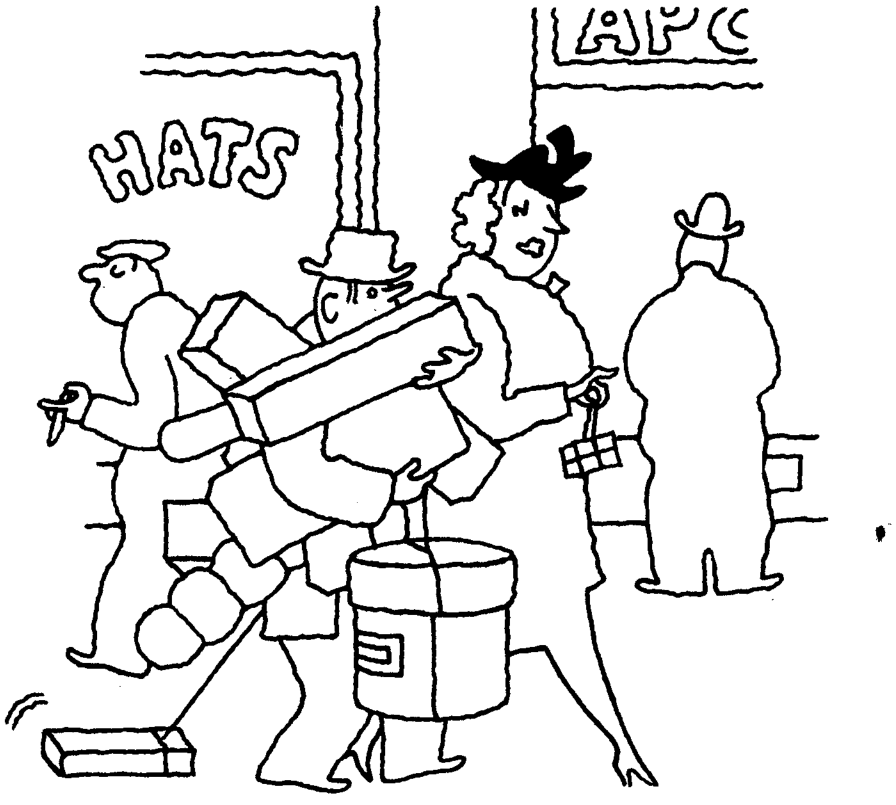
Naturally enough, Baruch went to the Peace Conference, and in all Paris no man stood closer to Woodrow Wilson than the man who had once been feared and distrusted as the Wolf of Wall Street. As a member of the Supreme Economic Council and chairman of its raw materials division, he worked with his usual smooth precision, earning the admiration of every Allied expert. What's more, he stayed on the job until the very end, not sailing for home until July, 1919.

By reason of his war experience and relations, together with an intimate knowledge of world conditions gained from the inside, nothing would have been easier than the addition of millions to his pile. Instead of that he announced an indefinite retirement from business.

A Debt of Gratitude

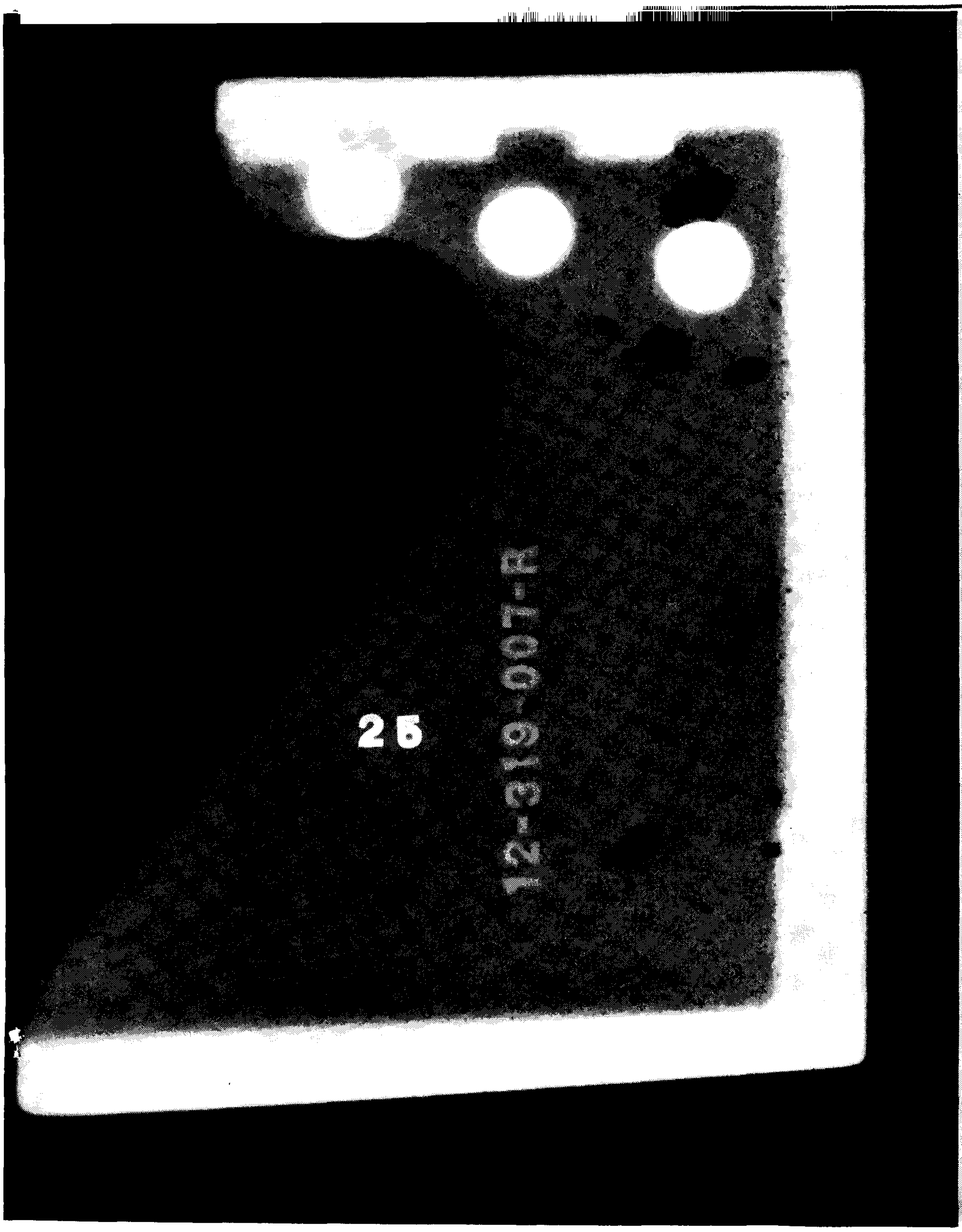
The decision came as no surprise to his friends, for they knew the wells of sentiment behind Bernie's owl eyes and poker face. Hard as iron in many ways, in others he bordered on mushiness, particularly where America was concerned. Instead of patting himself on the back for his two years of public service, he looked on it as partial repayment of a debt. At the time that he bought large holdings near his birthplace in South Carolina, associates figured that he would transfer his residence to escape taxes. "*Not on your life*," he confided to a few. "I still owe, and will always owe, for the free education given me in New York's public schools."

Those close to him knew also that *money had never meant anything to* Bernie except as a symbol of achievement. I myself remember a time in 1918 when it came to his notice that the British were not doing right by our Uncle Sam. London had two prices, one for government purchases and the other for civilians, just as in the United States, but while we gave them our government price, they charged us for cer-



"So, darling, I suddenly said to myself this morning, 'Who am I that I shouldn't carry my own purchases?' "

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



A FATAL ACCIDENT THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN . . .

This X-ray of the casting for a vital airplane part plainly shows defects. Time will not be wasted machining it, and building it into a plane. And a crew of American flyers will not face the possibility of a structural failure in the air, due to the defects . . . so in spite of its unprepossessing looks, it's really a significant picture.

Kodak Industrial X-ray Film helps arm America better, faster

X-RAYS are penetrating little rays, 1/10,000 the length of light rays. The eye can't see them, but they register on sensitive photographic film. You know how they go through flesh and bone—flesh easier than bone. You've seen the pictures.

They go through light aluminum more easily than through steel—but they go through both. Kodak research and skill made it possible to produce a film so sensitive that, with the modern X-ray machines, it gets a radiograph—an X-ray picture—of the inside structure of dense metals like steel armor plate, inches thick.

In one aircraft factory alone, every day, several thousand 14x17-inch sheets of Kodak Industrial X-ray Film are used to examine aluminum castings. And this is becoming typical of American aircraft production.

This safeguard makes it possible to use 25% less metal with safety—it isn't necessary to compensate for possible defects by adding weight. It saves material, it saves work, it saves lives.

Invisible defects in the welded seams of high-pressure boilers—for the U. S. Navy—are searched out through X-ray pictures. Welders even "go to school" through the medium of radiographs—they "pass their examinations" when X-ray film shows they can produce a flawless weld.

The widespread adoption of Kodak Industrial X-ray Film was hastened by the urgencies of war. Now that this method of testing has proved its value so conclusively, you can be sure that it will continue to serve you after the war, by guarding against hidden defects in products you will buy . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY

MORE THAN FINE BOURBON...

IT'S OLD FORESTER

There is nothing better in the market
OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market.
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC. AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Famous OLD FORESTER

America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC. • At LOUISVILLE In KENTUCKY

tain commodities at the civilian rate. Learning this, Bernie directed Leland Summers and other expert horse-traders to sail for England and straighten things out.

"But our appropriation," an agitated auditor explained to him, "contains no provision for any such expense."

"How much will the whole thing cost?" he asked, and after some figuring he was given an amount in the neighborhood of $70,000. Without another word he wrote his personal check for the sum, and told the boys to hop to it. As a result, $75,000,000 was saved in the year on tin purchases, and $45,000,000 on a single order of wool.

Convinced that the Senate's rejection of the League meant a second World War, what Bernie planned was to set himself up as a Committee of Preparedness. A fair-sized chore, but he had never been one to underestimate himself. After watching the government's haphazard, headlong way of doing business, he held the deep conviction that there was room and need for a man who insisted on *facts* and had the skill to gather them.

School for Future Statesmen

A first step in his plan was to underwrite the cost of a school of international relations at Williamstown, Mass., and year after year the foremost statesmen, economists and technicians of the world were brought together for discussion. Next he took the organization that he had used to investigate development possibilities, and put them to work on industrial, financial, social and economic problems.

His own job was to keep in close touch with European leaders, all of them his friends, and to needle Congress and Washington officials. Between appearances before Senate and House committees he lectured at the War College, pressing for the mechanization of the Army, and the immediate preparation of a sound plan for the mobilization of American industries so as to guard against the confusions of 1917.

"Do it now," he insisted. "Have it ready so that we will not be caught flat-footed a second time."

Then came 1929, and overnight, Baruch and his crew switched over to a study of the depression, its causes and possible cures. Mr. Hoover would have none of him, or none of anybody else for that matter, but the advent of Roosevelt brought Bernie's optimism back in full flood. Now at last he would have a receptive ear. His big idea, as I recall it, was a nationwide program of self-liquidating projects that would revive heavy industries and take up the slack in employment sanely and permanently. Relief was to be regarded as a temporary expedient, otherwise people might put away self-reliance and come to look on government doles as a vested right. While he was still arguing, Santa Claus Hopkins drove over him with his reindeer.

Another of his insistences was that reform laws, while necessary, must be careful to establish a distinction between good business and bad business. "You don't have to burn down the barn to get rid of the rats." Unhappily, a good many New Dealers delighted in the blaze of barns.

Soon doomed to the bench in Lafayette Square, the Gray Man watched the frenzied flight of the Blue Eagle, the bounce of Morgenthau's dollar, the rebuilding of America's Chinese Wall, and the meteoric rise of CWA, WPA and NYA. In 1916, at least, he had been feared as a Wolf of Wall Street, but now he was ignored by young squirts as an old fuddyduddy.

Never once, however, did he take his attention entirely away from Europe, and various trips abroad confirmed his fears that a second world war was in the making. One of the first Americans to appreciate the true menace of Adolf Hitler, he returned from France and England in 1937 to preach preparedness as something immediate and imperative—a two-ocean Navy, heavy and still heavier emphasis on submarines, air power and shipbuilding, and mechanization of the Army, and taxes to pay for it. For all the attention paid to him, he might as well have been talking through his teeth to his necktie.

In May, 1940, however, when the President announced that America would become the "great arsenal of democracy," the Gray Man blazed into new enthusiasm. Now things would be done because they just *had* to be done. Once again his long legs loped from door to door, urging the appointment of a single, all-powerful board for the mobilization of industry. Alas, poor Bernie! When the President named Knudsen and Hillman as the Siamese heads of a mere advisory commission, it took two pulmotors to revive him.

Up again and as indomitable as ever, he began a pursuit of Knudsen that would *have honored a bloodhound*. What he urged and begged for was an accurate inventory of the country's raw and semifinished materials, and then a balance of demand against supply. "Priorities be damned! Make allocations on the basis of actual and immediate requirements. Set up a war service committee in each industry to police your orders, and look out for unemployed facilities and subcontracting. Lacking these committees you're a general without an army."

"Big Bill," unfortunately, had neither the temperament nor the training to cope with the March Hares and Mad Hatters that surrounded him. One day he was giving orders to a man and the next day found that man his superior. Like a bull in a ring, he pawed the earth and rumbled distressful sounds, not knowing when and where to charge.

The headlong, unplanned expenditure of billions excited the Gray Man no less than production lags. "You couldn't buy prosperity and you can't buy victory. Get rid of your idea that money is a force in itself. It's what you *do* with money that counts."

Again and again he returned to his insistence on an honest, adequate tax program that would let people know the whole story. "Quit stalling," he begged. "Stop asking for half, afraid that the whole will alarm. Americans don't have to be teased along." All to small avail.

Personal Appearance for Churchill

Washington correspondents commented regularly on the failure to use Baruch, but what must have needled the Palace Guard more than anything else was the attitude of visiting firemen. British experts could not be made to understand why the miracle man of 1917 was on the side lines; they left for home still shaking their heads. Winston Churchill, more insistent, boomed fretful inquiries about his "old friend" until Bernie had to be produced. Only for a "personal appearance," however. Nothing more.

Undiscouraged, the Gray Man kept on pitching. As early as 1938 he had urged the building up of stock piles of rubber, tin, mica, chrome, tungsten and other strategic materials so as to end our dependence on overseas supplies. In 1940 everybody agreed that this must be done, but a dozen or more agencies fell into bitter dispute as to who should do it.

As alphabetical agencies poured forth in a terrifying stream, each with executive powers that could have been written on the head of a pin, the Gray Man sank lower and lower on his bench until only a faint flapping of the gills denoted life. Now and then he stirred sufficiently to murmur words, but park attendants reported that what he said didn't seem to make sense. "Jes' somethin' about bottlenecks."

What brought him to his feet was Leon Henderson's explosive entrance upon the scene. A two-fisted guy at last. A baritone, not a tenor. For months the Gray Man had been appearing before Congressional committees with a plan for taking *all* profit out of war. A ceiling on wages, rents, interest rates, salaries, and both agricultural and commodity prices. Nothing, he preached, was more criminally stupid than to attempt price-fixing on a piecemeal basis. For a while Leon was seen quite regularly on the Baruch bench, and the rumor spread that Bernie had sold him a bill of goods, but the White House bill that went to Congress was a toothless thing, exempting wages and farm prices.

The White House Beckons

Now it looked as if Master Baruch could be counted out for the duration, but as OEM, OPM, OPA, BEW and all others of the same litter blundered deeper into chaos, suddenly a White House window opened, and an imperative finger beckoned to the slumped figure in Lafayette Square. In broad daylight, too. The newspaper boys could not believe their eyes, but after a week of daily visits, the whisper spread that the Old Fox was again in possession of a yellow jacket and mandarin button.

"Watch out for a real War Industries Board with one big boss," was the confidential message that each correspondent wired to his office. "Baruch rides again."

Bernie's own manner seemed to confirm the report, for while as close-mouthed as ever, his face lost its dejection, and his long legs had the drive of pistons. And then, with a blare of trumpets, the Great White Father announced the creation of SPAB, a board even more incredible than all of the other incredible boards that had gone before it. Asked by the newspapermen for his opinion of the new body, the Gray Man indulged himself in a burst of temper.

"SPAB!" His mouth twisted as from a bad taste. "A faltering step forward and maybe backward."

That was an indiscreet utterance that sent him back to the pigeons and the squirrels, seemingly for the duration. Friends even went so far as to suggest cushions for his bench, a few good books and an etching or two.

True to his prediction, SPAB proved a flop of magnitude, and piecemeal price-fixing was no less a failure. Alarming shortages developed in rubber, copper and steel, and high officials still fought over jurisdiction like dogs over a bone. Even when the Master Magician jerked the War Production Board out of his hat, it moved Baruch to no enthusiasm. "Co-ordination by conference" was his curt comment.

At that, he pursued Donald Nelson just as he had hounded Knudsen. The pooling of patents and trade secrets was a pet suggestion, but another thing that he harped on, day in and day out, was plant conversion, subcontracting and a sincere regard for civilian needs. Not only to Nelson, but to all willing to listen, he argued that there was no such thing as a nonessential business. "If it does not lend itself to war purposes, then take the fat off and skeletonize it, but leave the vital organs untouched. Anything else means the spread of bankruptcy and disemployment."

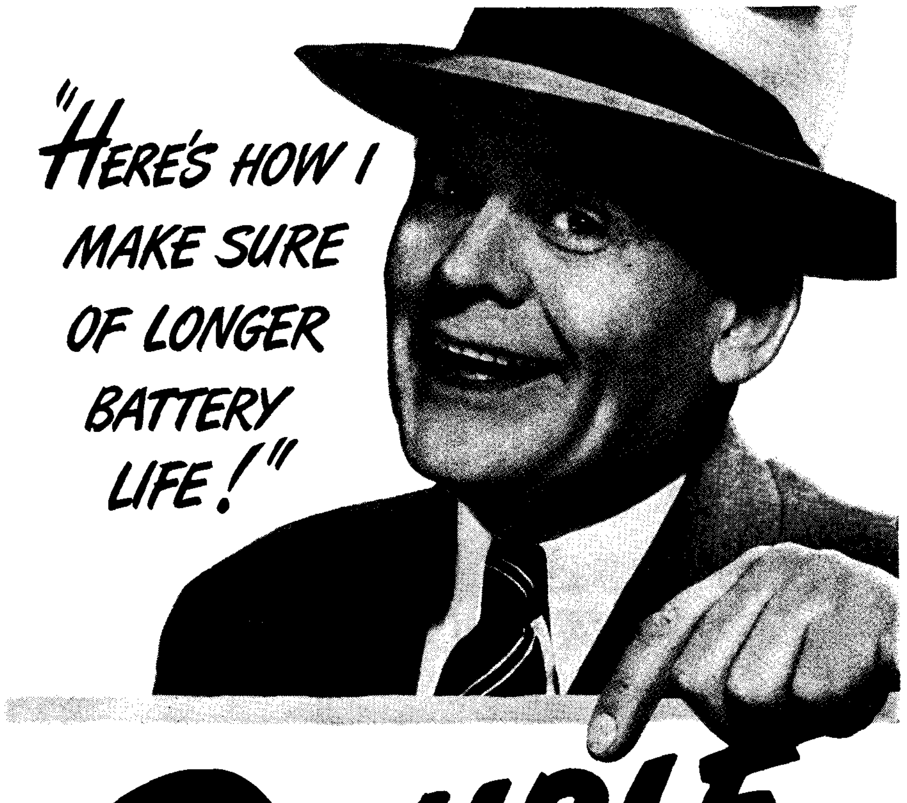
Talk about your voice in the wilderness! Bernie wasn't even a whisper. Now came days when the wind of royal disfavor blew cold on the bench in Lafayette Square, with bureau heads walking blocks out of their way to avoid the dangerous neighborhood. Then came the rubber mess, and as it grew messier a cry rose that swelled into a chorus:

"Baruch! Baruch! We want Baruch!"

A remarkable demonstration, and one that must have warmed the heart of the long Gray Man, more than making up for the stones and arrows bounced off him for a long, grueling decade. Just what it meant, or will mean, remains to be seen. There are those who hold that chairmanship of the rubber committee was just a single job, forced by public opinion, while others are convinced that it indicates steady employment as a trouble shooter and elder statesman. As far as Bernard M. Baruch is concerned, it really does not matter much. One by one his ideas have been adopted, even if slowly and grudgingly, and recent events convince him that a happy end is in sight. Particularly is he bucked up by the elevation of Ferdinand Eberstadt and Charles E. Wilson to posts of power in the WPB. "There's a team," he declares, "who know exactly what has got to be done, and have the guts to do it." All the same, it's a safe bet that the Gray Man will still keep his office on the hard pine bench, a one-man pressure group. But let no one feel sorry for him. He *loves* it.

THE END

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY


"Here's how I make sure of longer battery life!"

DOUBLE CHECK shows Experts Specify Auto-Lite Batteries

TODAY you may not be able to buy a new car—but you can get original equipment units to keep your present car giving "like-new" performance. For years Auto-Lite Batteries have been specified by automotive experts as original equipment on 1 out of every 3 makes of cars. They're used, too, on the giant ocean-spanning clippers where dependable power counts most.

So look to tomorrow when you buy a battery today. Auto-Lite Batteries—built by the world's largest independent manufacturer of automotive electrical equipment—are now priced with the lowest.

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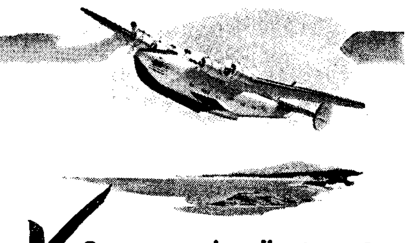
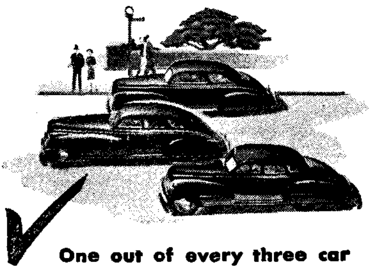


✓ Ocean-spanning clippers use Auto-Lite Batteries.



✓ One out of every three car makers specify Auto-Lite Batteries.

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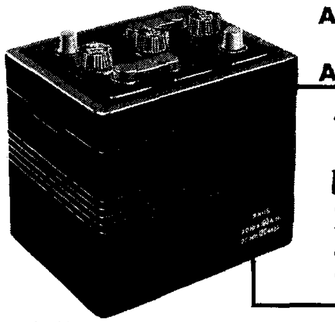

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✓ Have your present battery serviced these 4 ways—test charge, add water, remove terminal corrosion, tighten hold-down brackets if needed.

✓ Your Auto-Lite Battery service man is an expert who can advise you on the size and type of battery that will give you best service and longest life.

In its 26 great manufacturing divisions, Auto-Lite is producing for America's Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air

GIRLS' TOWN

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

BOOM towns are commonplace phenomena in every war, but World War II has made quiet little Emporium, deep in the Bucktail Mountains of Pennsylvania, the nation's first girls' town. Emporium is jammed with girls of all sizes, shapes, nationalities and creeds—farm girls, college girls, tall girls, fat girls, mining-camp girls, skinny girls, plain girls, smart girls, short girls, homely girls, pretty girls. Their exact number is a military secret but it's no secret that there are roughly twenty girls for every man in town. The mere mention of Emporium sends Pennsylvania males into eyebrow-raising spasms.

If you can imagine a boom-town movie with Ann Sheridan and Betty Grable playing the lead instead of Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, and milk replacing whisky, you've caught the basic idea. This creates what sociologists call a "social problem," what plain folks call a "situation," and what traveling salesmen call "Emporium—the home of the sweet patootie."

As far as morality goes, Emporium can stack its sinners up against any town its size and come out low man. "It's just that there are many more women than men in Emporium, and the girls are having some good, wholesome fun with the situation. They hang around on street corners like she wolves, whistle at boys they know, and make audible remarks about a passing chap's muscles. As two hundred railroad construction workers who are working on near-by bridges have found out, it doesn't mean a thing, boys.

The girls work in the local radio-tube plant of Sylvania Electric, now one of the largest American producers of tubes. The company has employed women since 1904 because men haven't the patience nor the skill with their fingers that the work requires. Since the early twenties, when it began radio-tube manufacturing, it has grown steadily, and by 1936 the first stories about Emporium, the town with more women than men, began to filter out of the Bucktails.

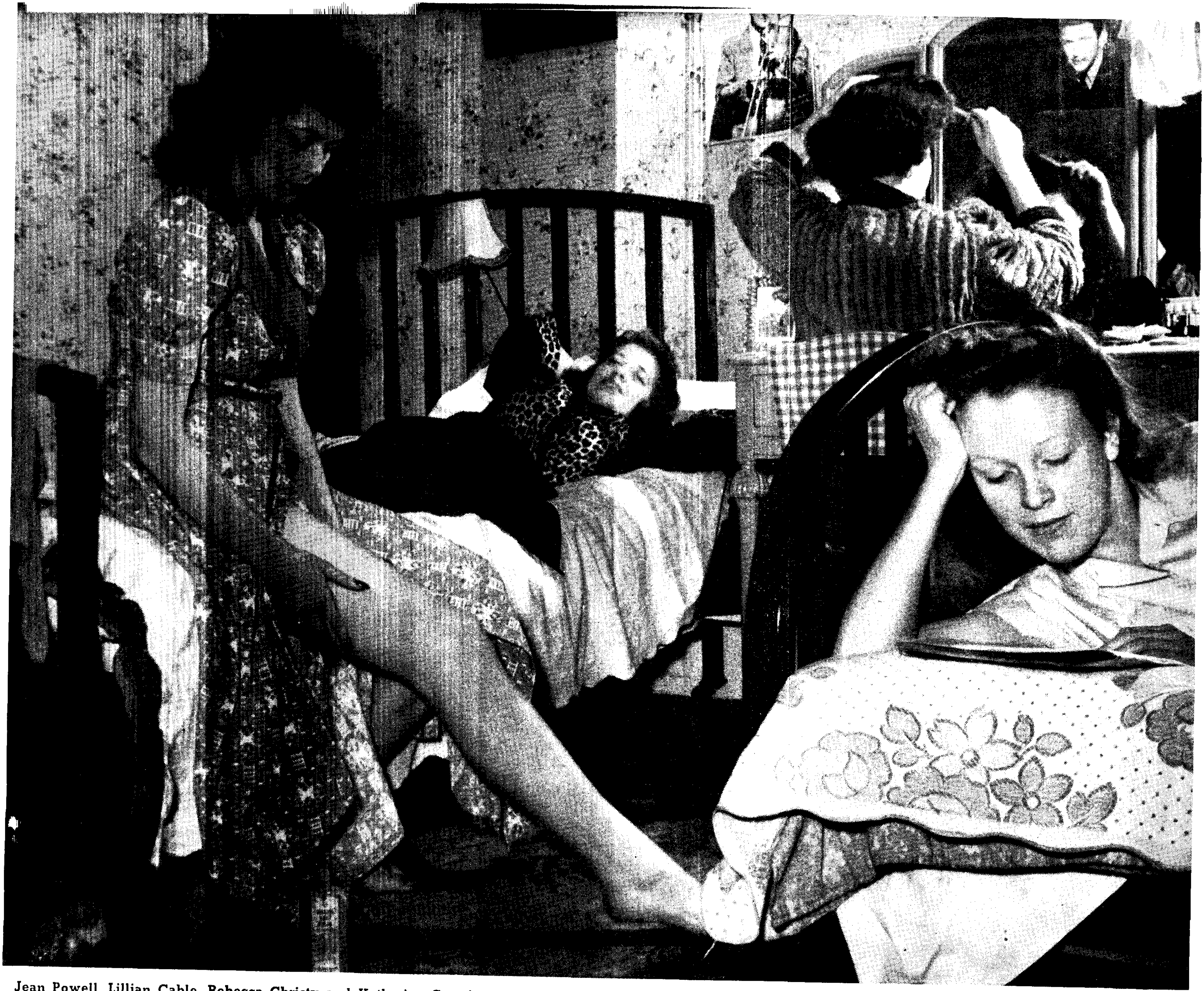
Lying along the headwaters of the Susquehanna, off the beaten track and amidst the most gorgeous scenery in Pennsylvania, Emporium is one of those strange towns that have never seen a depression, not even the last one. In fact, it's nearly always been a boom town.

Girl meets girl every Wednesday and Friday night at the Happiness Club, Emporium's only dance spot outside of the juke joints, which jump nightly. At work here are rug-cutters Catherine Sekula and Jean Powell

Payday's spending splurge is preceded by a wild rush on the bank for "cash money"

Jean Bruzga, Beulah Moore and Helen Frano go to Mac's rink only if there's nothing better to do

A. E. Andrews, proprietor of the town's one and only movie, packs the house every night



Jean Powell, Lillian Cable, Rebecca Christy and Katherine Crawford, reading from left to right above, share one bedroom, two double beds and pictures of Tommy Dorsey and Jimmy Stewart. Mrs. Jenny Ness, their landlady, charges them $2.50 a week apiece. Shortage being what it is, Jean Powell applies stocking lotion

Mrs. Ness has learned the secret of boardinghouse success. "I just try to give the girls something like a home," she says. "They're mostly home girls"

Business is rushing in the Hollywood Dress Shop on payday. Factory work is light, so Emporium's girls dress more like college girls than college girls

How to keep young eyes bright

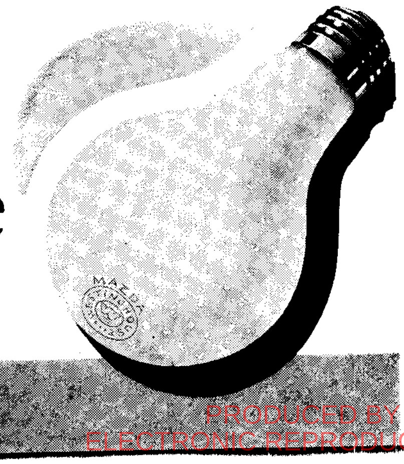
1 IT'S EASIER TO READ when sitting up straight and when the light falls fully upon the reading matter—without shadows and without harmful glare.

2 WITH NORMAL VISION, the recommended distance between eyes and close work ranges from 14 inches for children to 18 inches for adults.

3 LOOKING UP PERIODICALLY at different objects around the room for a moment or two will relieve delicate eye muscles and be restful to the eyes.

YOU BUY PROTECTION for eyes and purse when you buy Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. They stay bright, last long, and give utmost light for your money because they are designed and built to the highest standards of quality and performance.

Westinghouse
★ MAZDA LAMPS ★



Emporium girls live on one side of the tracks, work on the other. Here, in good spirits, they are shown returning to the factory

Girls in Emporium are pretty proud of their bowling prowess. Bernie Manley, one of the town's few natives, checks her score

It began as a lumbering center during the Civil War, and the enormous mansions of timber kings still dot the streets. About the time the forests petered out, the town had become a "powder city" and from 1912 until the end of the first World War it was again a boom town, making explosives for the Allies and for the United States.

All last year girls poured into the town in a steady stream. They came mostly from farms, mining camps, small towns near by, in towns like Driftwood, Ridgway, Sinnamahoning, St. Marys, Du Bois, Port Allegany or Punxsutawney. And about the only thing that was adequately prepared for them was their place on an assembly line.

The townspeople got busy immediately because they didn't want girls sleeping on their doorsteps and in juke joints. Everyone who had an extra room or bed was asked to take in some of the girls. Today the housing problem is pretty well licked. Most of the girls live in boardinghouses, which average four girls to a room at $2.50 each per week.

Emporium is the jivingest juke-box town this side of a phonograph record. The whole place runs to music. It seems that every time you put a hand into your pocket a juke box jumps up in front of you. Any place that might be reasonably described as a restaurant, bar or grill has at least one, and some have two, or a sound-movie machine. People have been known to go berserk after hearing He's My Guy or I Met Him on Monday 567 times in a row, but it doesn't seem to affect anyone in Emporium. In fact, it may as well be admitted that they thrive on it, and local juke-box operators are proud of the fact that the girls are two weeks ahead of the hit parade in picking numbers.

Sylvania pioneered in the use of music to relieve monotony and fatigue on assembly lines and, ten years ago, began to pipe jazz into all sections of its plants. Victor Herbert and other light classical composers and such numbers as Git Along Little Dogies are used in the so-called steady production hours, but when a fatigue period like 4 P. M. rolls around, a little jive gives everybody a lift. You can actually see the girls pick up the rhythm. Fingers fly faster, rows of girls at spot-welding benches bob and sway, and the girls who stand actually do a little truckin'.

There are so few men in the plant in comparison to the number of girls that you feel as if you've been trapped in a giant powder room. The girls scrutinize every new male who skitters down the floor, hoot at him, whistle and roll their eyes. All this is a little nerve-racking, and few have survived it without feeling as self-conscious as a bank-night winner. Occasionally the girls tag a pet name onto a male animal who is so unfortunate as to have to cross their departments frequently. For instance, a

(Continued on page 97)

"Don't throw me away—my life begins at 20 copies!"

GIRL: Good heavens! This sheet of carbon paper is *talking!*

MAN: *Not really . . . I was just trying out a little ventriloquism! But what I made that carbon paper say is* true!

GIRL: How could it be? I've used this sheet 20 times . . . isn't that enough?

MAN: *Not by a long shot! That carbon paper is Park Avenue, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One sheet of Park Avenue can be used up to 60 times, clearly and cleanly. Here's a test copy that proves it . . .*

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY. issued October 6, 1942

GIRL: Why, that's wonderful! It looks like a *first* copy! What makes it possible?

MAN: *They say it's because Park Avenue is* deep-inked. *They use a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. And then, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so that all the areas of the paper can be used.*

GIRL: I'm convinced! From now on, I'll get a *lot more* copies from each sheet of Park Avenue before I throw it away!

* * *

PARK AVENUE is only one of the outstanding carbon papers in the Roytype* line. Roytype is the carbon paper and ribbon division of the Royal Typewriter Company. Why not get your purchasing agent to call in the local Royal Typewriter representative today? He can quickly show you which weight and finish of Roytype Carbon Paper exactly fits your every typing need.

The armed forces need typewriters! See how many of your standard machines (made since Jan. 1, 1935) you can spare. Call your nearest Royal Branch — we will buy them, affix the Government seal, and pay you the Government fixed price.

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ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons
made by the
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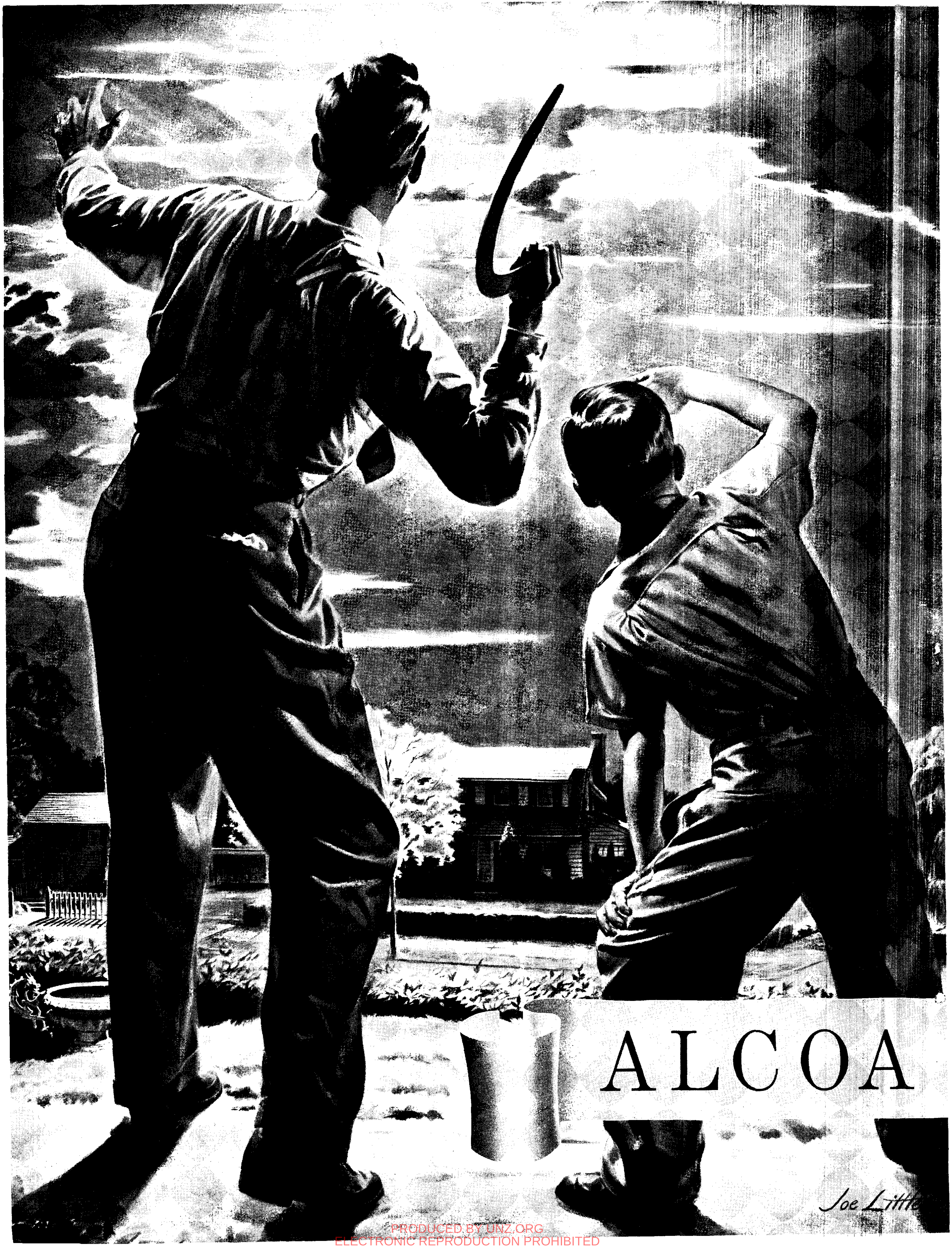

ALCOA
Joe Little

Don't throw BOOMERANGS *into the* SUN

★ Thrown into the blinding sun, a boomerang may clout the thrower cruelly on its return. Spending money recklessly today can have this boomerang effect, on you, and your children

There is, in 1942, an excess of about thirty billion dollars of family income, over and above the amount of consumer merchandise available. This condition can create disastrous inflation. If spending were unrestrained, the whole effect would be demoralizing to common sense and Yankee prudence.

The best way of preventing inflation is for everyone to put as much of his income as he possibly can into War Bonds. At least 10% of it should regularly be used to buy Bonds.

The money you spend for War Bonds, thrown into the fight against inflation today, returns to you for respending after the war, like a friendly and controlled boomerang.

What will we wish to buy after the war? Why, the new products of today's IMAGINEERING, of course.

This word is popular at Alcoa, and throughout American industry generally. It is a combination of *imagination* and *engineering*. It is the thing which, in war, makes American production invincible; and which, in peacetime, produces ever improving products, ever better bargains for the American family to enjoy and work for. It is one basis of the economic freedom of our democratic people.

When you cash your Bonds after the war, you will then have the money to buy what industry has imagineered: better, more responsive cars; new, more efficient household appliances; more exciting, better protected houses; finer tools for the factory and home workshop; even low cost airplanes of great safety and comfort.

More and cheaper aluminum is one assurance that the products of tomorrow will be better. Alcoa Engineers, with war production as their number one job, are using their eighth day of thinking time each week toward helping all manufacturers make their future products better and more useful.

So, to enjoy shopping *tomorrow*, buy War Bonds *today*. Throw *your* boomerang into the *future*.

ALUMINUM

ALCOA
ALUMINUM

What a SAP I used to be!
EX-LAX IS AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING LAXATIVE!
FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS: WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN U.S.P. YELLOW PHENOLPHTHALEIN NOT U.S.P.

Whenever I needed a laxative, I'd take down the bottle, mix myself a dose and then hold my nose while I swallowed the nasty-tasting stuff. And how it upset me! It was just *too strong!*

Then I went to the other extreme. I tried another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But the medicine only stirred me up inside and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*

One day, I got a bright idea! I'd heard a lot about Ex-Lax, so I decided to give it a trial. It tasted swell—just like fine chocolate! And it was so pleasant to find a laxative that works *easily* and *effectively* at the same time. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

TRY THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

—it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes just like chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

—it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words:

—it's just right!

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.

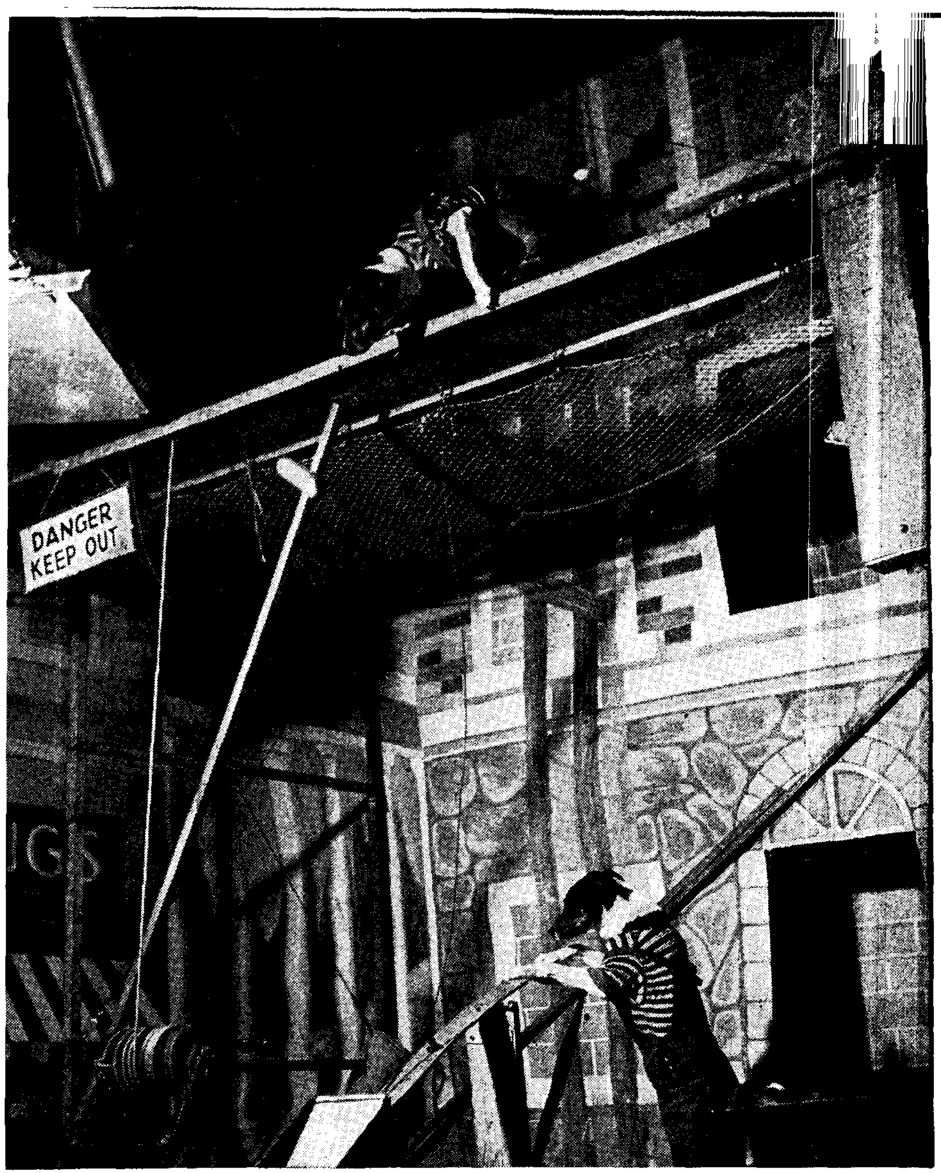
10¢ & 25¢ at all drug stores

Leonard Gautier and his Bricklayers. With only one exception, the dogs are all mutts. Some were picked up in dog pounds

Working Like a Dog

By Kyle Crichton

When one dog is hit by a brick, Harry scoots off to tell the family. The one thoroughbred, Harry, set Gautier back fifty bucks



CAMERA CLIX

Teamwork is the Bricklayers' motto. Rex catapults a rubber brick up to Maurice on the scaffold who catches it in his mouth

Critics are dancing in the streets over a canine construction gang. Time and doggedness are still the steppingstones to success

THE New York dramatic critics are an elegant group of individuals who walk their nightly rounds with the supreme dignity of a circus horse. There are certain theaters they service with the ardor of acolytes. They will attend anything given at the 44th Street Theater and they would not be caught dead at the Loew's State, which is half a block away.

As a consequence, when Mr. Clifford C. Fischer and the Shuberts threw together a mess of old vaudeville acts and presented them at the 44th Street Theater, the critics dutifully appeared in their respective pews and gave ear. They had assembled with the thought of doing homage to such favorites as Victor Moore, William Gaxton and the Hartmans, but when they dashed into the night and began slapping their typewriters, what do you suppose they were celebrating? A dog act: The Bricklayers, a number long and favorably known to the lustier patrons of Loew's State. Further raves came with their appearance in Priorities of 1943. When that closed they went into Priorities of 1942, which is now on the road.

At any rate, the critics displayed taste because Leonard Gautier's mutts are the gaudiest group of performers ever assembled. They are dressed like human beings; they act like human beings—they build a house. One little devil named Boy keeps batting around with a plank balanced on his shoulder. At the right is a saloon to which the workmen repair at intervals for refreshment, returning in due course with a disgraceful wobble. By using a treadle, one dog bumps bricks aloft to the second floor where they are grabbed by Maurice, the tough canine, in his teeth. It is Maurice also who ascends the ladder with a hod of bricks and comes down later with the empty hod. "The toughest trick in the act," says Gautier disgustedly, "and it never gets a bit of applause."

Maurice doesn't scurry down the ladder as any decent dog would do; he descends backward like a human being. It took Gautier six months to perfect that stunt, which is done by both Maurice and Pal, under the Gautierian theory that all dogs must understudy other dogs.

Gautier, a fifty-year-old Frenchman with a way-back-when heritage in animal training, is the owner and trainer of the Bricklayers. His wife designs and makes the costumes, and his son, Leonard, Jr., assists with the performance. The Gautiers are the only talent scouts for the act, having discovered their canine marvels in such strange places as New Zealand, France, Australia and Plainfield, N. J.

The Bricklayers are fourteen in all, including twelve regular performers and two waiting to break in. They are all males, including two female impersonators—the widow and orphan of Whitey, who is the unfortunate victim of a falling-brick accident. With only one exception, the dogs are mutts. Gautier picks them up from dog pounds or from people anxious to get rid of them. For most of them he has paid fifty cents; many of them cost just a few dollars. His one thoroughbred, the Australian "silkie" named Harry, set him back fifty bucks and he is still waggling his head sadly about it. Harry is the smallest dog, although seven years old. The oldest mongrel is a veteran named Jack,

(*Continued on page 99*)

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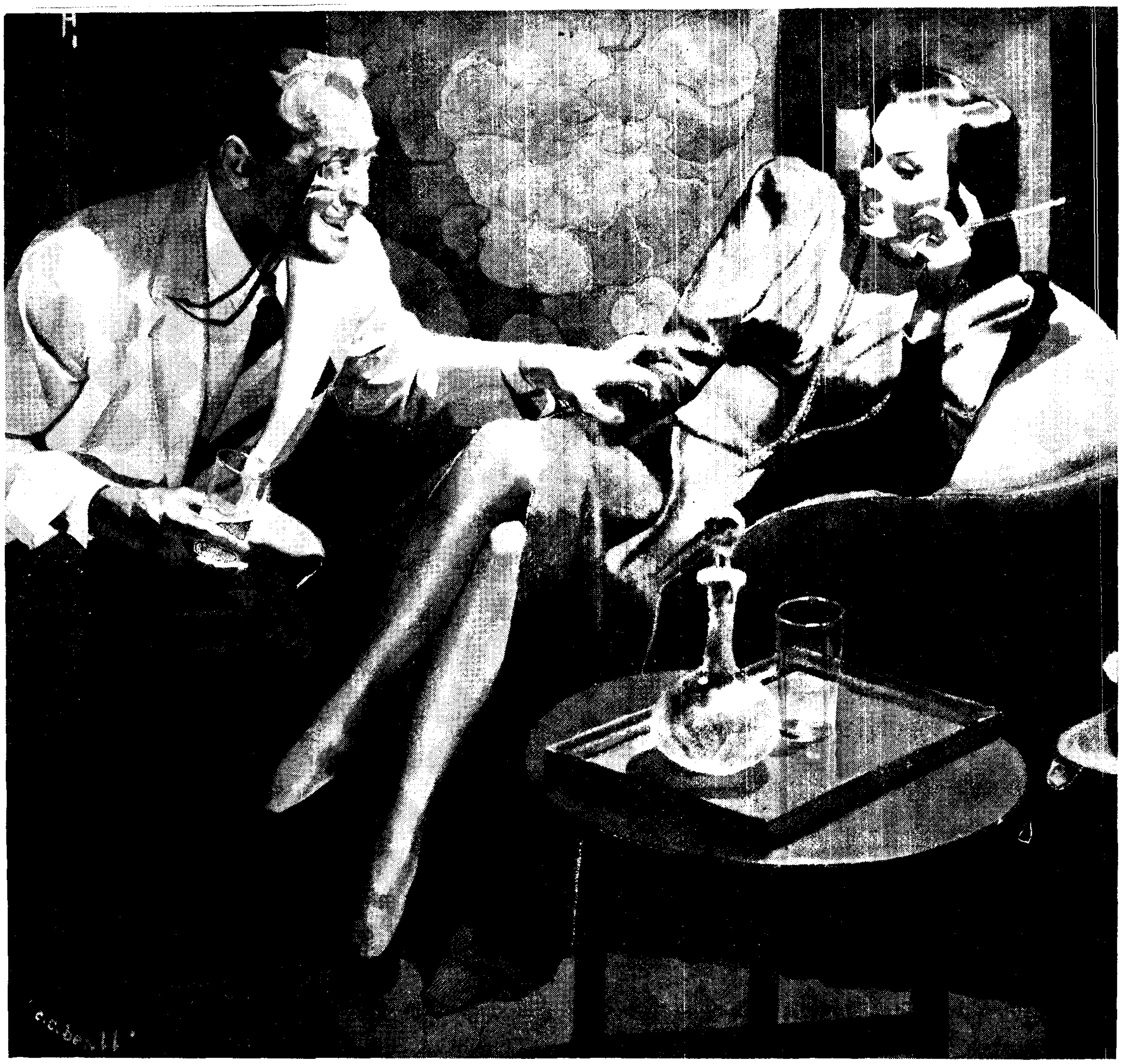

"I want to dispel Gregory's presence here." Sperling leaned forward and added in an oozy voice: "And leave just you and me, Manis"

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

NICHOLAS ("NICK") GRIGGS, a young American journalist, is discharged by cable after he has done much good work for a great news service. He is in Tokyo at the time.

A few hours after the cablegram arrives—while he is with Betty Gaspard, a charming girl who lives with her Free French father in Shanghai—he encounters Gregory Cogswell, a noted news broadcaster, who gives him a job, in Shanghai. As the reader (but not Nick) is aware, Cogswell is in the pay of the Japanese. Hired by Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American secret agent, and co-operating closely with Harold Makita, a Nisei from Los Angeles, and Ernst Sperling, a German Nazi, he is to go to Manila and report, in code, what the Americans are doing.

Nick flies to Shanghai with Cogswell, who presently leaves for the Philippines. In the great Chinese city, he sees much of Betty Gaspard and her father, both of whom he likes. He is, therefore, stunned when Gaspard is kidnaped by some Vichy followers and taken secretly to Saïgon. . . .

Among Nick's new acquaintances in Shanghai is Madame Manis Vooren, a brilliant and beautiful Indo-European. The woman—supposed to be in love with Cogswell—fascinates Nick; but he often wonders why she is in Shanghai, what she is doing there.

The Chinese partner of Dixon (one of Nick's English friends) is arrested by the Wang people (the pro-Japanese Chinese) and taken to 76 Jessfield Road, the Wang headquarters. Nick goes to 76 to investigate—and disappears! By this time, he and Betty are very much in love; they are planning to be married. So, badly frightened when Nick does not get in touch with her, Betty asks Madame Vooren to do what she can. Madame Vooren has a talk with Sperling, who in turn goes to Yagi, and asks him to investigate the matter.

A short time later, Makita (acting on orders from Yagi) takes Nick away from 76 (where he has been imprisoned); and Yagi cables Cogswell (in code) instructions to remove the young American from Shanghai. . . .

Betty learns that her father is to be court-martialed. She tells Nick, says she is going to Saïgon and she implores him to accompany her as far as Manila. Nick does not want to go. He speaks of their coming marriage. Betty will not discuss the marriage. "Right now," she says, "I beg of you not to think of anything but *getting out of Shanghai.*"

V

I'M NOT going," Nick said.

Betty said, "I cannot understand how you can be so blithe, after this morning!"

"I'm not blithe. I told you I'm going to be careful. I won't go out of the Settlement and Frenchtown—well, except to press conferences in Hongkew, with all the others. I'll hire a bodyguard, a couple of them in relays."

"I can name you a dozen people who *had* bodyguards," she said excitedly. "Their bodyguards were murdered, too. Tell me, what good are bodyguards unless they keep their guns drawn every minute?"

"I'll make mine keep theirs drawn," said Nick. "I'll hire Sikhs, seven feet tall, and equip them with Tommy guns, if that will keep you from worrying."

"I don't know why I love you," she said mournfully. "You are far too imprudent, truly."

"It's just that I'm not being imprudent," he said. "If I quit Shanghai, I'm unemployed and the chances of getting something out here look like absolute zero to me. It was just luck that I landed this job. All right. I can always get one at home. So you're in Indo-China and I'm in Indiana. That's a nice arrangement. Of course, we can always write, only you know how mails are."

"I do expect to come back to Shanghai," she said in a troubled voice.

"And I'll meet your boat," he said. "I'll meet you and your father." He waited until she smiled wanly. "And then we'll have a wedding with a whole battalion of Sikh bodyguards in place of bridesmaids."

Betty said, "No, Nick, you can't stay here. Isn't it enough for me to worry about my father?"

"If you married me before you left, you would have a husband to share those worries," he said.

"I doubt if my father would want me to marry someone who refuses to look out for himself."

"Now stop that," he said gravely. "I am going to look out for myself and I am going to look out for you, too. And if I know your father, that's what he'll advise you, no matter what."

For a moment, they stared obstinately at each other. Then Betty looked down at the tablecloth and began to turn her coffee cup round and round on its saucer. Nick looked about him. The other guests had left. The Chinese boys were standing in groups throughout the room, but one, seeing Nick turn, darted forward to serve him.

Nick told him gloomily, "Chit, please."

Betty looked up anxiously. "Oh, couldn't we have just a little more coffee?" she asked.

"Coffee," Nick told the boy solemnly. He leaned back in his chair and tried to arrange the words that would persuade her.

Then another boy padded up to him with a radiogram. Betty looked up with alarm and politely turned away as Nick opened the envelope. It was from Cogswell, and read:

"Come Manila first boat more important job for you Philippines."

Nick jumped to hug Betty and plant a kiss on her bewildered face. "Honeybunny," he said, "if you ever say a word against Cogswell again, I'll divorce you." He thrust the radiogram in her hand before she could answer.

Nick smiled radiantly at the boy approaching with fresh coffee. "Two brandies," he said, and sat down again.

Betty said, "Why, this means, oh, Nick, it's perfectly ideal. It solves everything."

"It's even got the suggestion of a raise," Nick said. "We'll live on the Escolta—that's the only street I ever heard of in Manila."

"Saïgon is so much nearer Manila," Betty said.

"Sure," he said. "We'll get married in Manila." He held up a restraining hand. "All right. I know. I meant after you've been to Saïgon. We'll have jai-alai players instead of Sikhs for bridesmaids."

"Maybe I have been unfair to Cogswell," she said thoughtfully. "I know I was to Madame Vooren. I have changed my mind entirely about her."

"It was just jealousy," Nick said.

"I think now it would be nice if she would have dinner with us before we leave," Betty said. "Tonight?"

"I'll ask her, if you want to take the chance," he said. "I admire her, you know."

"I know, like a statue, you said."

BUT Madame Vooren was not free to dine with them. Instead she did not see them until two days later when she journeyed to the *Messageries Maritimes* pier to tell them goodby. She felt a little old and wistful as she watched them together. Yet when they told her they planned to marry, she felt suddenly lighthearted.

"I shall send you something," she told them. "I don't mean that I am going to Wing-On's to buy you a wedding gift. But I shall think of something I own that is dear to me."

Betty said, "We aren't going to say goodby because we must meet again, maybe in Manila." She hesitated. "I particularly regret that I knew you so little."

"Good! We'll meet," said Madame Vooren. "And don't waste any time in regrets. Congratulate yourself—both of you—for leaving here, for leaving together, and for everything that lies ahead of you."

She did not wait at the dock for the Maréchal Joffre to pull out. Farewells

(Continued on page 64)

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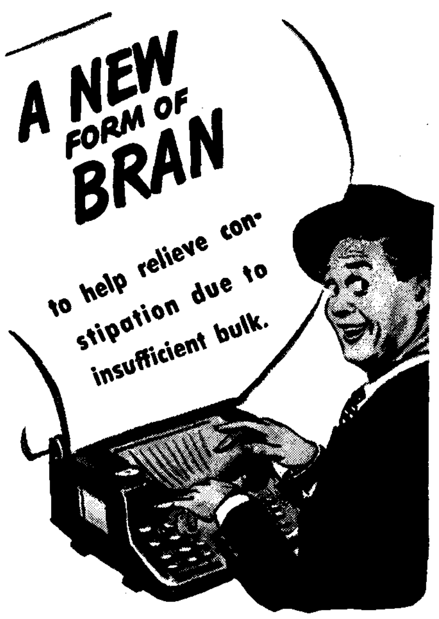
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NOT-SO-SIMPLE SIMONS

By Bill Davidson

The Simons of Tulane are divided into two parts, (a) Big Monk Simons and (b) Little Monk Simons. Little Monk coaches the football team, stands six feet high and weighs 215 pounds. Big Monk stands five eight, weighs 155 pounds and is trainer for all the Tulane teams. Big Monk makes Little Monk stand in line for his towel. Little Monk chases Big Monk off the football field. It is all completely confusing and entrancing

AMONG conservative members of the football-coaching fraternity, there are two opinions of Claude "Little Monk" Simons, the new head coach of the Tulane University powerhouse. These are (1) that he is a dangerous radical, and (2) that he is crazy.

This severe verdict concerning the nation's youngest big-time coach is caused by incidents of the following nature: Back in 1936, Little Monk was the head coach at Transylvania College in Kentucky. He was all of 21 years old at the time and filled with the burning impatience of youth. Therefore, when his team was slow to pick up his new squirrel-cage formation for use against hated Georgetown University on the following Saturday, he lost all sense of proportion.

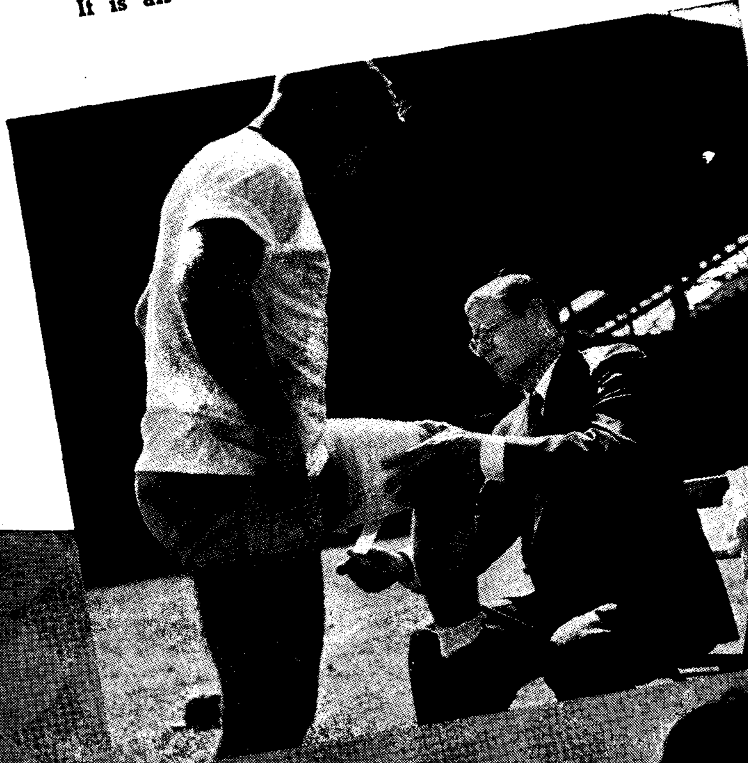
"Pass the ball to *me!*" he barked to the center on the scrub team.

"But, Coach," said the center, "you can't run with the ball. You haven't got pads on—not even a helmet."

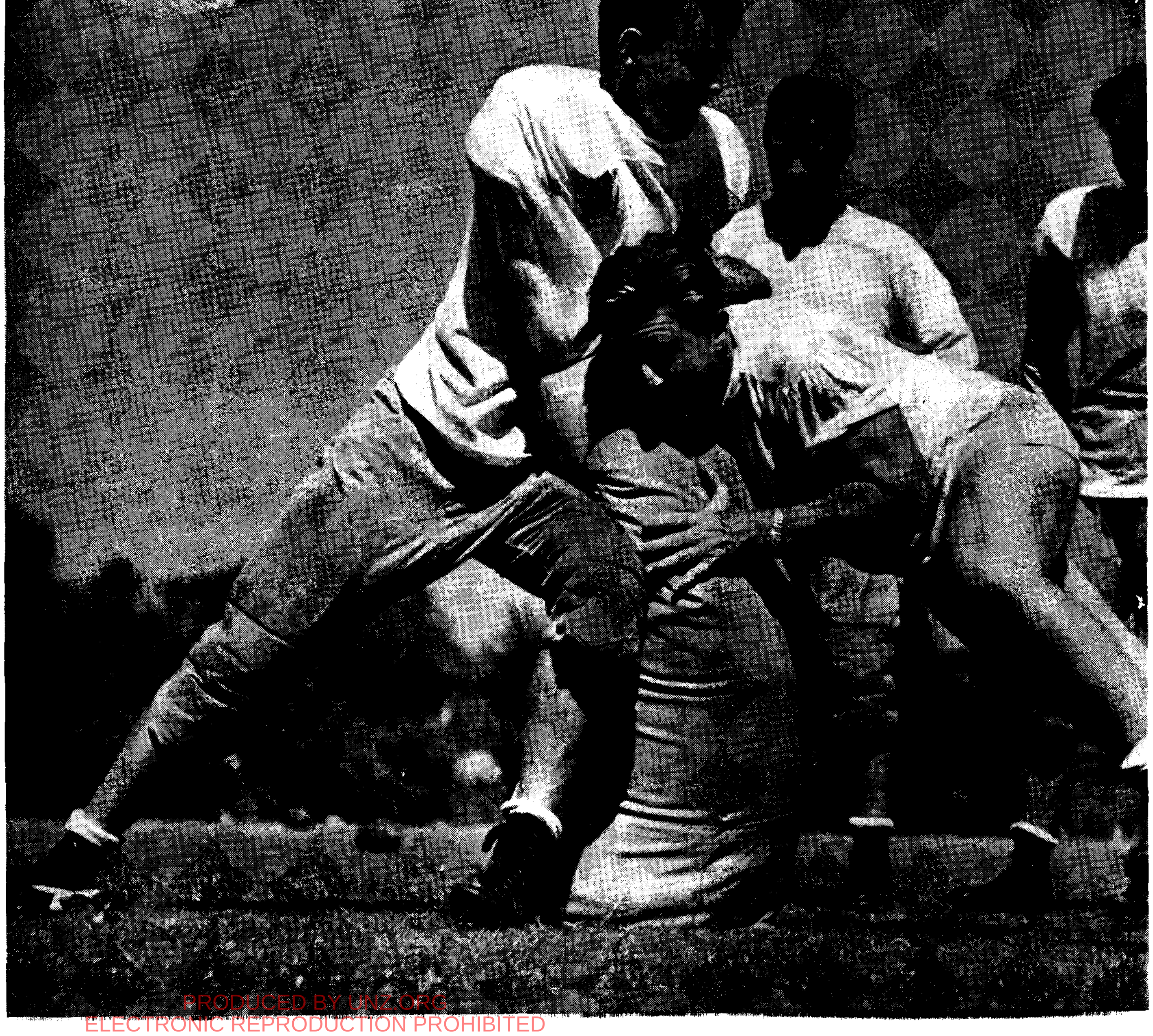
"Pass the ball to me!" repeated Little Monk, with a cold glint in his eye. The center passed the ball.

The unprotected Little Monk took the ball. Then, talking all the while to explain what he was doing, he smashed his way through his first team for a touchdown.

"Do you see what I mean?" said Lit-



"Not too tight, Pop!" Little Monk Simons, Tulane grid coach, hints as his dad, Big Monk, bandages his leg



tle Monk triumphantly, as he returned to the line of scrimmage.

Seven little voices replied in unison, "Yes, Coach, we see what you mean."

The other four little voices didn't answer. Two backs, an end and a tackle were reclining peacefully on the field. They were out cold.

A few years ago, when he was visiting his father back at Tulane, just for the fun of it, Little Monk stepped into the ring with Cameron Gamble, a great middleweight on his father's boxing team. For nearly a half-hour, the gymnasium rocked to the sound of thunderous, crashing blows. Little Monk's ears rang for a week after that little session, but Gamble's left hand was so improved after the impromptu coaching, that he went out and won the conference championship a few weeks later.

These suicidal idiosyncrasies stamp Little Monk Simons as a blessing in disguise to the undernourished Southern sports writers who have been searching feverishly for color ever since the tumultuous days of Huey Long. This, however, is not the only thing which makes Little Monk a desirable subject for feature stories.

In the first place he is a smart, progressive coach. Red Dawson, whom he replaced at Tulane last winter, calls him potentially one of the finest and best-liked coaches in the country. Bernie Bierman, the great Minnesota mentor, now engaged in building our Navy into a super race of physical giants, says, "Give that kid eleven babies from Miss Whitman's kindergarten and in two years he'll be knocking the pants off the high-school teams in the neighborhood."

And then, to round out the color file re Little Monk Simons, there is Big Monk Simons!

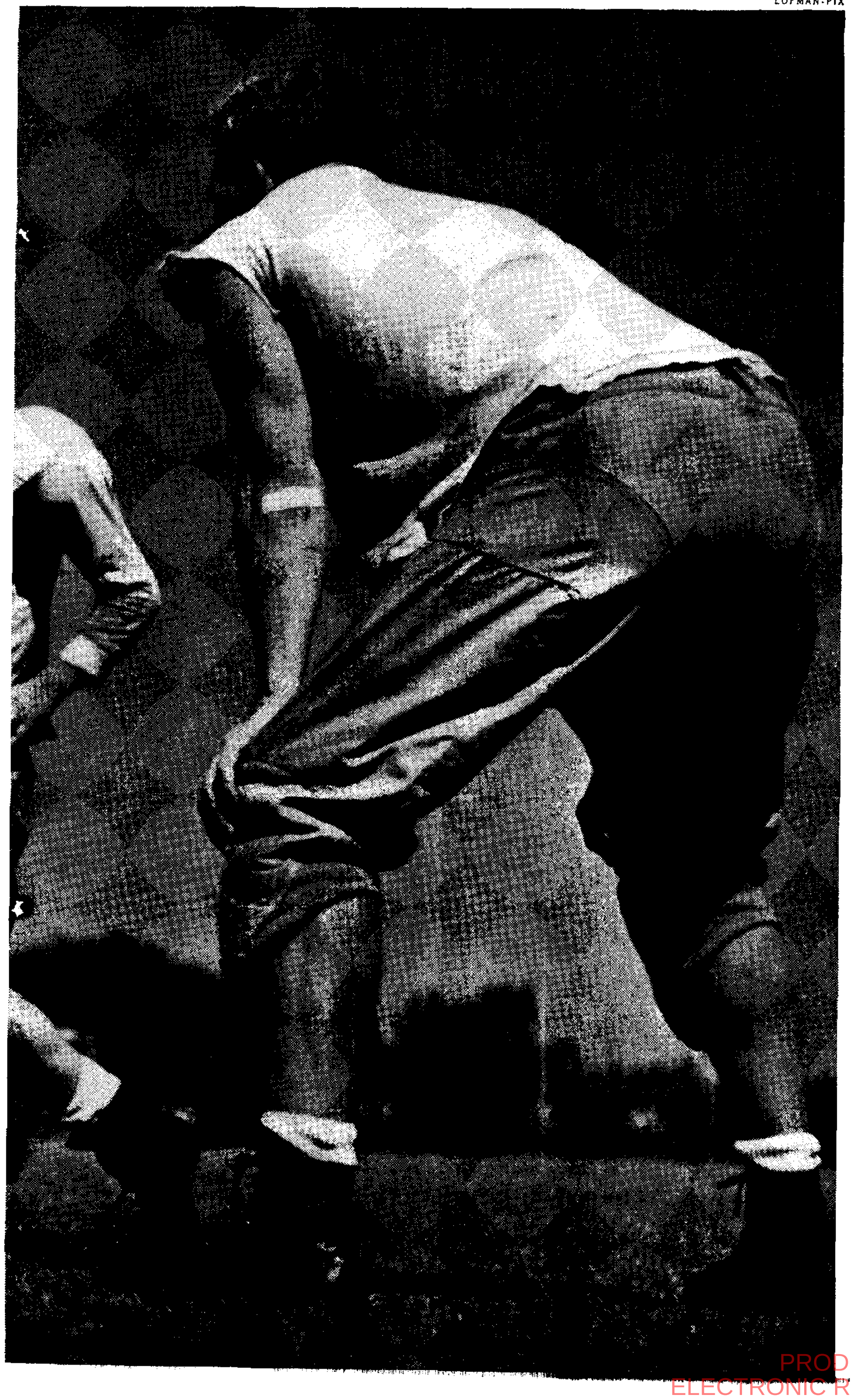
Big Monk is Claude Simons, Sr., Little Monk's father. Big Monk has been a coach and trainer of Tulane teams, according to legend, ever since Andrew Jackson swamped the Redcoats in the Sugar Bowl game of 1814. Big Monk at the present time is football trainer and a full professor of physical education. In his spare time he runs a drugstore in New Orleans and plays an effective Judge Hardy to the 5,000 or so Mickey Rooneys on the Tulane campus. He knows personally every Tulane alumnus of the past twenty years.

Big Monk Simons, the father, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds wringing wet. *Little* Monk Simons, the son, is a six-footer and weighs 215 pounds. As head football coach at Tulane, Little Monk is nominally monarch of all he surveys—including Big Monk,

(Continued on page 92)

Blocking practice for the Green Wave. "Heads up, feet apart!" barks Coach Simons as he demonstrates on Jim "Blubber" Ely (extreme left). The others are Bernie Pracko, Walt McDonald and, with his back to camera, Lou Thomas

LOFMAN-PIX



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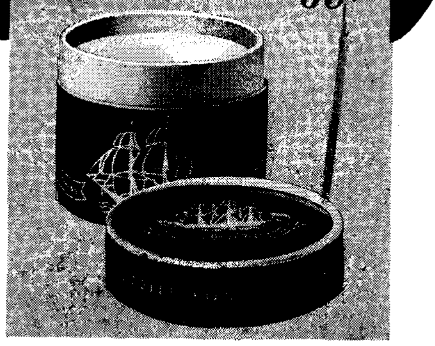

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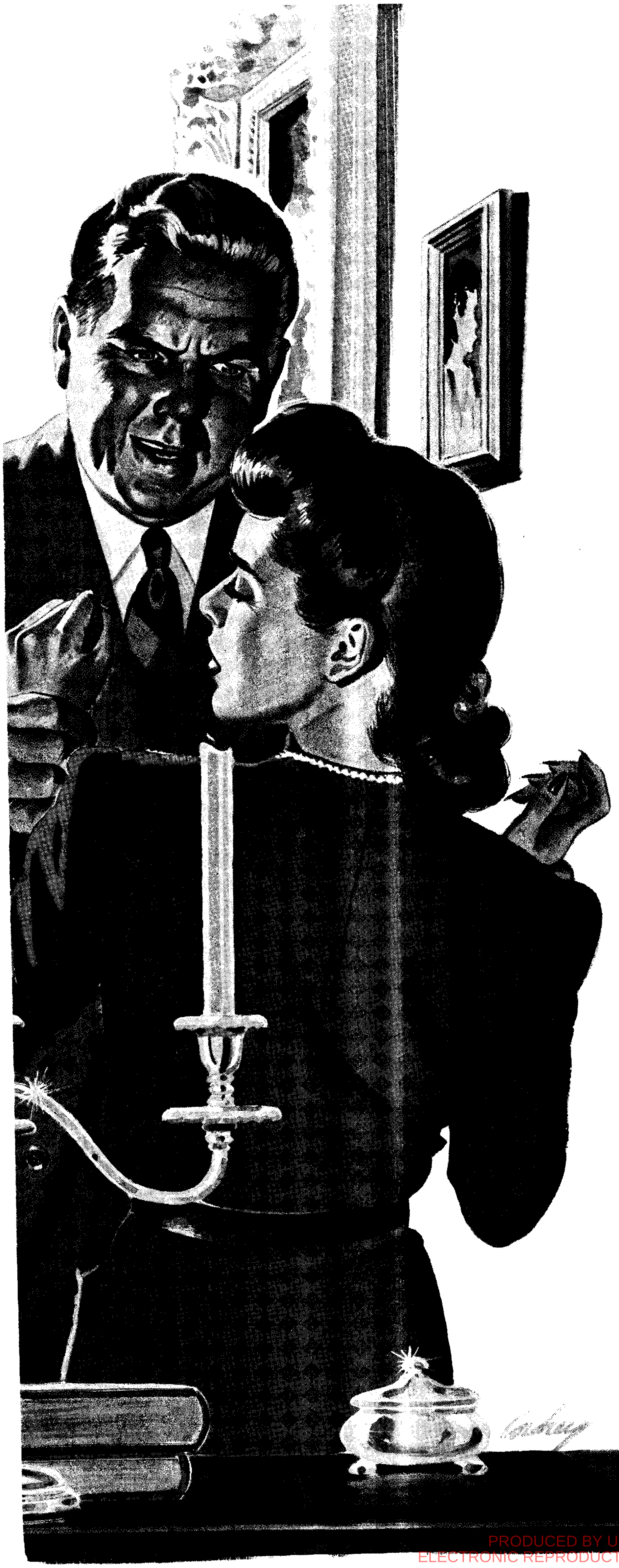
Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



"You're thinking of that detective . . . waiting for him to come and arrest you!" I was caught by Waldo's hands, pinioned by his eyes

The Story Thus Far:

THE body of a woman—killed by someone using a shotgun—is found in the apartment of Laura Hunt, a young New York City advertising woman. The face is unrecognizable; but, since Laura is missing, it is generally assumed that it is she who has been murdered.

Mark McPherson, a resourceful police official, is assigned to the case. He interviews a number of persons—notably, Bessie Clark, the dead girl's maid, who had found the body; Shelby Carpenter, who had been Laura's fiancé; and Waldo Lydecker, a noted newspaper columnist who had been one of Laura's closest friends. Then—after the body of the murdered girl has been cremated—Mark makes an astounding discovery; going to Laura's apartment, he finds—*Laura Hunt!*

Laura is very much alive. She tells Mark that, shortly before the murder, she had lent her apartment to a friend—Diane Redfern, a model—and gone to Connecticut. She says that, in Connecticut, she had seen no newspapers, her radio had been out of order, and as a consequence she had heard nothing of her supposed death.

Convinced that the murdered girl had been Diane Redfern, Mark starts all over again. It does not take him long to learn that Diane had been in love with Carpenter, infatuated with him; and that Laura had been extremely jealous, for a time. Then, when he finds a gold cigarette case (that Laura had given to Carpenter and that Carpenter had said he had lost!) in Diane's pocketbook, he feels that he is getting somewhere.

Laura knows more than she cares to admit. For example: She knows (Carpenter has told her) that Carpenter had been in her bedroom, when someone had rung the doorbell, stepped in, shot Diane to death and slipped quietly away, without being seen by anyone.

In discussing the case with Laura, in her apartment, Carpenter claims that he had gone to her apartment, before the murder, while Diane was there, simply because the girl had threatened to do something desperate if he did not call on her. He makes it obvious that he believes Laura to be the killer!

While they are talking, Mark comes in. He produces the cigarette case; he makes some very pointed remarks—aimed at Laura. The girl listens patiently. After a time, she says quietly, "Are you going to arrest me?"

Laura feels more and more trapped by circumstances, and now describes how, having lost Mark's confidence, she considers calling upon a lawyer to help her.

VI

SALSBURY, HASKINS, WARDER & BONE. Every little movement has a meaning all its own, Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone. A small black mustache parted in the middle, a voice, the smell of mint, and all of this an enigma, a rush of words and sense of memories, as I woke after a hard sleep and two small white pills. Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone. I attached the words to a melody, I heard music beyond my door and the words were Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone.

The music was the vacuum cleaner outside my bedroom door. Bessie brought coffee and orange juice. The glass was beaded with ice, and as my hand chilled, grasping it, I remembered a dewy, silvered vessel, the smell of mint and the small black mustache crowning a tooth-paste smile. It was on the lawn of Auntie Sue's place at Sands Point, the black mustache had asked if I liked mint juleps and explained that he was young Salsbury of Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone.

"A lawyer," I said aloud. "He told me that if I ever needed a lawyer, they're a very old firm."

Bessie departed and I, remembering Shelby's advice, heard myself telling it all to the black mustache.

"And your alibi, Laura? What is your alibi for Friday night?" young Salsbury would ask. Then I should have to repeat for the mustache what I had told Mark about Friday night after I left Shelby waving after my taxi on Lexington Avenue.

Mark had asked me while we were having breakfast together—it seems a thousand breakfasts ago—to tell him precisely how I had spent every minute of that Friday night. He had known, of course, that I had let Shelby give the taxi driver Waldo's address and that I had then instructed the man to take me to Grand Central.

"And after that?" Mark had said.

"I took the train."

"Did you see anyone you know? Or anyone who might be able to identify you?"

"Why do you ask me these questions?"

"Routine," he said and handed me his empty cup. "You make excellent coffee, Laura."

"You ought to come up some time when I bake a cake."

We laughed. The kitchen was cozy with the checked cloth and my blue Danish cups. I poured cream and put two lumps of sugar into his coffee.

"How did you know?" he said.

"I watched you before. Now when you come here, you will get so much cream and two lumps."

"I'll come often," he said.

HE ASKED about my arrival in Wilton, and I told him about getting off the train at South Norwalk and of walking quickly alone down that deserted street to the garage back of Andrew Frost's house for my car. Mark wanted to know if there weren't any public garages near the station, and I said I saved two dollars a month this way. That made him laugh again. "So you do have some thrift in you." There was little of the detective in him and much of the admiring male, so that I laughed, throwing back my head and searching his eyes. He asked if Andrew Frost or any of his family had seen me, and when I told him that Mr. Frost is a misogynist of seventy-four who sees me only the first Saturday of the month when I give him two dollars, Mark laughed uproariously and said, "That's a hell of an alibi."

I told him about driving to Norwalk on Saturday for my groceries, and he asked if anyone there would remember. But I told him I had saved money again, going to the super market and trundling a basket through aisles filled with the working people of Norwalk and the summer crowd from the surrounding countryside. I could not remember whether it had been the redheaded cashier who took my money or the man with the cast in his eye. After I left the market, I told Mark, I had driven home, worked in the garden again, cooked myself a light dinner and read until bedtime.

He said, "Is that all, Laura?"

Safe and friendly in my warm kitchen, I shuddered. Mark's eyes were fixed on my face, and I felt them burning through me.

He said, "And you stayed alone for the rest of the time you were there, Laura? You didn't see anyone who might have heard the radio or read the

(Continued on page 86)

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

THERE'S BILL reading *that letter* again. Want to know what's in it? Well—"Katie had her birthday Thursday . . . Dad's an air-raid warden now . . . We're going to the football game tomorrow . . ."

That's all. Just a letter from the folks. Nothing very important—except to Bill.

But it's important to him all right—the way a lot of little things are to all of us. The letters we get from home . . . old friends we meet by chance . . . the pipe we smoke in quiet contemplation . . .

Little things—but they mean a lot. They chase the blues away . . . they help to keep *morale* up!

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

relatively junior officers to head the Navy Department bureaus.

He went far down the Navy lists in selecting the present chiefs of the bureaus of supplies and accounts, yards and docks, and medicine and surgery, and ordnance. The officers now heading the first three named posts—William B. Young, Ben Moreell and Ross T. McIntire—were jumped from the rank of commander when they were made rear admirals in charge of those bureaus.

When Rear Admiral John H. Towers was ordered to sea, the men of the Fleet air arm hoped that an up-and-coming airman who combined relative youth with long flying experience would be his successor.

The President's selection, however, was Rear Admiral John Sidney McCain, one of the Navy's senior admirals and a comparative newcomer to aviation. A veteran battleship officer, he learned to fly six years ago, when he was 52.

ONE complication faced by the British and Americans in the Middle East is the peculiar situation resulting from the Egyptian government's neutrality. Its army is not in the war but is supposed to fight in case of an invasion.

In practice, to date, this mainly consists of Egyptian ack-ack batteries taking pot shots at Axis bombers coming over the Nile country. Sometimes they shoot at Allied planes by mistake.

A U. S. Army Liberator bomber had such an experience recently. Returning from a patrol over the Mediterranean with part of its bomb load still aboard, the big B-24 approached the airdrome at Gezira, near Cairo. Its crew dropped the proper Universal Recognition Flare, radioed its identity and the fact that it was coming in.

A near-by Egyptian antiaircraft battery, however, opened up on the plane. The Liberator pulled away. Then, dropping another flare and radioing its identity again, it came in a second time. The enthusiastic Egyptian gunners renewed their fire. Then the plane commander got a little peeved.

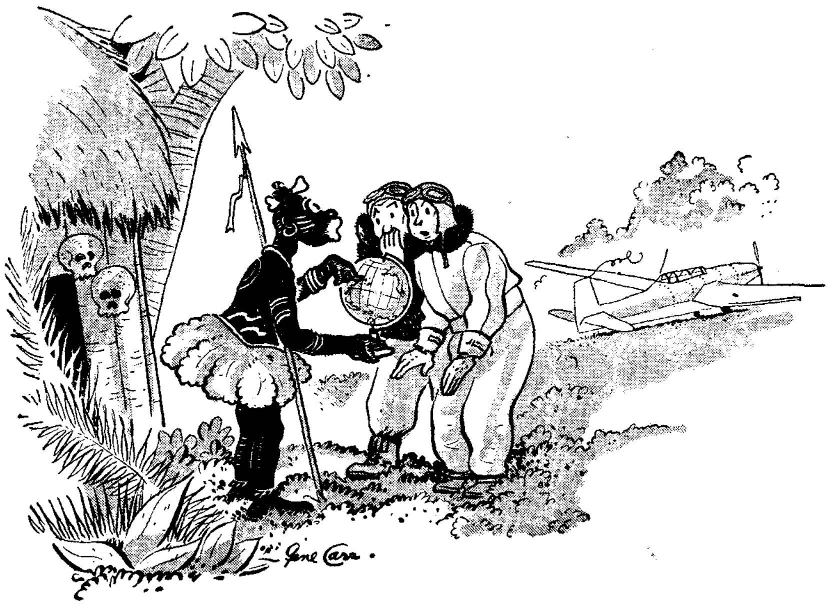
On his third trip, his radio call was addressed directly to the ack-ack battery commander. It went something like this: "Have no hatred of Egyptians. Also, have no more flares and virtually no more fuel. But have one good 500-pound bomb."

The pilot was never able to understand how the Egyptian failed to receive or understand his prior messages but got the last one so quickly. Anyhow, he was able to come in and land without further hindrance.

SWING enthusiasts will recall that Clyde McCoy and his big-time band decided to give up hot and sweet music for the duration, in favor of killing Japs.

The Sugar Blues trumpeter and his men enlisted in the Navy en masse and were assigned to the new naval training station at Memphis to learn to be aviation mechanics. Thence, they'll go to aircraft carriers or overseas air bases for duty.

Last month, the group put aside their grease-monkey suits and textbooks and dug out their musical instruments for the exercises formally opening the Memphis school—and they played not the Sugar Blues or Boogie-Woogie but—The Star-Spangled Banner. . . . J. G. N.



COLLIER'S "Here's us—so you can see you're about 300 miles from your base" GENE CARR

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 58

saddened her; she resisted prolonging them. And as she drove toward her home, she began to feel uncertain, almost desolate. These moods came upon her more frequently now; she thought perhaps Gregory's absence increased them.

The amah whispered to her as she entered her hallway. Sperling was in the living room; he had been waiting for more than half an hour. Like a clairvoyant, the amah made him sound like a collector—a *shroff*, in Shanghai language—waiting for payment of back chits.

Madame Vooren frowned, composed her face and sailed serenely into the living room.

"You are just in time to have tea with me," she said. "Although really you are entitled to a drink." She made it sound like a reward: his only one.

He bowed, he readjusted his monocle, he sat uncompromisingly erect on the edge of the sofa, his eyes fixed on her. "No matter where I see you," he said, "you always look as though you had walked out of a dream—instead of shopping or bridge or quarreling with the modiste, as I believe the Shanghai ladies occupy themselves."

"Really?" She motioned to the entering amah to set down the tray and began to prepare a drink for Sperling. "And I never dream any more."

"You made me wait long enough," he said easily, "to suspect that you were not genuinely different from the other ladies."

"I hadn't expected you, without notice," she said. "I am afraid if you had notified me, I should have suggested a postponement of your visit. I wouldn't have known what time I would return. Boats leave so rarely these days and even less frequently at the promised time."

"SO, YOU have fulfilled your duties to Gregory to the last," he said.

She said lightly, "One has duties to one's country or to children or invalids. The concept is out of place in speaking of adults."

"Good health!" he said, raising his glass. "Perhaps only we Germans cherish the nobility of duty. But you do not deceive me, Manis, although you deceive yourself. Everybody knows that the Maréchal Joffre was the only passenger ship to leave Shanghai today. Also, everybody knows that the most interesting passenger on board was Gregory's former assistant. Naturally, the Gaspard girl was also not without interest to us here. You bade Mr. Griggs farewell, you performed a *duty*. I hope you did not say until-we-meet-again."

"I am afraid that is exactly what I did say."

"Ah, yes, but with your tongue in your cheek, not so?"

"No, earnestly."

He looked baffled. Then he said, "I cannot believe that you are not also Gregory's confidante."

Her hands felt cold. She said in a low voice: "The other day, you started to tell me something about Gregory. Then, I stopped you."

"Now, Manis. I did not call on you to talk about Gregory. I want to dispel Gregory's presence here." He leaned forward to add in an oozy voice: "And leave just you and me."

She said, "Surely you know that I have always shrunk from entering into Gregory's professional world. I knew his work forced him to associate with many characters who were unappetizing to me."

"Naturally," said Sperling. "These yellow pigs are not fit to be in the same room with you."

"But what did you mean when you called Mr. Griggs a former assistant of Gregory? He has been promoted?"

Sperling laughed. "Promoted! *Promoted!* Naturally, I understand, Gregory has not had time to write you; perhaps he chooses not to write about it at all and, instead, one day tell you. I shall be his representative, in his absence, not so?" He laughed again.

"And as such—" she began faintly,

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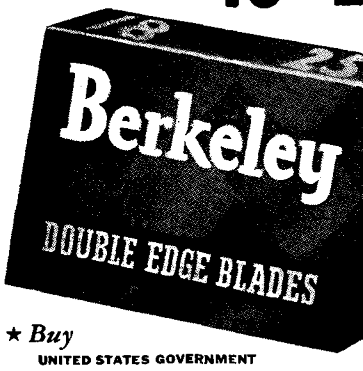

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wanting to hear and dreading to hear.

"Gregory summons Griggs to Manila to take him out of Shanghai where his dumbheaded actions have made him a nuisance," said Sperling. "In Manila, to summarize it, he discharges him."

He couldn't, she told herself, it was not like him. In all the years she had known him, Gregory had been fickle and selfish, but she had never known him to be cruel.

"Surely you are mistaken," she said. "Mr. Griggs believed Gregory had assigned him to a position in the Philippines."

"Naturally. It was necessary for Gregory to produce that effect. Or Griggs might have stayed on in Shanghai."

"Gregory wished to protect him?" she said without hope.

"Not exactly," Sperling said merrily. "Gregory found him so unsatisfactory that he may be forced to discredit him. He does not belong in the Orient."

"To mislead him, and to—" she stopped herself in dismay.

"Now, these small artifices are sometimes virtues," Sperling said. "If the end justifies them. Even the French consulate here has just resorted to one." He removed his monocle to polish it. "And did you not find Mademoiselle Gaspard elated to receive such prompt permission to travel to Indo-China?"

"Mademoiselle Gaspard was very happy."

"Ah, yes. She was happy to be with her sweetheart, too, not so? For three days, they may be happy. Then—" He reinserted his monocle. "One doubts if they will ever see each other again."

Now her palms were slippery with sweat. "I am afraid you do not know all their plans," she said.

"I know that the Gaspard girl received her permission so punctually because we are pleased to have her in Saïgon. I know that she will be of stupendous assistance, once she is associating with her secret Free French friends, happily, under the surveillance of the proper authorities. She thinks she goes to assist her father. Soon she may wish he were freed to rescue her."

"I wish almost you had not told me this," she said in a spent voice.

"Myself, also." He rose to stand over her. "Why should we devour our few moments together in such talk?" He waited a moment for a response and receiving none, said, tenderly: "As our great poet, Schiller, wrote: 'It is the heart and not the opinion which is an honor to a man.' "

Madame Vooren said, "Forgive me if I ask you to leave. I suffer from migraine. I am in deadly pain now."

It is not a lie, she thought, to say I am suffering. No, Sperling has introduced me to a new torture: he has weakened my trust in Gregory without uprooting my love.

THE officers of the Maréchal Joffre remained out of sight except at mealtimes, when they herded together at a table in the elaborate ghostly dining saloon. They ate rapidly and in silence. Moving in and out of the saloon, they avoided glancing at the scattering of passengers. Nick, noting that even the purser delegated his duties to his assistant, thought they conducted themselves as though they had been cashiered.

He said so to Betty and Dixon, sitting with them on the forlorn deck as the declining sun lit up the China Sea. Dixon neighed like a horse. "Upon my word, that's an uncommonly neat description," he said and yelled in unintelligible French for the bar steward.

The steward was attending to a French rubber planter, who, with his wife and two marriageable daughters, had been on vacation from Cochin China. When they had learned that Betty was the daughter of Henri Gaspard, the De Gaullist, they had appropriated for themselves the starboard deck. The daughters knitted industriously, the parents became absorbed in the far horizon, if Betty trespassed on their side of the deck.

Betty and Nick were not injured by the boycott. With Dixon at their table, Dixon beside them at the bar and on the port deck, they were sometimes surfeited with company. Twice a day, Dixon congratulated himself.

"It's a pack of good fortune to find you two on board. You know, I couldn't make up my mind until the last minute *and then I thought, Hang it all, I can't* stew in Shanghai, waiting for a boat to Singapore. I'll push on to Saïgon and get that insufferable little cattle boat that crosses the gulf to Singapore. It's altogether a brace of good luck to find you two on board."

As the ship drew near Manila, the heat became more pronounced. Violent gusts of rain rattled down on the tin wind scoops outside the portholes; the rain slanted capriciously, first on one side and then on the other. The deck crew seemed to reflect the shifty uneasy seas. The room stewards disappeared for hours at a time. The bar steward did not talk less but sometimes he lost the thread and looked appealingly at Betty and Nick and Dixon as though they might retrieve it for him.

One of the hands remained on the promenade deck all day, restoring the brasswork that became mottled and green during each shower, and daintily retouching scabbed-off spots on the painted railings. He wore a green visor over his eyes and looked like a billiard player. The assistant purser often stood beside him, engaged in a low mumble of conversation.

Usually, they ceased speaking when anyone passed them; they halted now, civilly, as Betty paused beside them. She said, "Good day," and then found it difficult to proceed, unable to tell them that, for one sad moment, she wanted to speak French to Frenchmen.

The rain had stopped, although its weight still hung heavy in the still stifling air. Nick and Dixon were making the prescribed turns around the deck—a mile a day; they moved as though they were wading through water. With parting so near, Betty felt suddenly resentful, as though tomorrow another trick would be played on her, another one she loved would be taken away.

Catastrophes, occurring too brutally and too rapidly, not only shock you, they also form you. She had begun to think of the world in two parts: the occupied zone and the free zone, and the latter either dominated by the enemy or besieged. Nick sometimes seemed like a made-up character from a made-up land, neither occupied nor dominated nor besieged. She would never see him again; *they had been childish to pretend* that travel between Indo-China and the Philippines was like going from Baltimore to New York. She could not bear to be with Nick when this bitter knowledge overcame her. It was better to be with men whom she did not love but who were French and citizens of her own surrendered world.

THE assistant purser was called away and she addressed the deck hand: "Tell me, do you know how long we remain in Manila?"

"They tell me it will depend on the time necessary to load and unload."

"It would be perfect if we could stay several days," she said and now she felt better. She blew a kiss to Nick, moving limply past with Dixon.

When they were out of earshot, the deck hand said, "You are not eager to arrive in Saïgon?"

"Oh, yes. I shouldn't be going there, if I were not. You see, a few days' delay will make little difference for me in Saïgon but it would in Manila. Do you think it's possible we'll stay that long?"

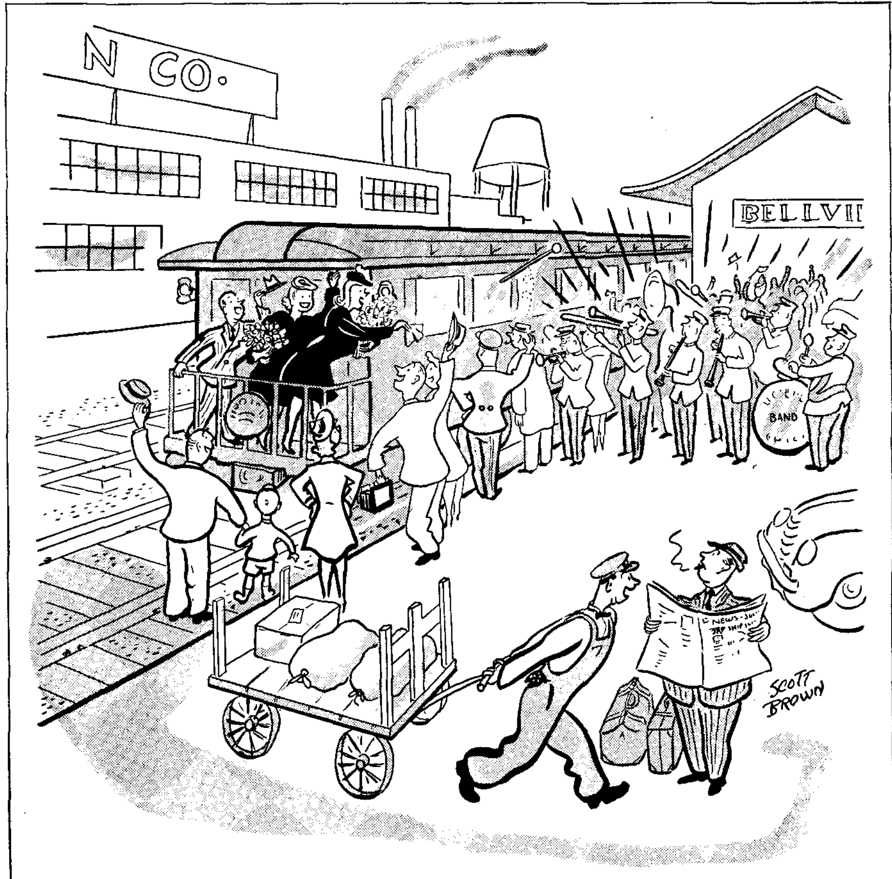
He dipped his brush in the paint can. "The assistant purser knows better than I. He is accustomed to this run; I have never made it before, Mademoiselle Gaspard."

She tried to read his face; but the visor masked him. "You knew my name?" she asked.

"It is a small passenger list." He stirred the paint. "We may even learn what you are," he added coolly.

"Even what we are? What a curious thing to say."

"Yes, for example, we know that you



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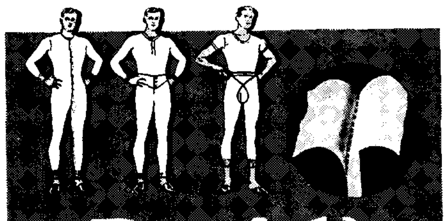

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are the daughter of Henri Gaspard."

"Oh. Do you know my father?"

Then he looked up at her. "Only by repute," he said. "The best."

She said, "Now, I believe I understand. You must be one of those who joined the ship to leave it at Manila. Father told me about the recruiting station there."

"Mademoiselle, even without a wind, a voice can carry."

She whispered, "It is true, though, isn't it?"

Both turned as Nick raced toward them.

"What do you know? We're not going to Manila," he cried out. "They've just got orders to go straight ahead to Saïgon." He flung his arm around Betty's waist and looked radiantly at her.

The deck hand looked as if he had been delivered a blow. "Unbelievable," he said harshly.

The assistant purser answered him. He stood now behind Betty and Nick. "But it is so," he said. "It happened once before."

The deck hand picked up his paint can and walked away without another word.

"Well, what does it mean?" Nick asked.

"Who knows?" said the assistant purser. "The other time, Vichy was nervous. They feared we would be seized. This time"—he paused—"Vichy is still nervous."

Dixon walked up to them, addressing the assistant purser. "There's a good fellow," he said buoyantly. "Getting me to Saïgon quicker."

The officer half-smiled and, murmuring politely, excused himself.

"I didn't care a brass farthing about staying in Manila," Dixon said happily. "You know, this beastly little cattle boat, the Faucault I told you about, it leaves for Singapore when and if. And hanged if there's any other way to go now, for a white man. I told myself it would just be my tiresome luck to have it go the day before we landed. Maybe we ought to visit the bar and have a drink to my luck."

BETTY and Nick promised to join him later. They moved away from the freshly painted rail to lean on a dry one.

Nick said, "*'Allo.*"

"Instead of *au revoir,*" Betty answered.

"Well, to tell the truth, I thought I was polishing up my French."

"Oh. All I was thinking of was we won't have to say goodby so soon."

"Don't think I didn't think of that. That was the first thing I thought of." He frowned. "The second thing was: How long will Cogswell keep my Philippine job open for me? Anyway, he can't blame me for this."

"Absolutely no," she said. "But you will send him a message?"

"Sure. I just want to work it out before I go on up to the radio shack," he said. "I wish I could afford to start it out: I am not Pétain."

"He can't blame you, darling."

"Let's see. Didn't you say the Continental was *the* hotel in Saïgon?" he said. "I could tell him to cable me there. Maybe it would be even better to say the American consulate."

She grinned. "Even though it gets bombed?"

"Only once," he said. "That ought to take care of this season." He started away from her. "This will only take me half a second. How do you say that in French?"

"From now on, I must give you lessons," she called after him.

The lessons took place. Nick was learning to conjugate but he was not learning to erase Indiana from his inflections. Three days away from the Philippines, rounding Cap St. Jacques and entering the wide mouth of the Saïgon River, he stood at the bow with Dixon's binoculars.

"*Il y a beaucoup de vaisseau de guerre,*" he told Betty and handed her the field glasses. She stared at him, perplexed, and he added, in a resigned voice, "Okay, professor. I said there are a lot of warships. I didn't know how to say they were Japanese in French."

Halfway up the fifty miles of winding river, just after they had met two rusty transports crowded with Japanese soldiers, the Maréchal Joffre dropped anchor in midstream.

For once, the passengers were united. They lined the port rail, with some of the deck crew, watching a launch put out from the immigration station. Nick thought the neat plot of grass between the narrow dock and the veranda-enclosed building contrasted too abruptly with the wild growth along the river bank.

When the launch had been made fast to the ship, and the inspectors came up the lowered ladder, Betty seized Nick's arm. "Why, that's Gignoux," she said. "The skinny one, with his helmet pushed back." She started to call but closed her mouth without a sound when the inspector looked directly past her.

Nick said, "Who's Gignoux?"

"He was a vice-consul. At Shanghai," Betty said. "He left soon after Pétain surrendered."

"Well. He doesn't seem to know you."

"Oh, but he couldn't help it," said Betty. "He often visited us."

"What's he doing here?" said Nick. "Strange job for a consul."

"Listen," Betty said in a low voice. "If he's doing this, does that mean he's supporting Vichy?" She glanced behind her. "Or maybe he is a secret De Gaullist?"

Nick said, "In either case, he isn't speaking to *you.*"

The passengers' names were being called out. Betty's papers were in order. She was asked no questions and she quickly filed past the inspectors who had seated themselves at tables in the lounge.

Gignoux fiddled with Nick's papers. He said: "I will keep your passport. You may step aside."

"Well, what's the trouble?" Nick asked.

"You are a foreigner. You are a journalist," Gignoux said. "We must enter the details of your passport in our records." He glanced at the line behind Nick.

Dixon is as much of a foreigner as I am, Nick thought. I didn't notice that they kept his passport. "When do I get it back?" he asked.

"Do not be disturbed," Gignoux replied. "If you desire to wait on the deck, where it is cooler, I will return it to you there."

IT WAS not perceptibly cooler on deck, even with the whirling overhead fans. But you could pretend it was cooler, ordering drinks.

Presently, Gignoux stuck his head out of the door, saw them, and approached. "Mr. Griggs," he said, "I must ask you several questions. Permit me?"

Nick said, "Sit down, please. This is Miss Gaspard."

"Yes, of course. I know it is Mademoiselle Gaspard." Gignoux smiled. "Did I not just see her passport? But it is of you I must ask a few questions, Mr. Griggs."

"Okay."

Gignoux asked, "How long will you stay in Saïgon?"

Nick said, "I don't know. If this ship had made its scheduled stop at Manila, I wouldn't be here."

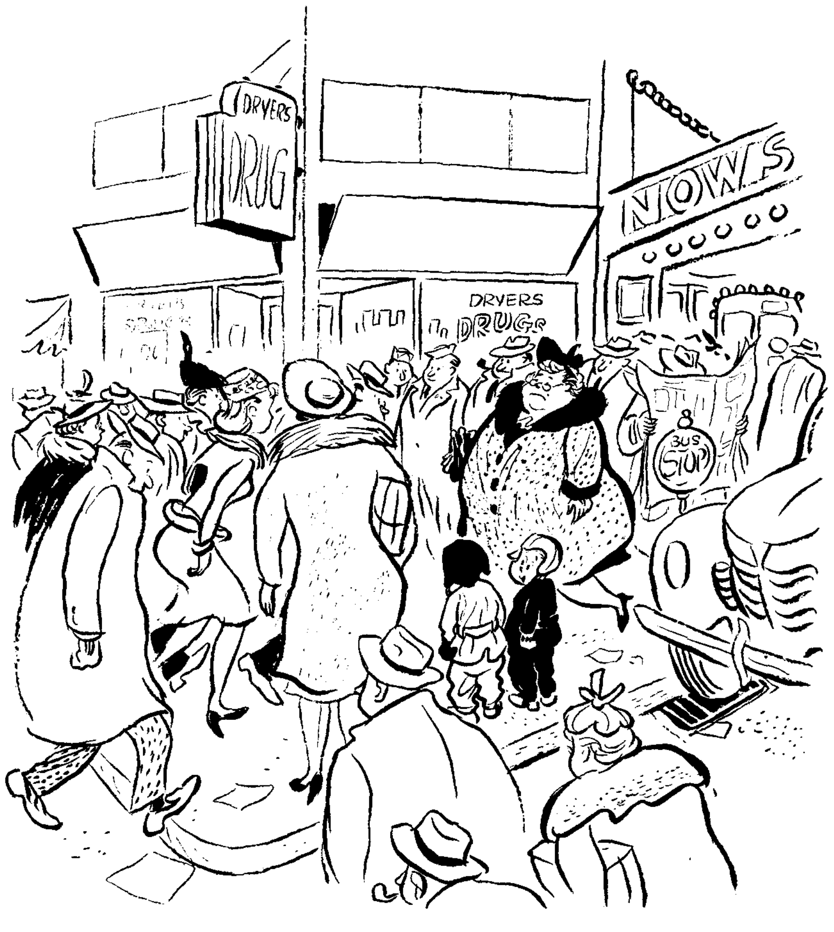
"Of course," said Gignoux. "It is the war."

Nick said, "Now that I'm here, I might as well look around and see what the Japanese are doing."

"Only the Japanese?" Gignoux asked.

"Well, the Japanese are the whole show in Indo-China now, aren't they?" Nick said.

"Quite so," said Gignoux. "Then you will not interest yourself in the affairs of the French." He offered Betty a cigarette, lit hers and his own and re-



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mained silent until the couple emerging from the lounge had passed by. Then he said to Nick: "That is good. You will not exploit the case of Henri Gaspard."

Nick said, "Well, of course—"

Gignoux interrupted him: "It is good, I repeat. You do not plan to interest yourself. He is closely watched. He is never without a special guard outside his prison cell. His health is fairly good, although he will soon face trial. It will be a waste of time for you to try to learn anything from the police or the military authorities."

Nick glanced quickly at Betty who remained expressionless.

Gignoux leaned forward. "Even we of the immigration service have been prohibited from speaking of the case to his former associates or relatives." He shrugged his shoulders. "It is very emphatic. Not even to his physician, Doctor Gavreau. No, not even old Gavreau."

The inspector rose. "Here is your passport," he told Nick and raised his voice. "You have authorization to remain thirty days. Before you depart, present yourself to the Commissariat de la Police du Port. There, they will grant you exit authority." He bowed to Betty, shook hands with Nick, and disappeared.

Nick turned to Betty. "So what?" he asked.

Betty said, "He is a friend of Father's."

Nick said, "For my money, I don't get it."

BETTY hitched her chair forward. "He used one of our codes," she whispered. "Doctor Gavreau, he said, old Gavreau."

"And who or what's that?"

"It's an address to which I must go . . . alone. Listen," she said excitedly. "Don't you see? He was warning me that *even old acquaintances* must pretend not to know each other! All the time he was talking to me."

"Well," said Nick, "you're minus some buttons if you think I'll let you run around alone in a strange city hunting some secret address."

Betty smiled and said, "Silly, this isn't a strange city. Why, I lived here as a child."

"At any rate, you've got to let me follow you."

"No," she said in a determined voice. "Gignoux warned you to keep out of this, and told me where to go. You heard him."

"Sure, I heard him. But maybe he's not on the up-and-up. And where would we ever get together again?"

"I'll meet you on the terrace of the Continental at twelve o'clock sharp tomorrow," she said. "That's the best place for us to meet, because it's where everybody gathers for an *apéritif* before tiffin." She patted his cheek. Gignoux had encouraged her. "The terrace is always so crowded, it's very private. You see, it's so noisy we can even talk about Father safely."

"Why not come to the terrace tonight?" Nick said. "After I've got a room at the Continental, I'll—"

The assistant purser stopped before them. "You do not mind if I interrupt that happy dream?" he asked. "When you have a room at the Continental, it means that the Japanese have been driven out of Indo-China."

"Why so pessimistic?" said Nick. "Yesterday you told me the Continental always kept a few rooms for your passengers."

"That was true last month," the officer said. "Since the Maréchal Joffre left Saïgon scarcely three weeks ago, many thousands more Japanese have arrived."

The ship was again winding up the Saïgon River, with the immigration station already lost behind the sweeping bends of the stream. The procession of Japanese ships continued. A crowded transport and two freighters, loaded with trucks, tanks, flat barges and artillery, floated past, heading for the sea.

"Animals!" the assistant purser said and he waved his arm toward the black, ungainly vessels. "They tell us they are sending their soldiers back to Japan on leave. Are those tanks and trucks going back to Japan on leave, *too?* I tell you, these ships are going south, not north. Soon you will hear that Japan has taken Thailand. They are ready to strike."

"Where did you pick up all your news?" said Nick.

"From the immigration men," said the officer. "They are very depressed. Saïgon is now a Japanese army camp. Many thousands of soldiers have been sent toward the Cambodia-Thailand border; others are being taken by ship around Cochin China into the Gulf of Siam. They tell me the Japs have increased our airport to ten times its former size.

Nick said, "The fliers are staying. That's interesting."

"The infantry, in fact, all the ground troops are merely passing through. But the hotels and our homes are filled with Japanese aviators." He gestured helplessly. "Soon, maybe within a few weeks, you Americans and the British will learn what a dreadful mistake it was to permit the Japanese to establish themselves here. They will make trouble for you."

"Okay, General, only it would have *helped* if you Frenchmen hadn't *rolled* out the carpet for them," Nick said. He called to Dixon: "Come on over and listen to the purser. He says the Japanese have the drop on you English."

"Hanged if I don't think all Frenchmen are all infernally scared just because the Nazis are in Paris," Dixon said to the assistant purser. "Cheer up, old fellow. We'll not quit until we chase every last German out of France and as for these little monkeys from Tokyo"—he snapped his fingers—"we'll polish them off Tuesday between tiffin and tea."

"And when they attack Singapore—" the officer began.

"Singapore!" Dixon roared. "Singapore, indeed. You know, it's from Singapore that we will attack *them.*"

"I guess you've changed your mind since you left Shanghai," Nick remarked to Dixon. "The Japs looked pretty big to you back there."

"It is frightfully confusing, isn't it?" Dixon said affably. "But I dare say Singapore's not Shanghai. Come down there with me, you'll see." He turned to the assistant purser. "You come, too," he said. "It will cheer you to get away from this." He waved his arm to embrace all of Indo-China. "I can't understand what you Frenchmen want with the God-forsaken country. Let the Japs keep it."

Nick said, "At any rate, they seem to be preparing to stay." He pointed to a cleared plot along the river bank. "That's more of them than I ever saw in one spot in China, or even in Japan."

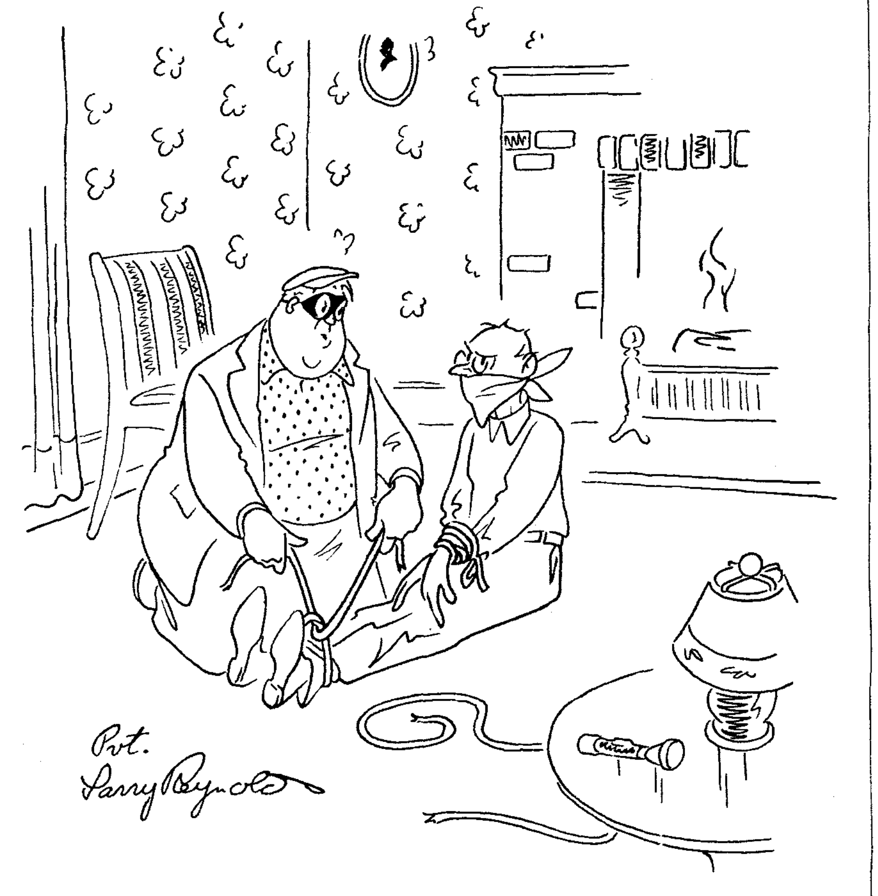
ACROSS the water, they watched companies of Japanese, bareheaded and stripped to the waist in the hot afternoon sun, hurdling ditches and barriers before plunging bayonets into bags of sand. Along the shore, battalions stood, waiting their turn for the drill. The decks of a moored transport were jammed with more men, placidly watching.

Betty was the first to turn away. "Look." She tugged at Nick's sleeve. "At least, the Cathedral's still standing."

Around one more bend of the river, they could see the spired church and, on the slope below it, the trees that hid the tiled roofs of the city's homes.

They remained silent as the Maréchal Joffre steamed between two solid lines of Japanese freighters, Japanese transports and Japanese destroyers. When the ship edged toward the dock, the assistant purser spoke to Dixon. "I hope you're right about Singapore," he said. He looked back once more to the enemy vessels. "But only such a little while

BUTCH By Pvt. Larry Reynolds



"Would you mind holding your finger here?"

How the Servel
NUTRITION IN INDUSTRY PLAN
is helping War Plants save vital man-hours

DEPT. #252
NO LOST TIME
THIS MONTH

90% of absenteeism is caused by ILLNESS...not ACCIDENTS

PROPER NUTRITION CAN MEAN:

- ★ **Fewer days lost**
- ★ **Increased production**
- ★ **Fewer rejects**
- ★ **Better safety record**

ANNOUNCED less than sixty days ago, the Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan is already going to work in war plants all over America to help break the lost-time bottleneck caused by sickness and colds.

Surveys show that nine out of every ten cases of absenteeism are the result of ill health, not accidents.

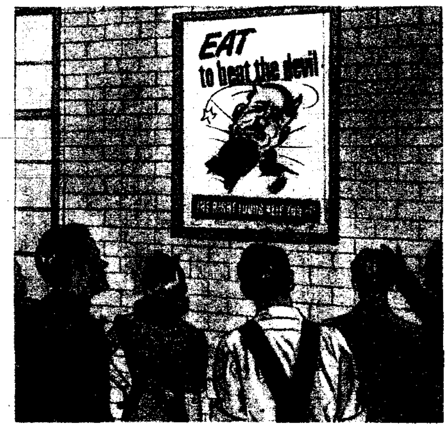
And medical studies indicate that faulty diet—ignorance and neglect of the rules of correct nutrition—may be one of the major reasons for this condition, which is robbing our nation's war effort of more than 24,000,000 man-hours monthly.

The Servel Plan provides a simple, practical way to improve the eating habits of men and women engaged in the manufacture of war materials. It answers the need for guidance in choosing the right food—in the *plant cafeteria,* in *neighborhood restaurants* and in the *home.*

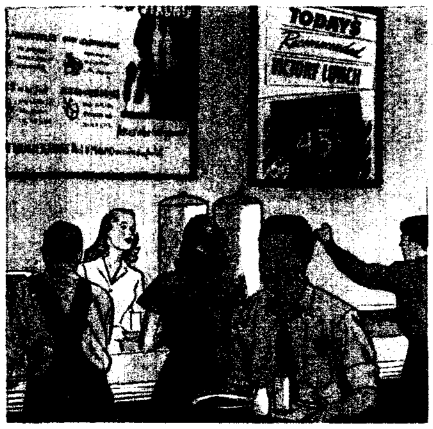
The Plan is based on first-hand experience since last January with Servel's own thousands of war-plant employees, and incorporates the recommendations of the Committee on Nutrition In Industry of the National Research Council.

Gas Companies can supply war-plant executives with details of the Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan.

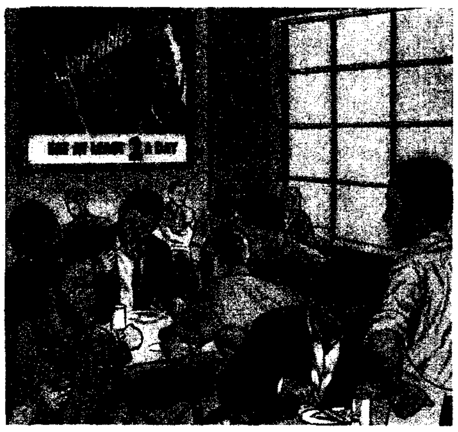
HERE'S WHAT GAS COMPANIES ARE DOING TO PUT THIS PLAN TO WORK



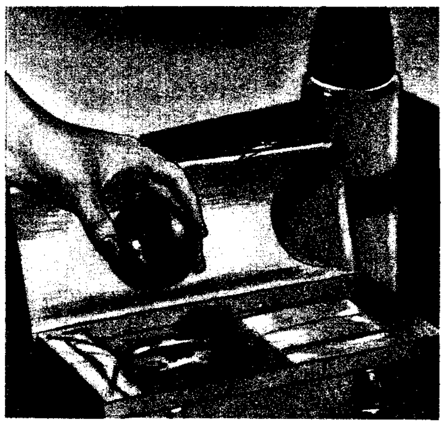
1 Helping to tell war-plant workers the right foods to eat and why—through an action-getting campaign of posters, folders, etc., keyed to the fighting urge of "EAT TO BEAT THE DEVIL."



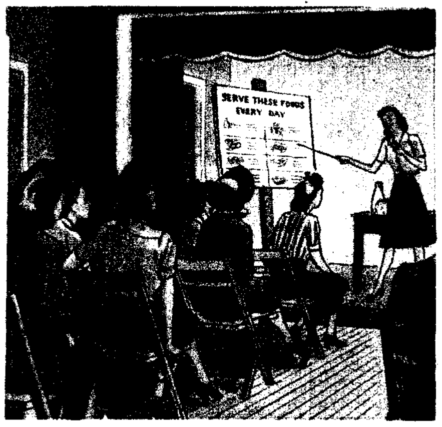
2 Cooperating with war-plant cafeterias in suggesting daily "Recommended Victory Lunches"—advising on snack-wagon foods best suited to supplement the worker's lunch box.



3 Encouraging neighborhood restaurants to serve balanced meals. Securing their cooperation in featuring Victory Lunches and using "Eat to Beat the Devil" display material.

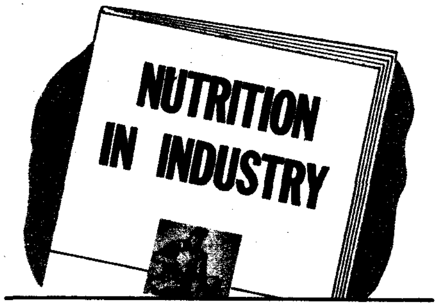


4 Showing workers' wives and mothers how to pack better lunches—how to get appetizing variety in the daily lunch box and plenty of energy-building food value as well.


SERVE THESE FOODS EVERY DAY

5 Conducting neighborhood meetings in local auditoriums and halls to teach the wives and mothers of war-plant workers how to plan and prepare nutritious meals at home.

6 Offering housewives (in 450 cities throughout America) the help and advice of experienced Gas Company home economists on all problems of nutrition and conservation.



WAR-PLANT EXECUTIVES

Your Gas Company has complete information about the Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan.

Any war plant can use the Plan, because it can be cut and tailored to meet specific requirements and conditions. You can use all or any part of it, as your particular needs dictate. And in every case, you'll find it a simple, practical way to improve the eating habits and health of your war workers.

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The Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan has been developed with the advice and help of the Committee on Nutrition In Industry of the National Research Council and in cooperation with the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services as a contribution to the war effort.

SERVEL, INC.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

The Advertising and Promotion Department as well as the entire plant of Servel, Inc., peacetime manufacturers of the Gas Refrigerator, is today completely converted to the war program.

WISE PARENTS
DON'T TELL

Maybe you gave Bud the puppy to teach him a sense of responsibility. But you wouldn't dampen his joy by saying so. As for bathing the pup —who'd call that work, *for Pete's sake! It's just another chance for a romp and tussle with the world's best playmate . . .*

Be equally discreet about telling the dental virtues of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum. To Bud, Fleers is pure kid fun. Gosh, that's what a fellow chews gum for, isn't it...for fun? And Fleers is some sport! A whopper of a big mouthful of gum. And tough! Something to bite on.

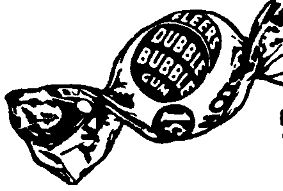
Why should Bud ever suspect how Fleers aids and abets his toothbrush? He gets the benefits just the same. So *extra* big and *extra* firm, a single penny piece of Fleers is massive enough to fold over and massage the gums. Tough enough to give chewing muscles a real workout. Like any chewing gum, Fleers helps to clean, stimulates the flow of saliva.

It's a wise parent who knows when to keep a secret. Let Bud go on thinking Fleers is just one of life's bigger and better treats.

"Some Fun!" No other gum made especially for children compares with Fleers Dubble Bubble in popularity.

Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in the November *Journal of the A. D. A.* and *Oral Hygiene;* also October and December *Dental Survey.*

FLEERS
DUBBLE BUBBLE
CHEWING GUM



A Pledge: Especially desirable features of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum are its bulk and "chewiness." Should wartime restrictions interfere, we pledge to suspend the manufacture of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum rather than offer this product without its characteristic bulk, chewiness and quality. Frank H. Fleer Corp., 1000 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ago, who could have imagined what we see today? Maybe you will have a better experience."

Dixon watched him walk away. "You know," he said, "hanged if I don't think he's afraid we can't hold Singapore." He shook his head. "French morale must be frightfully shot."

Betty said, "He was in France last year; he told me only ten men of his company escaped death or capture. Listen. He can understand defeat and still have courage."

"I dare say." Dixon looked down at the dozen Europeans waiting on the concrete wharf. He shouted: "George! George!" He turned to Betty. "We worked together for years with a tobacco company. He's still with it."

Nick said, "I guess you're all fixed for a place to sleep."

"Right," said Dixon. "I advise you again, Nick, to go direct to your consul. You know, that's what consuls are for —to be hosts for stranded compatriots."

Nick said, "I'll try the Continental first. I'll phone them from here."

"No end of luck, Old Boy," Dixon said. "See you on the Continental Terrace."

WHEN he had gone, Betty said to Nick, "You see, I told you everybody meets at the Continental Terrace before tiffin. If anything prevents me from meeting you there at twelve tomorrow, I'll be there the following day at the same hour. Or the next day."

Nick said, "Betty, I can't let you go off alone this way."

"All the same, I must," Betty said. "Look, my dear, it will most likely be only until tomorrow. I'll be absolutely all right. Don't worry one minute."

Nick stared at her. Betty said, "Aren't you even going to kiss me goodby?" He made no move. She planted a kiss on his cheek and darted away.

Still bewildered, he made his way to a telephone on the pier and got through a call to the desk clerk at the Continental.

"No, monsieur," the clerk said. "There are no rooms. No, monsieur, there will not be any free later today."

"Didn't the American consul reserve a room for me?" Nick said brazenly.

"No, monsieur, the consul made no reservations for anyone today. Maybe he made it at the Saïgon Palace," the clerk said. "But they have no rooms either," he added. "There are no rooms anywhere."

"Well, I expect to receive messages at the Continental," Nick said. "You write down my name."

The clerk mopped his face and reached for a pencil. From the tail of his eye, he watched one of the Japanese officers at the end of the long desk unhook his saber and tuck it under his arm.

The Japanese civilians directly in front of him, two Domei correspondents and Harold Makita, a member of the imperial military mission which had been flown in, made so much noise he could barely hear.

Over the telephone, the clerk said pleadingly, "Will you please repeat? Ah. G-R-I-G-G-S—Monsieur Greegs."

Makita leaned over the desk and held the clerk's arm.

"Just a moment, Monsieur Greegs," the clerk said.

Makita said, "Griggs wants a room here?"

"But we have none," the clerk said. "There are no rooms."

"There will be a room for him," Makita said firmly. "Tell him you have a room."

The clerk looked despairingly from Makita to the two men beside him. Then he turned back to the telephone. "Very good, Monsieur Greegs," he said. "We have just found we shall have a room."

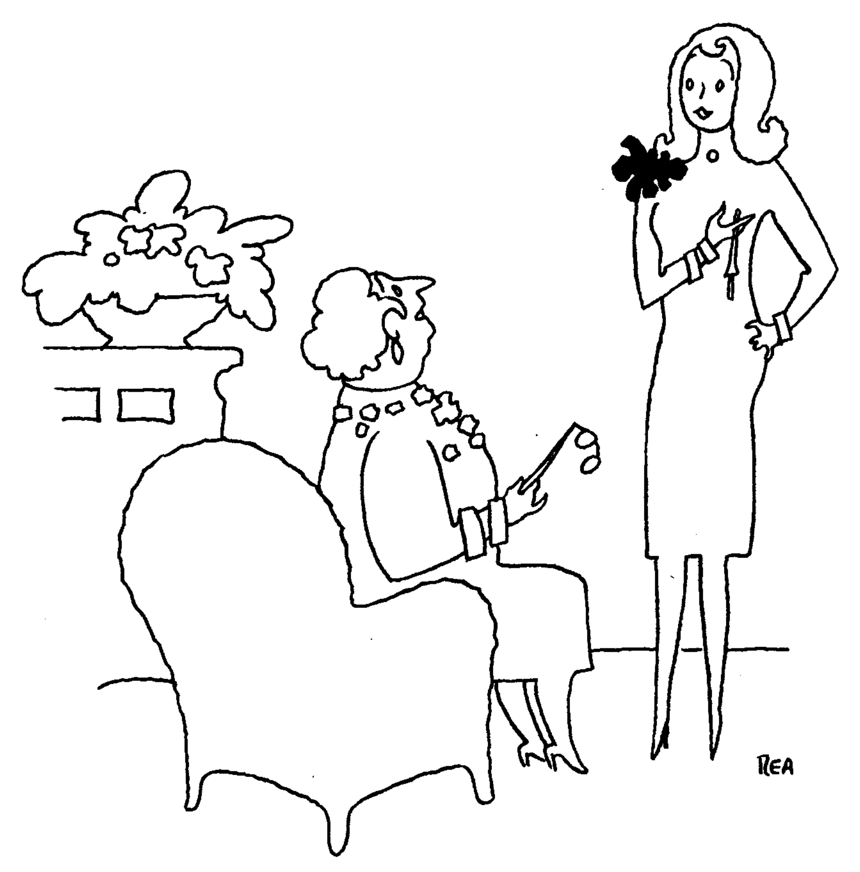
"Very good," Nick mimicked him. "I'll be right along."

"Let me see your register," Makita said to the perspiring clerk.

"But it is irregular, monsieur," the clerk said. He hesitated a moment, then handed over the list of the hotel's guests.

The Domei men looked over Makita's shoulder as he ran his finger down the page. "There!" One of the correspondents held Makita's hand. "That's a convenient room. And the officers who occupy it are now on the terrace. A couple of young pilots."

(*To be continued next week*)



COLLIER'S "But aren't you afraid that working—even for the duration—may kill something fine in you?" GARDNER REA

Any Week

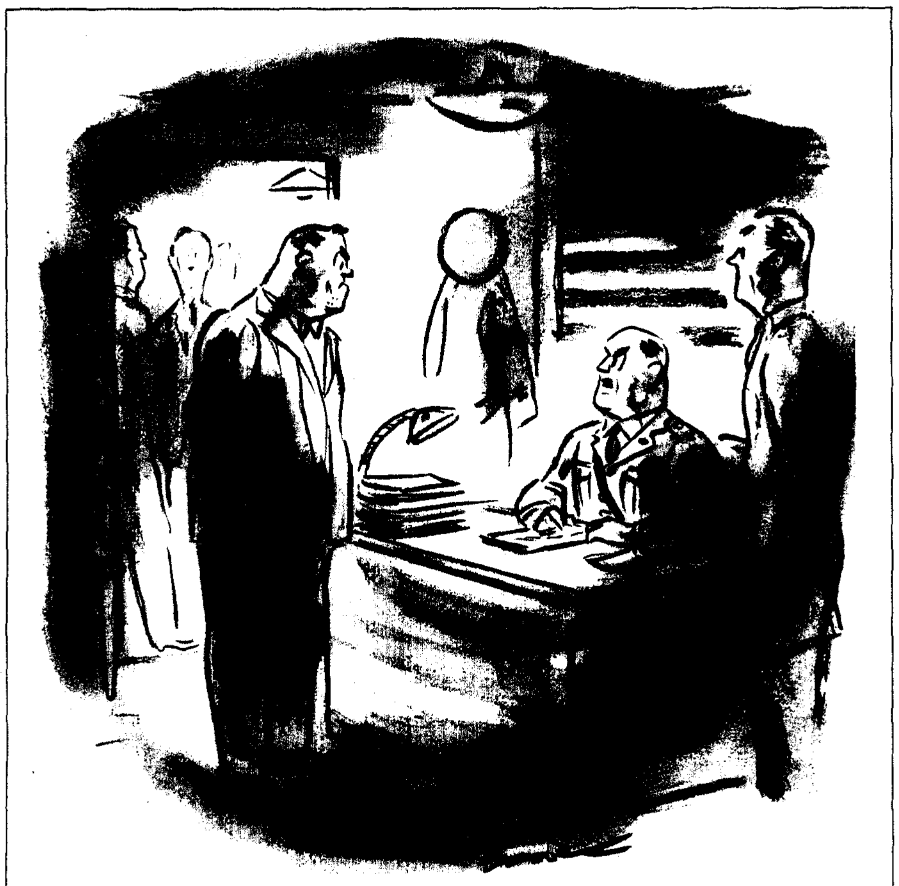
Continued from page 4

says she, convictions such as hers should be laid aside for the duration. Mr. Gene B. Sammons of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is advocating a plan to keep the German army intact, arm them with shovels and hammers instead of guns, and force them to rebuild the European cities and towns that they have destroyed—Stalingrad for example. He would have them work under Jewish foremen, although we don't see why gentile Poles, Czechs, Dutch and English should be deprived of this pleasure. However, that can be worked out later. From Mr. W. F. Bryle of Seattle, Washington, there's a suggestion that Nazi and Jap leaders be interned on an "experimental prison farm where all newfangled diet and health schemes will be tried out on them before being released upon a public which is already developing queer shapes, appetites and habits from taking crackpot cures and adopting screwball programs for longer and happier living—soybeans for example." Of course, we have lots of suggestions from unimaginative people who want to inflict dismal tortures. But you've probably heard all those. We wouldn't be allowed to mention them anyway, but it's all a very good sign and we're certainly cheered up no end.

THIS one should have been sent to General Hershey. Inasmuch as we can't understand how anybody gets along without reading this column, he will of course get it anyway. But Miss Eugenia C. Ogdmun of Atlanta, Georgia, urges that all men who win deferment from Army service because of induced or phony physical shortcomings be given a card specifying such ailments. When these men apply for jobs, employers should demand the cards and reject the applications because, obviously, the bearers are unfit for hard work. This probably won't work but we think we see Miss Ogdmun's point. "I've seen," writes she, "a lot of physically deferred heroes being the life of many parties. If a man can drink all night, dance all night, make passes at the gals, and hold down good non-war-production jobs all day, there can't be much the matter with them except perhaps their hearts. And I don't mean anything organic."

OUR persistent scouts send us this from Pittsburgh. When Leon Henderson began to freeze rents, the husband of an owner of a number of rented dwellings gave several hearty cheers. It was his job to collect the rents for his wife's houses. Recently she had increased the rent of one from thirty-five dollars a month to thirty-seven fifty. The husband didn't think the increase was warranted but didn't say so. So every month he collected the old rental—thirty-five dollars — and added two fifty thereto out of his own pocket, thus preserving peace at home. We are very quick to realize that there are strong men who will denounce this rent-collecting husband but somehow we can't pretend to be one of them this time. After all, surely peace is worth two dollars and fifty cents any day.

BY NOW, of course, the elections will have been held, a great many ladies and gentlemen will have been elected to many entirely unnecessary jobs, and a lot of tax money which might be devoted to war materials and training, aid to soldiers' and sailors' dependents and similar important things will go to pay large salaries to small politicians. And yet we don't know that we'd do very much about that even if we knew what to do and had the power to do it. We fell to discussing this particular thing with a candidate for re-election to Congress. "Hell, man!" said he. "That's what we're fighting for—the right to honor incompetents with public office." . . . W. D.



"I don't care what unfinished business you have to take care of—you don't get a gun until you're inducted"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

Like GAINES? He'll Love it!
DOG
GAINES MEAL
JUST ADD WATER—AND SERVE
GAINES FOOD CO. INC. SHERBURNE · NEW YORK

Nationwide survey proves GAINES' taste appeal!

Don't wonder for a moment whether *your* dog will like Gaines. Chances are better than 9 out of 10 that he *will,* according to actual survey figures!

And if these odds don't seem *conclusive* to you, you still *can find out for sure*—without risking a single cent! Simply send for a free sample . . . or buy a bag of Gaines from your dealer under Gaines' money-back guarantee.

Why not do one of the two today! In addition to having a grand taste that dogs go for *right from the start,* Gaines offers Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ (G), B₆, D, E and *all other nutritional factors* that dogs are known to need.

Not *every* dog food does *that!*

★ CHOICE OF THE U. S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION—Now used by U. S. Army!

★ NOT A HASTILY FORMULATED WARTIME FEEDING SUBSTITUTE

Try GAINES at Our Risk!

If you wish, let your dog enjoy his first taste of Gaines simply by writing your name and address on a post card to Gaines Food Co., Inc., Box C-11, Sherburne, N. Y., for a free sample. Better still, buy a 2-lb. or a 5-lb. bag of Gaines right away. Remember, Gaines must satisfy *you and your dog,* or Gaines will refund your money!

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE!
Address Gaines Food Co., Inc.
Box C-11, Sherburne, New York

Copr. 1942 Gaines Food Co., Inc.

★ GAINES BAG SIZES:

2 LB. Nutritionally equal to SIX 1-lb. CANS moist food.

5 LB. Most convenient size for average dog owners . . .

10 LB. Average several weeks supply—at a savings . . .

25 LB. Thriftiest of all. Fine for big dogs or several dogs.

"LET'S TALK TURKEY"

ADAM Shirts

For Thanksgiving and everyday . . . get a generous "slice" of comfort in Adam Shirts. They're Sanforized shrunk and have Adamized collars for longer wear.

$1.95 ONE PRICE

At Better Men's Shops Everywhere

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A DIVISION OF
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"Here's My Secret of Perfect Pipe Smoking"

Leonard
Pres. Rum & Maple Tobacco Corp.

It took me 15 years to discover the secret of this entirely new smoking thrill! *Try it!*

FREE! SEND TODAY FOR SAMPLE

The secret of Rum and Maple distinction lies in the exclusive blending process by which I combined four carefully aged tobaccos (one of which is rare Syrian Latakia) with mellow imported Jamaica Red Heart Rum and pure Vermont Maple . . . producing an extremely mild, fragrant smoke completely unlike anything else you've ever tried. So clean and aromatic it's a sure hit with everyone—even the ladies! Ask your dealer for Original Rum and Maple today—or for a generous free sample package—write Rum and Maple, Dept 3C, 191—4th Avenue, New York City.

RUM and MAPLE
PIPE MIXTURE

Ideal Xmas gift for men in the service is this grand tobacco in a handsome and distinctive Rum Barrel Humidor Package.

Quick-handed Edna Kirk operates a piercing machine for steel cartridge cases

Shell Cases Made of Steel

THE scene was the Aberdeen (Maryland) Proving Grounds, and the Army was about to test a cartridge case made of steel. For twenty-five years the Army had been making similar tests of steel-made shell cases without success.

"Do you think it'll fire?" asked Lieutenant Colonel L. S. Fletcher dubiously.

"Sure," said C. L. Patterson, manager of the Corcoran-Brown division of the Electric Auto-Lite Company, with headquarters in Cincinnati.

"Bet you a buck," said Colonel Fletcher, who had seen dozens of previous failures.

The bet was made, the gun was fired, and the cartridge case was discharged immediately from the gun. This was repeated with dozens of similar cartridge cases. That occurrence was as important to the United States Army as anything that has happened in this war.

At that moment, in October, 1941, the Army was faced with a great emergency. It was apparent that there was not enough copper available for all purposes, and shell cases had hitherto been made of brass (seventy per cent copper; thirty per cent zinc). Copper from Chile and Bolivia might soon be cut off, and American sources were not able to supply the copper we needed to make ships, tanks, planes, turbines and communication instruments.

The Army turned again to the use of steel, although previous attempts had been fiascos. The Germans had used steel casings in the first World War but never for barrage or rapid firing. Each shell had to be rammed out of the gun, like an old muzzle loader. We had made steel casings in 1918 but from high-alloy steel—chrome, nickel, etc. —ingredients which also were now unavailable. The job had to be done with low-carbon steel, and repeated tests had proved that it couldn't be done.

A cartridge case is not a shell. It is a long tube that holds the charge of powder; the shell is affixed to its end. The detonator discharges sparks into the cartridge case, and the powder is exploded, furnishing the propelling force for the shell. This creates extremely high pressure in the gun barrel. The barrel expands, and the cartridge case must also expand; but it must *return to its normal size* immediately. Otherwise, the case sticks in the barrel, the gun freezes and becomes useless.

Mr. Patterson was called in by the Army because of his success with cold-drawn steel at the Cincinnati plant, where he had been making head lamps for autos and receivers for refrigerators.

When the Patterson experiments had been proved successful, Major General Levin H. Campbell, Jr., Chief of Ordnance, U. S. Army, stepped in and said, "Stop experimenting and go into production. We'll make them and learn about them at the same time."

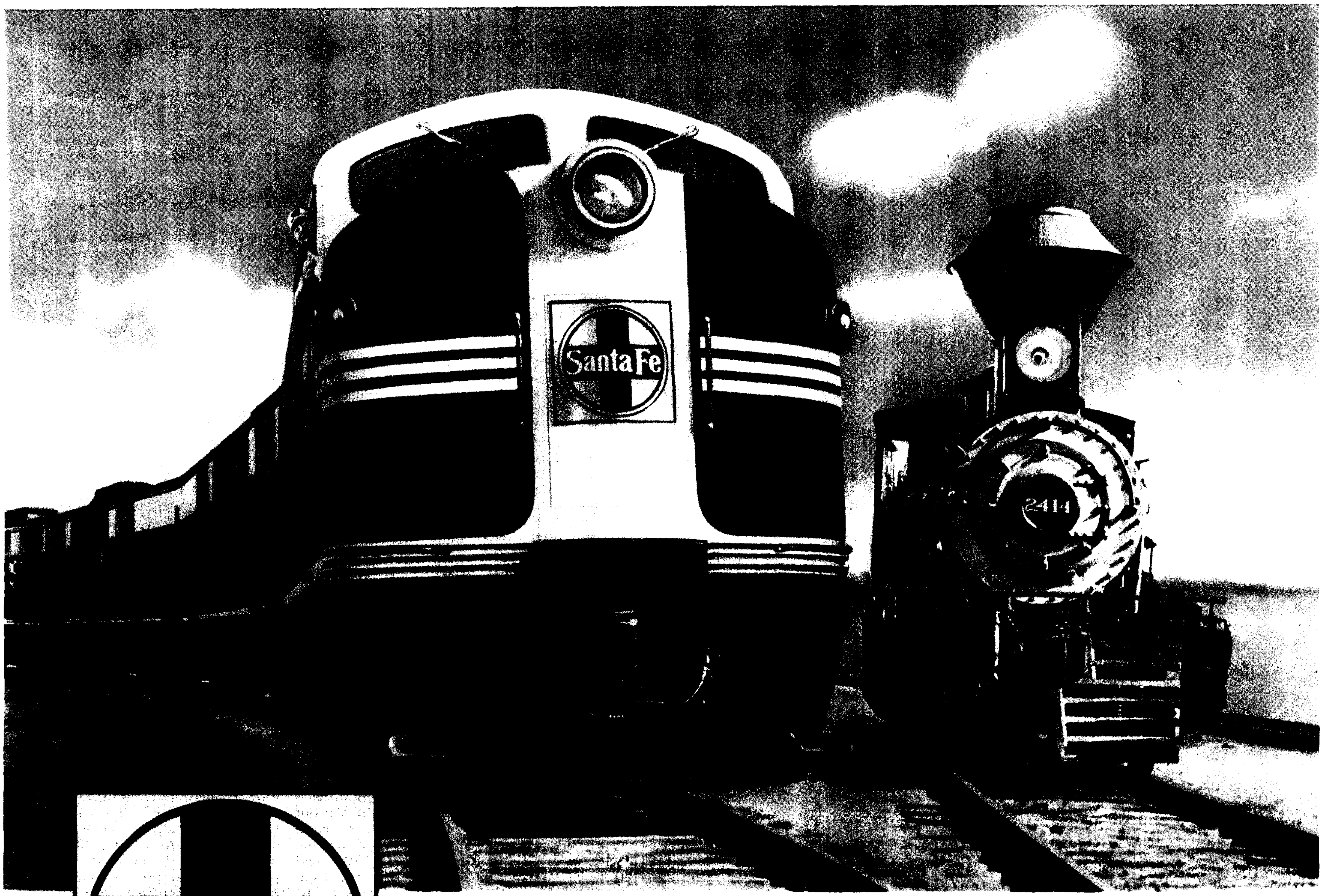
In addition to plants such as the one operated by Auto-Lite, brass mills were utilized because they already possessed draw presses and furnaces. Forty-seven contracts were let, and shell cases have been flowing out for months. Soon, production will be at its peak.

Unless this method had been developed, it would have meant either fewer shells or fewer ships. Because of the action of salt water, ships must have copper. According to Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, Chief of the Service of Supply, 400,000,000 pounds of copper would be saved by making shell casings of steel. Another 75,000,000 pounds will be saved by using other substitute materials and by engineering changes in production. It is estimated that under the old method of artillery shell-case production one fifth of all copper available in the country would have been taken up; it will require a very small percentage of our steel production.

Without being stupidly sentimental about it, this seems to prove the old adage over again: When it has to be done, America somehow will get it done. K. C.

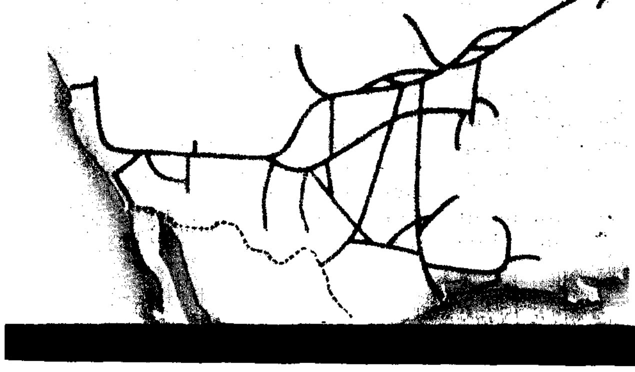
"Keep 'Em Rollin'..or Else!"

says grandpappy engine 2414
to a 1942 Santa Fe Freight Diesel



Santa Fe

SERVING THE SOUTHWEST FOR 70 YEARS



"Back in '98, in the Spanish-American War," reminisces little Old-Timer 2414, "20 cars was an average-length freight train. By World War I, we'd upped our Santa Fe freights to an average 35.9 cars. Not bad railroadin', that."

"Not bad is right," answers the big new freight Diesel, "but not good enough for World War II. Now we've stretched 'em out another 41%, to 50.9 cars, and those cars are bigger, loaded heavier, and rolling farther and faster."

"Good work, son," says Old-Timer. "Yours is the BIG war job. Keep 'em rollin'—or else!"

KEEP 'EM ROLLIN'—OR ELSE

★ No nation that does not possess efficient mass transportation can hope to win a modern war. In America that mass transportation job is squarely up to her railroads. *If they fail, we lose.*

Neither battle gallantry nor industrial wizardry alone will turn the tide. To meet this tremendous responsibility, *we ask for every possible consideration in the allocation of materials for vitally essential repairs, maintenance and new equipment.*

DAILY THE LOAD INCREASES

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In the first six months of 1942, *with 25% fewer locomotives,* the Santa Fe moved 94% *more* freight ton-miles and 27% *more* military and civilian passenger miles than in the first six months of 1918, in World War I.

Daily the load increases. No man knows what the peak will be. We *do* know there is a limit to the performance that can be squeezed out of existing equipment.

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Two ways to WHITENESS *your dentist follows both! So can you... with Calox*

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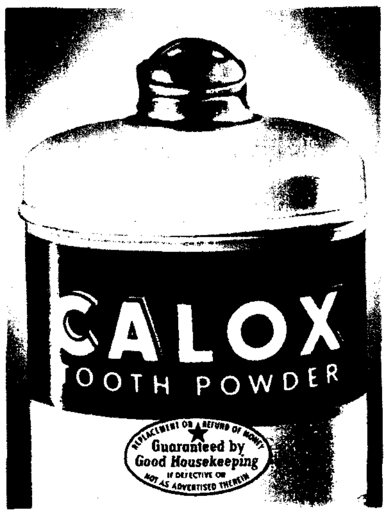


Dear Katie

Continued from page 12

Homer stared at the combers galloping toward him to break into thundering surf on the shore. "The sea," he marveled. "That is the sea!" He tried again, "The Pacific Ocean!" Somewhere out there were submarines. There were Japs out there. There were enemy islands. And in just a few days, the scuttle butt had it, his battlewagon would be out there.

He began trudging southward along the shore. A fog had come in, and it was just as though ghosts of breakers were dashing out of the sea to the beach.

When he heard the scream, Homer felt as startled as a sailor marooned on an empty island. He halted, shaken. A voice cried, "Help!"—a woman's voice, made shrill by alarm.

Homer's heart pounded fast and he was frightened. But he ran as fast as he could toward the voice. The sand above tidemark was soft and deep, impeding his speed yet giving no sound. He could see her now. She struggled in silence. A guy had his hand pulled over her mouth.

"You leave her alone!" Homer called to this guy, his voice sort of quaky but very dogged.

WHAT happened after that was confused when he came to look back on the battle later. There had been boxing at Great Lakes Station, and Homer remembered what he had been taught about keeping your guard up and not slugging wild. After a while his right fist landed with plenty of smoke, for later he found that his knuckles were skinned. Then the guy faded out of his reach. He was merely a shape in the gray of the fog, a shape which dissolved until—presto, change!—the guy had just vanished, swallowed from view.

The girl was sobbing. She wasn't so big, no more than maybe a hundred pounds. Her reddish-brown hair was blown and mussed, and her hat had been knocked from her head to the sand. Still without speaking, Homer retrieved it. He brushed it off gingerly, using his sleeve.

Frightened blue eyes kept watching his face. There was mist on their brows, and the tiny moisture which clung to her hair was like pin-point gems. She was a pretty girl, all right—alarmingly so, to Homer's notion.

"I guess that fellow got fresh," he ventured.

"Yes," the girl answered between two sobs. But now her sobs were becoming less wild. "Thanks," she went on. "You were very brave to beat up Joe like that. He's tough."

"His name is Joe?" Homer said, embarrassed. But there was more than just being fussed—a kind of jealous feeling as well, vaguely resenting this guy named Joe.

She and this guy Joe, she explained, both worked in a south San Francisco factory and they happened to have the same day off. "When he asked me to go to the beach today, I never even dreamed—! Oh, where's my bag?"

It was on the sand where she had dropped it when Joe got fresh. She opened it quickly and gave out a cry as she glanced in its glass. "I look like something the cat dragged in! Would you hold this for me?"

"Sure," gulped Homer.

He stood like a statue, holding the bag so this girl could look at herself in the glass. He felt himself blushing; his pulse beat quickened while she was working a comb through her hair. He was breathing the odor of heady perfume, she was standing so close in front of Homer—a flesh and blood girl, disturbingly pretty, fixing herself with as little concern as if he were just her mother or aunt.

How quick she was! She had pulled on her hat and was doing things now with a lipstick and puff.

"My name is Katie Stoner," she said.

"Very pleased to meet you," Homer managed, rather impressed by his urbane response. "My name is Homer Brown, U. S. N."

"I'm glad you're in the Navy," she said. She was measuring Homer with wise young eyes. "I would rather be rescued by a sailor instead of a soldier. Because," she explained, "I think that sailors are more romantic."

"Aw!" grinned Homer, wriggling a bit.

"With a girl in every port!" she accused him.

"Some guys, maybe," Homer admitted, recalling how lots of the guys kept bragging. "But I—I haven't."

"You've just got *one?*"

"Haven't got any," Homer blurted. Katie was smiling, her eyebrows lifted as though she were saying, "You're telling me!" He grinned self-consciously, kind of hoping she *would* believe he had told her a fib. But, heck, how could Homer have him a girl in every port, when this was the very first port he had seen?

They left the beach and went up to the highway that follows along the shore front. The fact dawned on him he *did* have a girl! Yeah, here she was. She was holding his arm. She was calling him Homer, as friendly as that, and her hand was snuggled under his arm, and his arm was tingling where Katie held it.

At last they reached the amusement park which fronts on the sea below the Cliff House. Some of the confidence oozed from Homer when he found himself going into a place and sitting down with this girl in a booth. A city girl, wise in the ways of big towns. Sophisticated. Homer felt scary.

There were cigarette stubs and dirty dishes and a piece of string upon the table. He picked up the string.

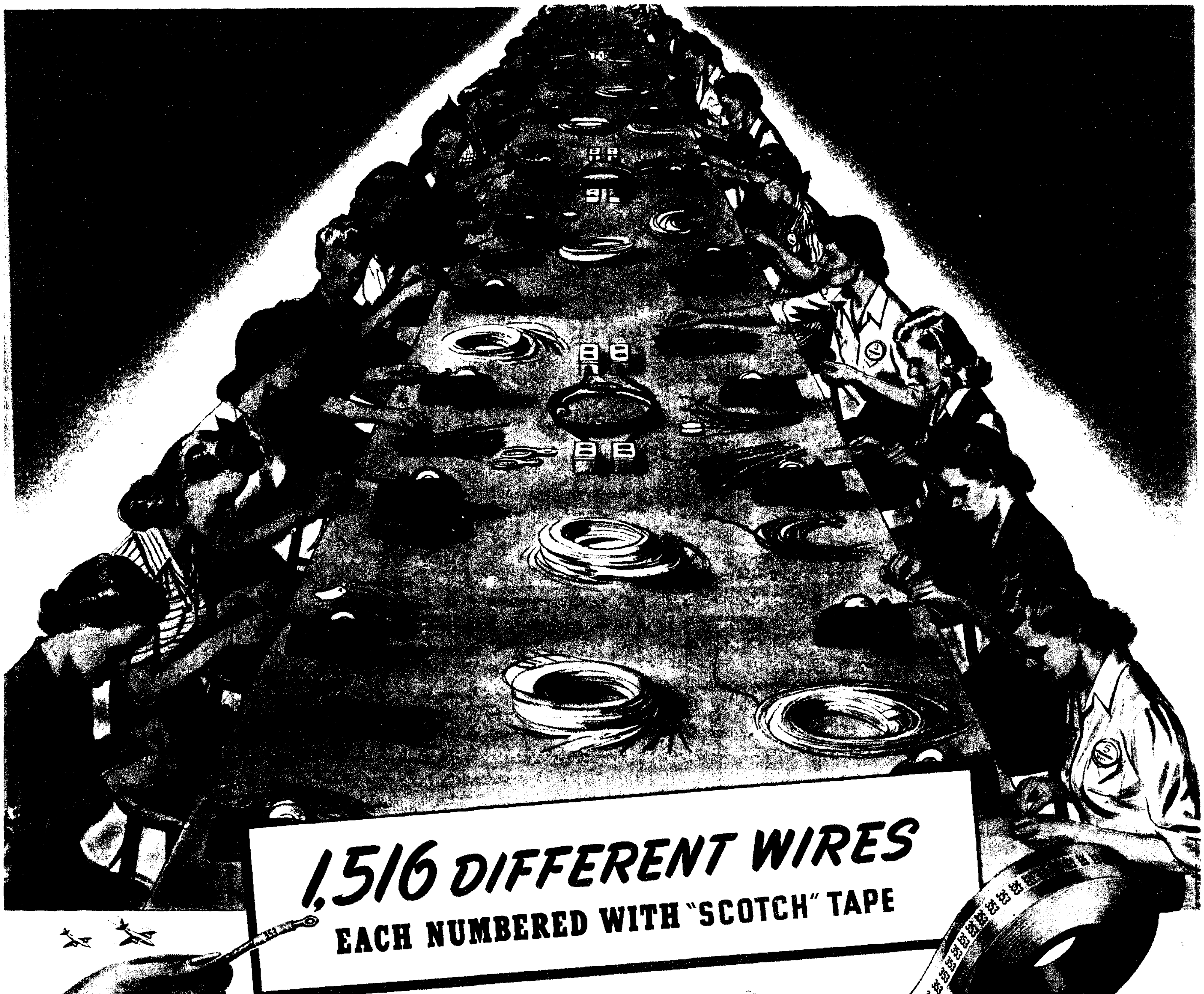
"This here," Homer told her nervously, making some practiced turns with the string, "is called a bowline. It's a mighty useful knot to know when you want to secure a boat to a bollard, as a bowline's a knot that won't never slip."

SHE was smiling at him. The tear-stains were gone, and her nose, Homer noted, was fearfully cute. Then there were her lips, soft-looking and warm the way their corners turned up when she smiled. They made Homer think he would like to kiss her. Just thinking such things sent the blood to his cheeks, and in sudden panic he worked at the string to show her a double becket bend.

"I like the bowline best," said Katie. "Because it's a knot which will never slip. Would it keep a sailor tied, so he wouldn't—?"

Solemnly Homer nodded, said, "Sure." Her eyes watching his across the table gave him a pleasantly helpless feeling. A juke box was singing that popular song in which the words kept repeating over, "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me, anyone else . . ." She was humming it now, still smiling at him, and all this time, the smell of perfume kept working on Homer, teasing his nose.

Her expression changed. She had noticed his hand where the knuckles were



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(ESTABLISHED 1872) NEENAH, WISCONSIN

raw from hitting that guy. "Homer, you're hurt!"—impulsive fingers reaching across the table to him.

"Aw, that's nothing. Shucks!" scoffed Homer. "What do you think I am, a sissy?"

It was after they'd eaten and had some rides on the roller coaster and the Fighter Patrol that she mentioned a movie. Okay with him. This movie was down in Market Street, a longish car ride up and over the rolling hills of San Francisco.

Homer hardly knew what the film was about, for all the time he kept thinking, Gosh, me sitting here with a city girl who is holding my hand! Yeah, *holding his hand!* She had taken his hand when the action got tense, wanting it just for reassurance; but now that the fellow had put up his gun she still held on. Her fragrance drugged him like poppy smoke, which causes a guy to have marvelous dreams.

Soon Homer could see *himself* as the hero, an actor named Cagney. And that *girl on the screen* was Katie Stoner! Doing and talking romantic things, while the audience sat in the dark and was thrilled.

A newsreel ended the show with a bang. There was a shot of some U. S. cruiser shooting her guns in the Coral Sea. Then there was the President in his office pinning a medal on a Navy officer, a tanned young man who, Homer could see when he looked more closely, was Homer Brown!

Pretty drunk with all he had seen and felt, Homer came out into Market Street, Katie still fragrantly clutching his arm. In the Pig 'n' Whistle they had some ice cream, then started up Powell to get a car. This took them past a large hotel, and just as they were approaching the entrance the great thing happened.

First, a lieutenant with aiguillettes hung from one shoulder dashed out of the place to open the door of a limousine. He was followed by a man wearing more gold braid than Homer had ever beheld on one sleeve. A band and three stripes. Homer suddenly froze.

"Oh!" exclaimed Katie; while Homer saluted, leaning sort of, he was so rigid, as if he were bracing himself in a gale.

The admiral glanced from him to Katie. His hair was gray, but his eyes were quick, and now as he saw them gaping at him, lines crinkled out from the edges of his eyes and he raised his hand to his cap and nodded.

"Good evening, son," the admiral said.

Homer and Katie stood rooted fast. They were still like that when the car started off, the Old Man smiling at them from the seat.

Katie gasped, "You *know* him, Homer?"

"Me know a four-star admiral? Heck!"

"But he spoke to you!"

"He did, for a fact."

ON THE streetcar, clear to where Katie lived, Homer sat dazzled by this new glory. "Good evening, son"—to *him*, Homer Brown! And Katie had seen it! The heights had been reached.

But there he was wrong. A dizzier peak remained for Seaman Brown to achieve. When they came to her house and were on the porch, Katie said, "Will you write me, Homer?"

"Sure, I will."

"You will have to write first. Because I would feel very hurt and silly if I wrote first and you didn't answer. A girl never knows when it comes to sailors. They're so romantic, and to break a girl's heart is second nature with so many sailors."

"Not me, Katie. I'm not like that. Honest, I'm not."

He heard Katie laugh. It sounded exciting, low and pleasant. The fragrance of her was all around him. She had taken his hand, as though to shake it. But now Katie's arm went about his neck. Her soft warm lips were pressed to his. It seemed to Homer that the world had suddenly stopped in its tracks, and the signal which stopped it was Katie's kiss.

"'By, Homer," she said. "Good luck with those Japs."

He lurched down the steps and along the walk. Two blocks Homer floated through beautiful clouds before he recalled that the streetcar line lay in the opposite direction.

How could he know that with Katie Stoner a kiss for a guy who had taken her out was the very least that a guy expected? All Homer knew as he floated along was that he was changed. He was now a man.

Half an hour ago, if Katie had asked him why he enlisted, he'd have been kind of vague. Partly, to get away from his uncle. Partly because the Japs made him mad, and he didn't care for the Nazis either. Partly, to see the outside world.

But now it was different. Now he saw clearly. Homer knew now that he had enlisted to fight for Katie, for other guys' Katies, for those Katies' old folks and sisters and kids.

When a cloud came rumbling along the tracks, he climbed aboard it and paid a nickel. At the Ferry Building he left that cloud and walked on others to the Navy landing. After some minutes a cloud drifted in, smelling of gas fumes from its exhaust; he read the name of his wagon on it; then Homer scrambled aboard this cloud, and soon it was taking him out to his ship.

Without even thinking he burst into song:

"Don't sit under the apple tree,
With anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me—"

"Hey, Porky! Get a load of Boots' breath. That guy been gargling devil water?"

They were off. This was just the opening crack. Clear to the wagon's port quarter they razzed him.

But Homer merely grinned at them now. Such a prodigal, spendthrift thing is love that it could even include these guys. . . .

Dear Katie:

He squared away at the paper and took the pencil point from his mouth.

I guess you have not forgot the admiral who we saw get into his auto that night. Well, today he came aboard our wagon and stuck a medal on some of us guys. Homer erased the last word "guys" and changed it to "men," as it didn't look right to be calling guys who wore gold braid "guys." *Our captain got one, and the first lieutenant, and three of us enlisted guys. I was the last one who got a medal, because I am just a seaman 2/c and the other guys rated higher than I.*

Again Homer paused to suck his pencil. Maybe he ought to tell her the reason for getting the medal. He squirmed in his chair. Suppose that Katie thought he was bragging! A girl mightn't like a guy if he bragged; and, besides, what had taken place up north was sort of confused in Homer's mind, like the fight he had had with the guy named Joe.

How could you tell about a battle when so many things all happened at once? Jap planes overhead, and the wagon's AA's talking like blazes, and the stink of the cordite choking your throat, and salt-water geysers spouting aboard where a bomb had just missed yet not missed much.

But then came the bomb which didn't miss. The lieutenant had passed the word along for his men to put their gas masks on, and Homer had barely got his on when he heard a whistling sound overhead change till it came as a regular screech. He dived at the deck and lay there flat, and the bomb exploded near the stern. A splinter of steel went clean through his leg, but he did not even know he was hit.

All he knew was that guys had been trapped back there, where flames were already beginning to lick. He could hear their cries when the firing ceased—when there was a lull in the wagon's barrage. The wind blew fresh and cold from Kiska, and instinctively Homer steered to weather as he ran from the hydrant valve, his station. Somebody shouted, "Come back here, you," but he didn't stop. That much he recalled. Then all he remembered was blistering heat: heat, and a vision of Katie Stoner the way she'd smiled across at him when they sat in the restaurant booth at the beach.

THE Old Man of the Fleet had also smiled. This, too, had helped in molding Homer. But it was Katie, the touch of her lips, her hand holding his, the fragrance of her, which had sent him diving into the smoke, the heat and the flames to get at those guys.

He found a jagged hole in the deck. The twisted plates were hot to the touch, but he let himself down to where the guys were. A couple of them could get out alone, once he had shown them the place to go. The rest Homer had to help through the hole, bending quick bowlines when the ropes were lowered and steering them up with his hands on their legs. His gas mask tore loose. He could hardly breathe. His lungs were bursting; the air was sickening-sweet with burned flesh; and Homer would have passed out, he reckoned, if Katie hadn't kept smiling at him, beckoning sort of, cheering him on.

We had quite a battle off the Aleutians, and our wagon got hit by an enemy bomb, and I helped to rescue some of our men, and this is why I got a medal.

Homer sat back in his chair. That was that. Should he tell Katie now what *she* had done to—? Heck, thinking thoughts was easy enough, but putting them down in writing was tough.

I will show you this medal when I get back, if you would like to see the medal. When I will get back I do not know, as there are a pile of Japs left to whop. I often think of that day in Frisco and would like nothing better than to see you again. Have you got a picture you will send me? Lots of the guys have pictures of girls which they paste on their locker, but I don't have one, and I would be very glad if I did.

I guess I have told you all of the news. You said you would write me if I wrote first, and you bet I will watch for the mail after now.

This reminded him of "mail watch" duty that day when he was still just a boot. He could grin at it now. It no longer hurt. Especially when he remembered that Flags was one of those guys whose lives he had saved.

Homer wrote: *Yours truly,* and signed his full name. But then his heart started pounding fast as he thought of something. Would he dast do it? All letters were censored before they went out, and a gold braid would see it and have a good laugh.

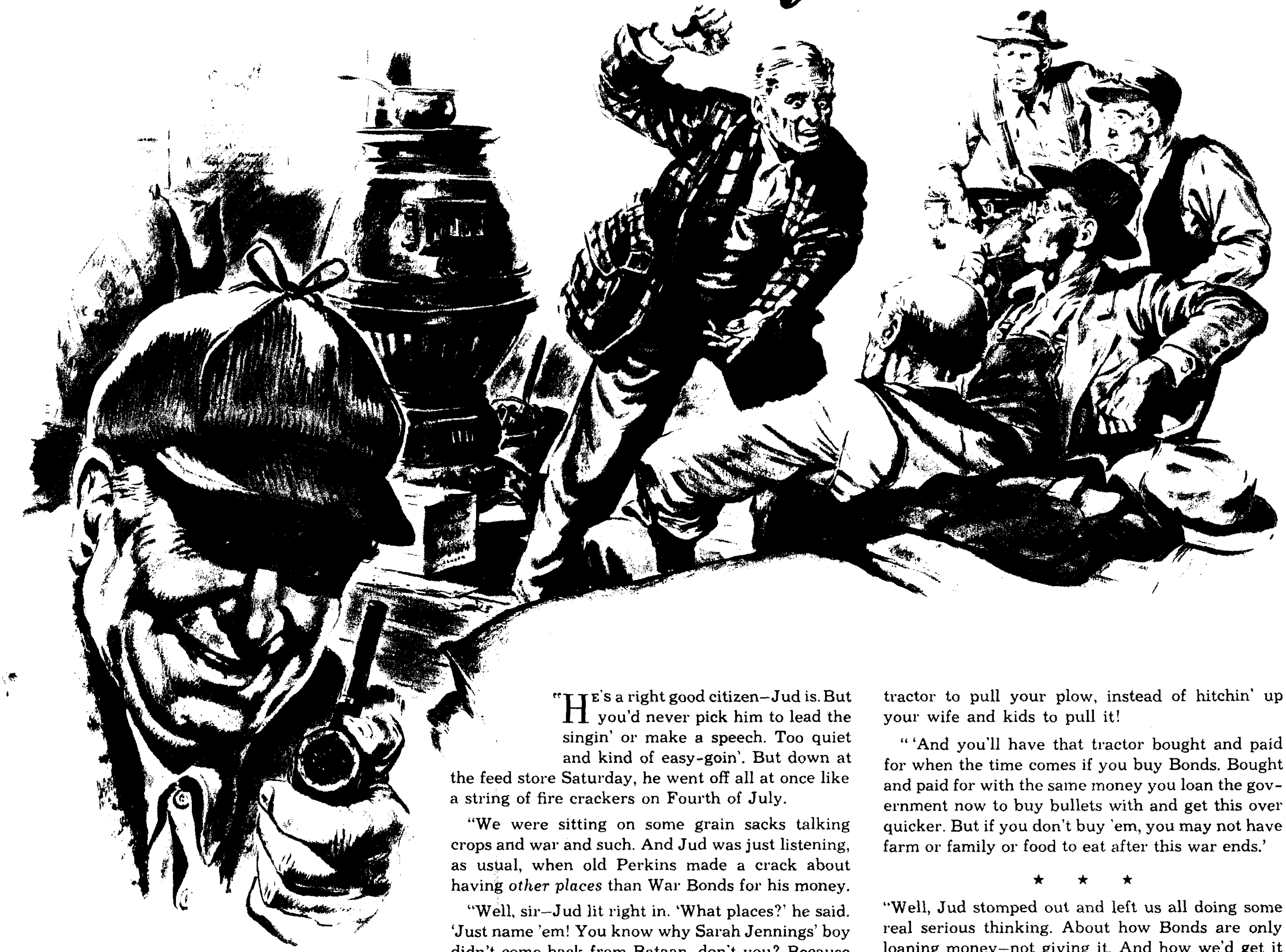
Well, leave him laugh. What did Homer care? Still breathing hard, his cheeks getting redder under their countless freckles and tan, he gripped the pencil stoutly and wrote:

P. S. X X X.

When a guy has a medal, he is expected to do brave things.

THE END

"Fust time we ever saw Jud Hawkins Really Mad...



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- Whether you prefer Alemite or another brand of lubricants—get good ones and get them regularly! Don't burden your conscience with repair parts that could have been shells—except for your neglect.
- Remember that worn out oil can damage the very parts it is supposed to protect. Change every 1,000 miles—and insist on top-quality oil.
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"HE'S a right good citizen—Jud is. But you'd never pick him to lead the singin' or make a speech. Too quiet and kind of easy-goin'. But down at the feed store Saturday, he went off all at once like a string of fire crackers on Fourth of July.

"We were sitting on some grain sacks talking crops and war and such. And Jud was just listening, as usual, when old Perkins made a crack about having *other places* than War Bonds for his money.

"Well, sir—Jud lit right in. 'What places?' he said. 'Just name 'em! You know why Sarah Jennings' boy didn't come back from Bataan, don't you? Because you and me and other folks hadn't bought enough guns and planes and bullets to bring him back!

"'And there's going to be other sons from around here needing things just as much as Sarah's did. And all these things have to be paid for, somehow, don't forget.

"'Anyway,' Jud went on, 'what do you think they're fighting for—those boys? Well, I'll tell you! It's so you can go on farmin' for yourself instead of for Hitler! And so you can buy a good American tractor to pull your plow, instead of hitchin' up your wife and kids to pull it!

"'And you'll have that tractor bought and paid for when the time comes if you buy Bonds. Bought and paid for with the same money you loan the government now to buy bullets with and get this over quicker. But if you don't buy 'em, you may not have farm or family or food to eat after this war ends.'

★ ★ ★

"Well, Jud stomped out and left us all doing some real serious thinking. About how Bonds are only loaning money—not giving it. And how we'd get it all back with interest later on—to spend again on anything we please.

"And old Perkins stood up and grunted, 'Come on. Bank's still open. Let's get those bonds.' And we trooped along—every man of us.

"How about you? Have you thought it thru? Are there bullets missing at the front because *you* didn't buy them? Are there slacker dollars still waiting for you to enlist them? Dollars that can help us win—and still be yours to spend again?"

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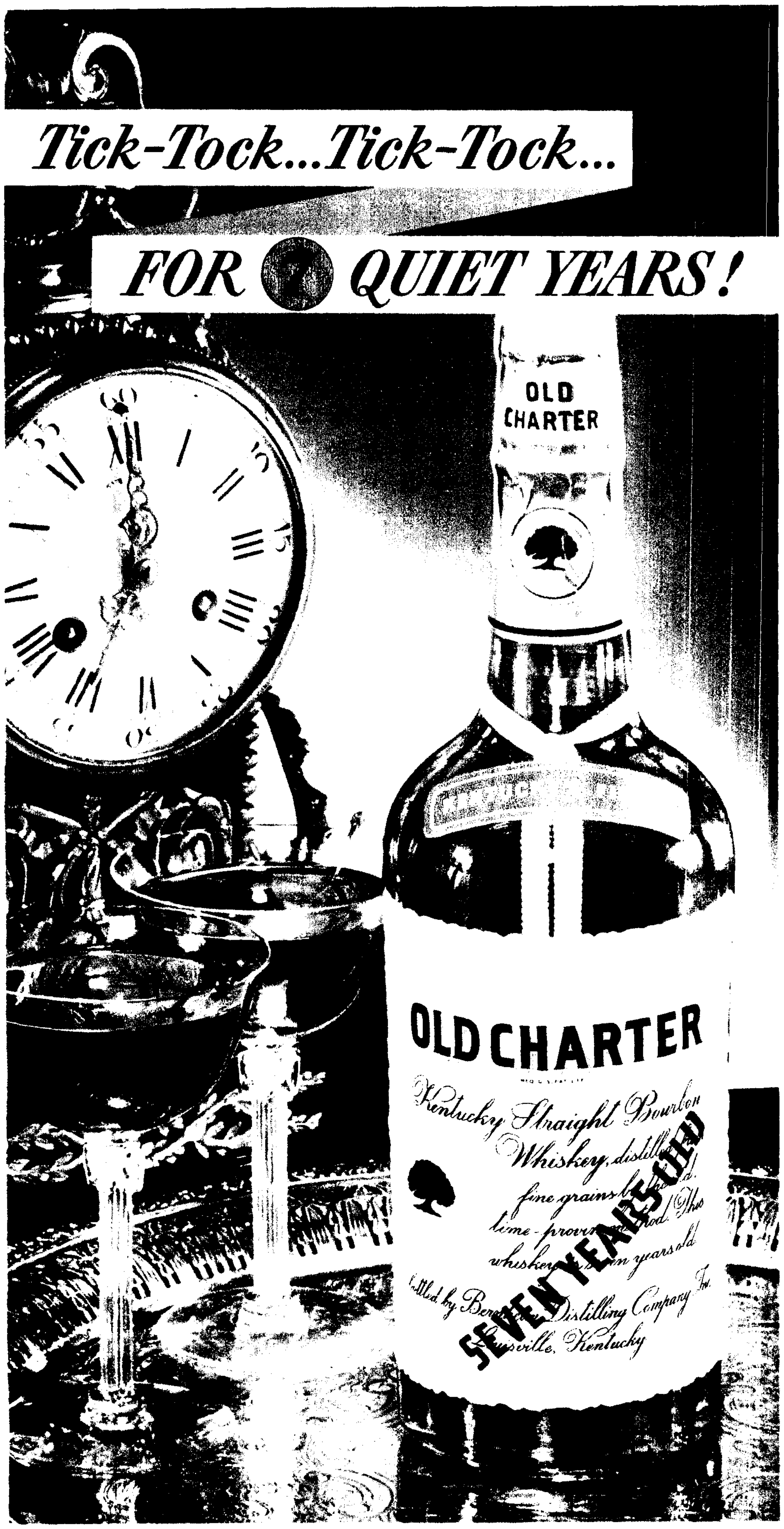

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Shipwrecked Seamen in the Jungle

By Captain William W. Kuhne

Forty-one men in a lifeboat survive a week of heavy seas—only to be cast up on the jungle shores of Portuguese East Africa

AFTER we left Bombay we ran into the teeth of a southwest monsoon. It got so bad that we reduced speed. On the third day out, the day's run was only 156 miles. We should have done about 400. The sea was rough. One sea ripped off the forward gun platform. The No. 1 hatch was battered in. Half of the starboard railing was torn away and both lifeboats, which had been swung out, had to be decked again. This weather lasted until June 27th, when we entered moderate weather.

On Sunday, June 29th, at daybreak we sighted two tall masts and a smokestack on the horizon east of us. We also sighted Mohéli Island, one of the largest of the Comoro group. We watched the steamer as she northed.

She was out of sight within half an hour. At ten o'clock that morning the same two masts and smokestack reappeared over the horizon on our port quarter. Apparently the vessel was making top speed, and within half an hour we sighted her hull. The vessel was holding right for us.

I telegraphed the engine room to give her everything we had in the boilers. We ran away from the approaching steamer so that by eleven-thirty she was again below the horizon. We resumed normal speed and took up a zigzag course.

The day passed, and at night the weather became boisterous but we sighted no other ships. Shortly after midnight I was awakened by what seemed to me to be gunfire. I jumped out of bed, ran out on deck and saw the dying light of a red flare. At the same time a torpedo hit us on the starboard side, aft. About five seconds later another torpedo struck the vessel between No. 5 and No. 6 hatches. Both these shots were surface hits.

Fire and heat from the second hit were felt by crew members fifty feet away. This was at 0032 ship's time. At 0034 I gave orders to the chief officer to get both lifeboats away. The radio operator received a message from me to the effect that we were being attacked by a raider. The vessel was settling fast at the stern. Water was already up to the aft end of the boat deck, and I gave orders to abandon ship.

I left the bridge and went to No. 1 lifeboat and saw that one of the falls was fouled. I returned to my cabin, grabbed the belt on which I had my sheath knife and .45 revolver, handed the sheath knife to the man at the falls to cut the fouled cordage, then returned

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALBERT FENN-PI

The author points out on the globe the approximate spot in the Indian Ocean where his ship was torpedoed

Captain Kuhne measures out water ration doled out twice daily to the survivors. White pitcher is the same one he used in the lifeboat

to the bridge to see that everyone was gone.

I looked into the radioman's room. He'd gone. Both lifeboats had already got away. I saw that our yawl had been lowered and I grabbed one of the man ropes to jump into it when a sea came alongside and washed the bow of the yawl onto the boat deck, upsetting the yawl. I landed neatly in the water clad only in a pair of shorts and undershirt. I lost my shoes immediately in the water; they weren't laced.

Captain Without a Ship

Seeing the vessel settling rapidly, I tried to get away, having in mind the suction which would pull me down with her. Then, after swimming about fifteen feet, I turned around and saw the vessel straight up in the air, stern down, her bow silhouetted against the clear moonlit sky.

She sank as though she'd been dropped from a great height. I remember saying to myself as I saw that little ship go down, "She's gone—I'm gone." But the suction I had anticipated failed to materialize.

When I spied the yawl, keel up, I swam toward it and got hold of the rail which was under water. The boat uprighted itself but overturned when I tried to climb into it and I was in the water again.

Then I felt something grabbing my right foot and in that moment I knew fear. I kicked away whatever or whoever was holding onto me. I turned, saw a man swimming and pushed toward him a hatch board that had floated my way.

For the next ten minutes I was alone. I tried to locate the yawl again, which I did after what seemed hours. I held onto it, grasping the underwater rail. A few minutes later I heard voices behind me, and when I turned, there was a lifeboat. Two men grabbed me, dragged me into the lifeboat, and one of the men pulled a burning flashlight out of my pocket. They told me that light had guided them toward me. I hadn't known my flashlight was switched on in my pocket.

I gave orders to listen for the whistles our men had with them for just such an emergency. We picked up sounds of whistles and pulled two men out of the water. They had been holding to a floating box.

We heard shouting. We pulled toward the sounds and found the other lifeboat, filled with water, with three men in it. We feared drawing close to this lifeboat. Heavy with water, and with a considerable sea running, we feared the unmanageable lifeboat might ram us and stave in our side, which would have meant the end of all of us. We tossed the men in the other boat a painter and took their craft in tow. For more than an hour we searched but without locating other survivors.

I then gave orders to step masts and

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ASIDE FROM IMPROVING the taste, texture and eating qualities of many types of candy, Dextrose adds food-energy value. Dextrose *is* food energy in its simplest form, for Dextrose is the chief "fuel" of the body.

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KEEP THE *Energy* OF SUNLIGHT IN YOUR DIET...
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The S. R. O. Sign is up everywhere you go.. . . your tired feet take a beating from breakfast to bedtime these active wartime days. Change to Massagic Air Cushion Comfort for the duration — enjoy the extra ease of the flexible Arch Lift. Step into your Massagic Dealer's and get fitted for months of shoe contentment.

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sail from the scene on a course due west toward East Africa.

After about half an hour we found the sinking lifeboat made our progress very slow. We lowered sail, told the three occupants of the lifeboat to pull nearer to us, jump into the water and swim alongside. This was accomplished, and in a few minutes we cast away, hoisted sail and resumed our course.

Roll call disclosed that we had forty-one men in the boat and that fourteen were missing. Wind was southeast, fresh, with a heavy swell, but we made good time. According to my calculations we were from 110 to 120 miles off the Portuguese East African coast. By steering due west we would make the coast within two or three days.

As the current along the coast at this time of year sets south from 28 to 40 miles daily, I figured that we'd make Cape Corrientes, and if not it would be another 120 miles to Lourenço Marques. The crowded condition of our lifeboat was irksome to everyone. No one could stretch out; we had to remain in a sitting position. Sleep was impossible. Several men crawled into the bottom of the boat and tried to obtain a little rest.

Food for Thought

The good humor of the men made life easier than it might have been. The men joked about what they'd do when they reached shore. Nobody even mentioned women. They talked of the grape juice, orange juice and clear sparkling water they'd drink. Their self-discipline was wonderful. They talked only of food and drink.

The night was bitter cold. I got to thinking about water and food supplies. We had two water breakers of sixteen gallons each and one of twelve gallons, and I figured that from three to five ounces a day would hold us until we reached the coast. Food we had in plenty—malted-milk tablets, chocolate, pemmican, graham crackers. However, as we might strike adverse winds I thought it best to go easy on water and food. These were parceled out twice a day—three ounces of water in the morning and evening, two graham crackers for breakfast with one malted-milk tablet, and in the evening three ounces of water and one malted-milk tablet.

On the second day I reduced the water ration to five ounces per day instead of six. However, I found that, after giving each member of the party three and a half ounces of pemmican, an ounce or two of water would be welcome. Pemmican is dry and sweet and it raised the men's thirst.

I found on this day men who wanted to urinate and couldn't. This may have been due to the extreme sense of propriety which manifests itself among men and partially to dehydration, but more due to the nervous strain of holding onto the thwarts and rails of the pitching boat. After a while we overcame this difficulty.

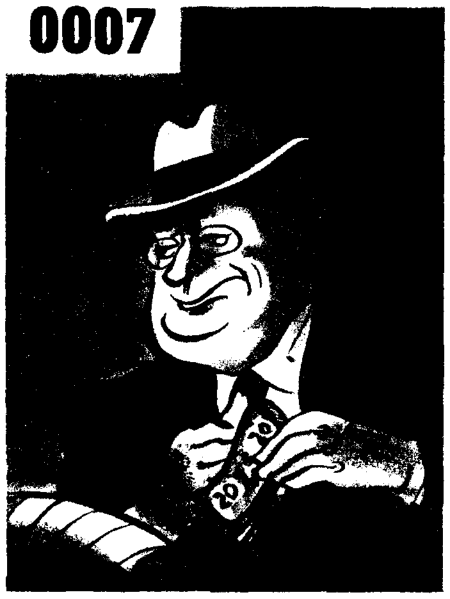
We suffered subsequently from severe constipation. Concentrated food nourished us but we became toxic. It's amazing, however, what the human organism can stand.

There's a drop of about 40 degrees in temperature at night in these waters. We had six blankets between us and little warm clothing. Moreover, everyone was wet through. We divided the blankets among those who needed them most. One was given to the man at the tiller, which was manned by the second mate, third officer and junior third mate, who stood four-hour watches.

Arguments started among the men on the third day—nothing serious, merely such petty squabbles as result from frayed nerves and sleeplessness. I hadn't had much sleep myself (the captain remained awake most of the time the men were in the lifeboat), but I had to step in often to smooth out quarrels that would arise from one man crowding another or inadvertently jabbing him with a foot or an elbow.

NOT WANTED for the Duration

0007



INFLATION BREEDER

Sly citizen, who, in trying to outsmart rationing, helps start a criminal Black Market

The Holiday Spirit

The morning of July 4th dawned clear and fine. We greeted this, our Day of Independence, by shooting off three flares, as much to shoot off firecrackers as to attract assistance. We received no response. At 7 A. M. we had breakfast, consisting of three ounces of water and one malted-milk pill. The wind freshened somewhat but died down. We got the oars overboard and started rowing. The men cheered when we fired rockets and were momentarily exuberant but few said anything. Conversation—all speech—had reduced itself to essentials concerning food and water. As a special celebration I gave the men chocolate and three extra ounces of water at noon, and a brief rest from rowing, which was resumed at one o'clock.

Two men rowed to each oar in three shifts of one hour each. Afternoons were always hardest to bear because of the heat beating down on hatless men. Their spirits between two-thirty and three o'clock were at their lowest ebb and tempers were tensest then.

Thus, when at about three o'clock an object was sighted south of us off our port rail and everyone yelled that they saw men rowing, it wasn't surprising that the object turned out to be the floating wreckage of the deckhouse of some other ship. There were sharks swimming in the vicinity of the deckhouse and beautiful moonfish flittering in the sun. Some of the boys had wanted to go overside for swims. The presence of sharks cured them of their desire. They dipped their clothes in water instead and put them on wet or squirted themselves with water from the boat pump.

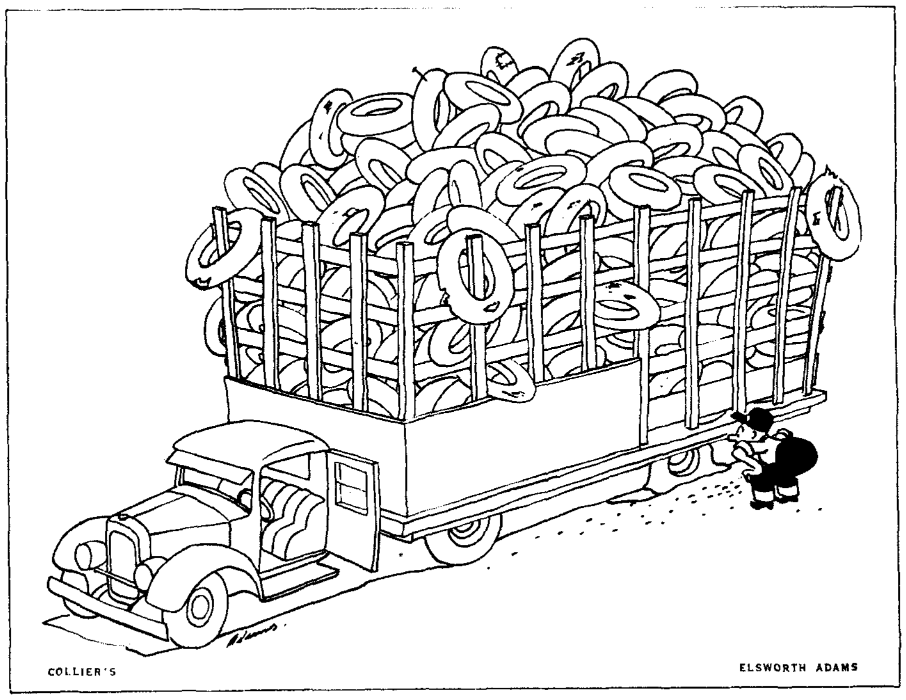
Immediately we left the wreckage, one of the biggest tiger sharks I have ever seen swam past us. He was all of twenty-five feet long.

That night we again celebrated the Fourth with half a can of pemmican, three ounces of water and one chocolate drop each. Rowing was resumed after dinner, until about 8:30 when a fresh southeast breeze came up. Sails were taken in, oars shipped and the boys rested—if you can call it that.

On Sunday morning July 5th, at two o'clock, we had a visitor. A whale came up about ten feet astern of us. He dived, came up again at the bow and for five minutes played about the boat. We could have almost touched the beast. Everyone awakened and for an hour after the whale left us, they talked about the strange apparition in the moonlight and the wondrous effects of phosphorescent water sloshing from its sides. Then the boys dozed off. I was grateful to that whale, for it relaxed the men as no other single occurrence had done.

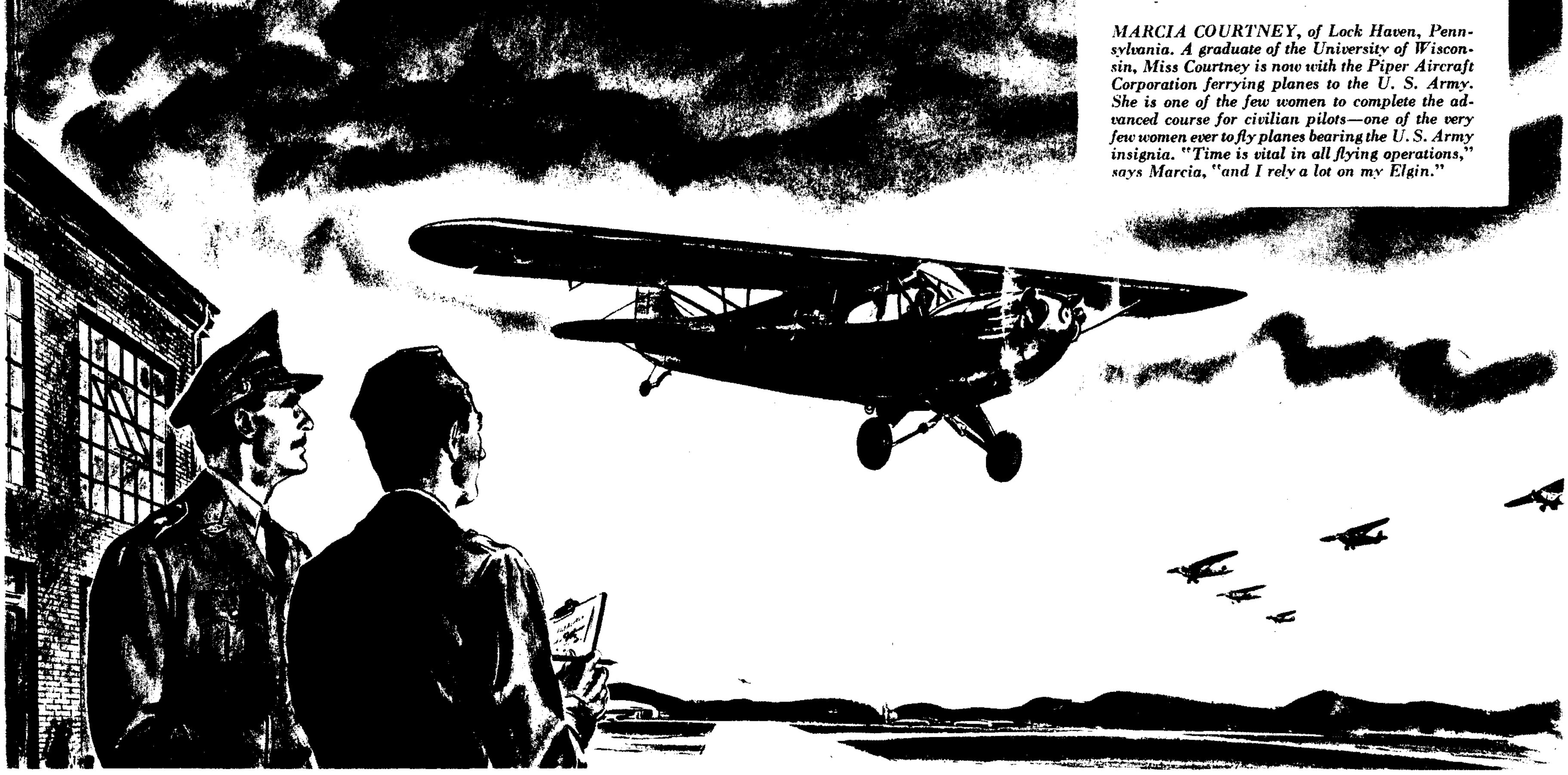
At daylight, with no land in sight, I was almost positive that we were south of Cape Corrientes, and therefore reckoned that we'd have to sail another three or four days. Latitude taken at noon with the sextant showed we were north of our point of departure. We sailed the entire day, sighting only a few pieces of kelp which indicated we were coming close to the coast. At night the wind freshened considerably and the sea became dangerous.

About one o'clock in the morning of July 6th we picked up a light. This was no falling star, no trick of eyes eager for land but a real, moving light,



She works for Victory on Elgin time!

MARCIA COURTNEY, of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, Miss Courtney is now with the Piper Aircraft Corporation ferrying planes to the U. S. Army. She is one of the few women to complete the advanced course for civilian pilots—one of the very few women ever to fly planes bearing the U. S. Army insignia. "Time is vital in all flying operations," says Marcia, "and I rely a lot on my Elgin."



She ferries planes for the U. S. Army!

DELIVERING planes for the U. S. Army. Doing their part on the home front. Serving at battle stations "somewhere in the Pacific." Wherever American men and women are working for victory—the dependable timekeeping of Elgin watches is rendering an important service.

In addition, Elgin is now turning out for America's army, navy, and aviation forces vital precision instruments and special timing devices.

When requested by the government to produce an important share of such equipment, Elgin was ready for the assignment. For it has at its command the scientific facilities of the world's largest fine watch factory—the skill and "know how" developed by craftsmen through four generations of American watchmaking.

FEWER ELGINS FOR CIVILIANS! At present, Elgin watches for civilians continue to be available at most jewelers'. Each is a splendid example of Elgin's famous tradition for accuracy, for beauty, for fine design.

If you find your choice of these watches is limited, please remember Elgin has "joined up." Until victory is achieved, America's war requirements will continue to be Elgin's first concern.

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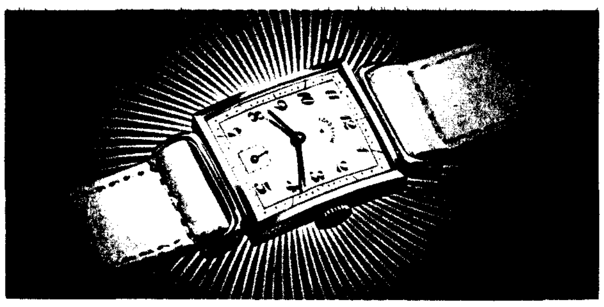
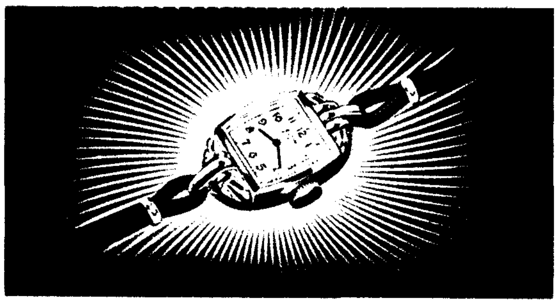
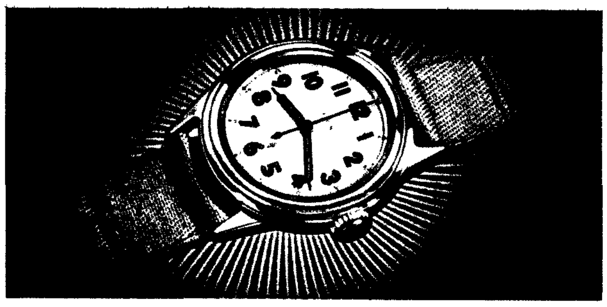


Handsome Lord Elgin of original design. 21 jewels. 14K natural gold filled case.



Distinctive, feminine Elgin De Luxe. 17 jewels. Star-timed for accuracy and faithful performance.



Marine Corps Watch. Elgin makes many types of special watches and precision devices for the armed forces.

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1942 STYLE

In the months since Pearl Harbor the railroads of the United States have carried three times as many soldiers as in the same months of the last war.

Of the 6,800 Pullman sleeping cars and 17,500 passenger coaches on the railroads today, a great part are assigned to military movements—and the armed forces have first call on all the rest.

Besides troop movements, there are those who must travel on essential war business. There are service men on furlough. There is the shortage of tires and the rationing of gasoline—all adding to the demand for space on the trains.

That demand must be met with the cars we have — other war needs make it impossible to get any more.

So please help the other fellow who *must* travel—and help yourself—and help us to get the best use out of what we have.

DON'T WASTE TRANSPORTATION. ***Plan early.*** Make reservations and buy tickets as far in advance as possible. ***Avoid week ends.*** Do your traveling in the middle of the week whenever possible. ***Travel light.*** Limit your hand baggage to actual requirements. Other baggage can be checked. ***Plans changed?*** Cancel your reservation promptly if your trip is deferred or called off. It will help the other fellow.

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ASSOCIATION OF

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mechanically actuated. First daylight showed us a point of land and we kept on our course toward it. At about 9:30 in full sunlight we saw that welcome sight—a long, shallow, sandy beach. I thanked God for land. I thanked Him for the absence of rocks which meant that after our trials we would be able to land safely.

Within a mile of the beach our sails were furled, oars got out and the boat was trimmed forward to enable her to make shore through the long cool breakers. Men were ready in the bow to leap ashore and steady the boat the moment they saw shallows beneath us, but most of the weight of men was shifted amidships and aft to give the bow greater buoyancy.

Here was the most critical moment of our entire journey—to get the boat onto the beach safely. It was possible at this moment to lose the boat and all in it. We waited for breakers and then pulled like men possessed for that gleaming yellow strip of sand. We went in beautifully, without incident. Our two bowmen, carrying painters, leaped ashore and raced to a foothold, then pulled us in.

Waiting in the shadows of the green edge of the jungle were natives—about fourteen of them—naked except for loincloths and armed with long knives, bows and arrows and a sort of hatchet made of a piece of steel lashed to a long handle. They watched us calmly, warily, as we beached the boat.

Our New Neighbors

When we were all on shore and the boat beached we tossed the natives one of the painters. They took hold and helped us to pull up the boat. Then I knew they were friendly.

We found we were many miles from nowhere and had to make camp. The natives couldn't help us; they did not speak Portuguese. We removed all our supplies from the boat. Two men were dispatched north to have a look beyond the hills that rose in that direction. They returned to report merely that there was only a stagnant lake. We used water drawn from it for cooking. Our chef prepared us a wonderful hot meal—our first in many days—consisting of chocolate and malted-milk tablets, and pemmican boiled in an ammunition can.

After luncheon Third Officer Peter Vanderlinde, a handsome young fellow from Long Island, walked inland over the hills for about an hour seeking a road through the jungle, but every path led nowhere. We saw many snakes. We were barefooted. We were about to give up when we saw a cultivated patch and found a native woman sitting there. She smiled perpetually, without shyness, but was unable to give us any information.

We returned to our beach and decided in a conference of men and officers that on the following morning two men should walk southward along the beach to establish contact with the authorities. Later in the afternoon the natives came around with chickens, peanuts, eggs and oranges. We traded pieces of sailcloth, a knife or two and pieces of bunting for food. We obtained two bananas for two matches. An old man in a red, yellow and brown striped coat came along and was introduced by his son, who spoke some Portuguese, as the local chief.

We tried to obtain information concerning the whereabouts of the nearest telephone station. The chief offered to send a man along the following morning to lead us to a telephone. He'd understood our motions indicating a telephone.

When I asked for two volunteers to go south, Mr. Vanderlinde and Steward George Kulonis offered themselves for this service. After bartering, our chef—a Spaniard—killed chickens and within an hour's time we sat down to chicken stew, corn and soft-shelled crabs which the natives showed us how to scoop up from the sand. We ate out of the tops of lubricating-oil cans. These cans, which had floated ashore, were strewn along the beach in great quantity—perhaps two or three hundred.

After our dinner we discussed the possibility of a coastwise steamer coming along. We set watches along the beach. The men had orders to light flares if a vessel were sighted. We wondered why we hadn't seen any friendly ships—armed or otherwise—or any planes, in all the time we'd been at sea.

On the following morning, July 7th, at 4 o'clock, Vanderlinde and Kulonis set out on their mission with instructions that at least one man should return. About 6:30, some thirty native men and women came again to our camp with food and we traded more junk. When we offered them paper money they refused it, and indicated they wanted silver. As there were a few coins among the men, trading was very brisk. We soon ran out of coins. We offered them dollar bills. They refused, but with much patience we were able to show them that they could obtain twenty escudos—or twenty small pieces of silver—for one bill. They took dollars thereafter.

They obtained from us, all told, twenty-two dollars but, at that, I'm afraid we got the best of the trading. For one dollar we got six chickens. Difficulties arose when one native offered two chickens, another three, and others one or two each, and each native wanted his dollar. But we managed very well. The women were shrewd bargainers and carried on all trade. The men sat on a hillock at a considerable distance and did nothing.

Swap in the Jungle

One woman carried a child on her hip, another in a bag on her back. She also had a 150-pound sack of peanuts on her head. She was the most active bargainer of all, despite her burden, and it was she who showed other women how they could pool their goods, pool their money and divide payment when they'd changed their dollars.

We passed the morning eating, bargaining and sunning ourselves. About two o'clock in the afternoon, a native male who seemed more intelligent than the others came along, and one of the seamen, Fernandez, was sent along with him to try to reach a telephone or telegraph station. Toward sundown, none of the men we had sent out to make contact with civilization had returned, and I was becoming anxious. At ten o'clock that night I was awakened and told there was a steamer in sight. We fired flares without getting a reply, and I returned to sleep.

About an hour later I was again awakened. This time it was Vanderlinde, accompanied by a tallish man in a pair of khaki trousers, leather coat and a sun helmet with the Portuguese coat of arms. He was introduced as Alphonse Calcodos Bastos, administrator of the Province of Morrumbene. He had a beard like Italo Balbo and spoke fluent English. Both he and Vanderlinde were exhausted. They'd walked at least fifteen miles through swamp and sand to reach us, and both had bleeding feet.

We gave them food, which they ate heartily. Bastos informed me he had ordered all the natives of the district to come at daybreak with food and bearers. He suggested that we make stretchers for those who couldn't walk and that we move our entire camp nearer civilization, but even while he talked he and Vanderlinde fell asleep.

I, too, went to sleep, thankful for the friendliness of Portugal and for the intelligence and eagerness of Bastos to help shipwrecked American seamen.

At dawn on July 8th the natives arrived as Bastos had planned. They brought oranges, yams and two goats. Women with babies on their backs prepared food. It was remarkable to see women bobbing about with their uncomplaining babies, moving in and out of the smoke of the fires. We had roast chicken, native style, and they were going to kill the goat but we prevailed upon them not to.

After breakfast, camp was broken and a few essentials—bread, sailcloth, what few ship's instruments we'd saved, and the personal effects of the men—were given to women to carry in bundles on their heads. We constructed litters with oars and poles to carry Vanderlinde, Bastos and myself.

Vanderlinde's exertions had swollen his feet and tied his muscles into knots, and he was unable to walk. Bastos, too, was in bad shape, and my feet were puffed from sea water and tramping about. I hated to be carried but there was nothing else to do. We left Malamba beach, a curious *safari* moving southward.

After three arduous hours, we reached the end of the beach at a point called Macachula, where we were met under a cluster of scrubby trees by a party of Portuguese officials, including one Doctor da Silva and one Senhor Ranito, who provided tins of condensed milk, sardines and bread—the most wonderful bread in the world—white, fresh and wholesome as any Mother ever made. At one-thirty, our party decamped and struck inland, Indian file, over hills, through swamps and brush, and we arrived at Pomene, where Senhor Ranito's post is located. There we found more people awaiting us with blankets, shirts, shoes. This was most touching, and it again demonstrated the extreme kindliness of these splendid Portuguese colonials and their excellent organization and administration.

They had even brought an ambulance down from the near-by town with a doctor, who, there in the jungle, dressed the cuts and blisters of the men. They had assembled all the vehicles from miles around, and we proceeded in two motorcars, an ambulance and a motorbus toward Massinga, where we arrived at five that evening.

At this little village of mud streets, native grass houses and a few wooden buildings of the white administrators, we were received like long-lost brothers. Senhor Ranito served us hot soup and coffee.

After this repast, we chatted with attractive little Senhora Ranito and her children, aged seven and nine, who clambered all over us and made much of us. It was like coming home after a long voyage, and as long as we live, none of us will ever forget the hospitality of the Ranitos and all those other people who live lonely hard-working lives in the wilds of Portuguese East Africa in the service of their country.

Back to Civilization

After a short rest, we proceeded to Morrumbene, where we arrived at the administrator's office at six-twenty. Morrumbene is a good-sized village, capital of the province of Morrumbene, and in the neat little office of Senhor Bastos we signed the ship's crew list and made our first official report of our adventure.

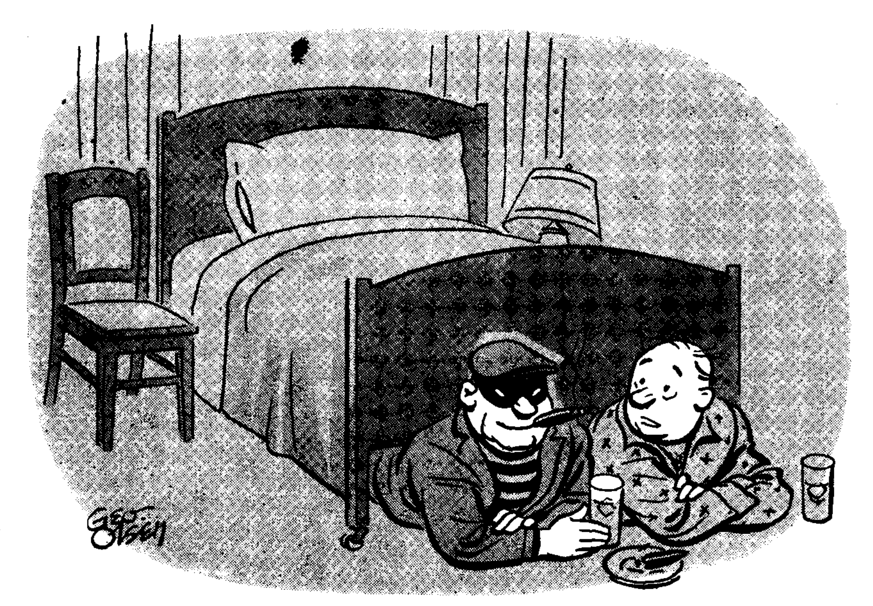
Here the administrator put us in the care of Captain João Moreina de Campos, port captain of Inhambane, which is just north of Lourenço Marques. The captain took us down toward Maixai, across an inlet from Inhambane. En route there, our motor bus collapsed, but except for this delay, we reached Maixai about midnight without incident, boarded a motor launch which awaited us, and crossed the inlet to Inhambane. There, nine men were quartered in the local hospital, fourteen aboard the Portuguese coast steamer Chinda, eighteen others in various places in the whitewashed little town.

After the men were all bedded down, I turned in myself, conscious of having passed one of the longest days of my life and saddened by thoughts of the fate of fourteen others of my crew who are still unaccounted for. It is my fervent hope that they managed to clamber aboard my ship's raft and that they've been picked up.

The steamer Inharrime arrived a few days later to fetch us to Lourenço Marques. We were sorry to leave, in a way. We've never known nor ever again hope to know such hospitality as was accorded us. In Inhambane, people of the town wouldn't accept our money, and we were accorded the treatment and privileges of kings.

We said our farewells sadly and boarded the good ship Inharrime. We were passengers with 400 native blacks bound for the Transvaal to work there in democracy's mines. I would get a ship for home in Lourenço Marques. My wife was waiting for me in West New Brighton, Staten Island.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Wasn't that the all clear?" GEO. OLSEN

Ring Twice for Laura

Continued from page 62

newspaper and come to tell you that you were dead?"

I repeated what I had told him the night before, that my radio was broken, and that the only people I had seen were the gardener and the Polish farmer from whom I had bought some corn and lettuce and fresh eggs.

Mark shook his head.

"You don't believe me," I said.

"It doesn't sound like . . . like your sort of woman. You have so many friends, your life is so full, you're always surrounded by people."

"It's when you have friends that you can afford to be lonely. When you know a lot of people, loneliness becomes a luxury. It's only when you're forced to be lonely that it's bad," I said.

Thin fingers drummed the table. I set the coffeepot upon the blue tile and my hand ached to stretch out and touch the wrist that protruded bonily from his white cuff. Mark's loneliness had not been luxury, though he did not say this aloud.

As I thought about this, lying in bed with the breakfast tray balanced on my legs, I knew I could never speak so easily to the black mustache of young Salsbury. *A hell of an alibi*, he would say, too, but it would be without the humor or tolerance that were in Mark's eyes and his voice.

BESSIE brought my poached egg. "He's a man," Bessie said abruptly. Bessie's attitudes are high Tenth Avenue; she is off the sidewalks of New York and as unrelenting as any snob that came out of Murray Hill's brick mansions.

"A man," Bessie said. "Most of them that comes here are big babies or old women. For once, even if he's a dick, you've met a man."

I bathed and dressed slowly, and said to Bessie, "I'll wear my new suit on account of claustrophobia." In spite of the rain, I had decided to leave the house, but at the door, my courage failed. So long as I made no move that showed the desire to leave, this was my home; but it needed only a word from the man at the door to make it a prison.

This is a fear which has always lived in me. I leave my doors open because I am not so frightened of intruders as of being locked in. "Bessie," I said, "I'd better stay home today. After all, the world still thinks I am dead."

My name was at that moment being shouted by hundreds of newsboys. When Bessie came from the market, she brought the papers. LAURA HUNT ALIVE! streamed across all the front pages. What, I asked myself, would tomorrow's pages scream? LAURA HUNT GUILTY?

I read that I was staying at an unnamed hotel. This was to fool the newspapermen and my friends and keep me safe from intrusion, Auntie Sue said, when she came with red roses in her hands. She had not learned about me from the newspapers but from Mark, who had awakened her that morning to bring the news.

She had brought the roses to show that she was glad that I had not died, but she could do nothing except condemn me for having loaned Diane my apartment. "I always said you would get into trouble, being so easy with people."

Mark had not told her of the later developments. She knew nothing of the cigarette case nor of Shelby's suspicions. Shelby, who had been staying at her house, had not come home last night.

Bessie said there were people coming to the door in spite of the fact that I was supposed to be hidden in an unnamed hotel. But there were now two detectives on my doorstep and the bell did not ring. I kept looking at the clock, wondering why I had not heard from Mark.

HOW TO TALK AUSTRALIAN

Like Americans, the Aussies gave up speaking English some time ago. This partial list of slang terms will give you an idea.

Abo—aborigine
Beano—big party or blowout
Blue orchids—the R.A.A.F.
Buggalug—unfortunate fellow
Buttered bun—a girl somebody else didn't want
Butcher—medium-size beer glass
Crack—not quite right
Curling the moe—everything going along at its best
Dill—stupid
Dinkum Aussie—equivalent of All-America
Fair stick—good guy
Fiddlydid—a pound note
Flanagan—half-gallon jug
Full as a goog—blotto
Goog—egg
Grouse—good
Hack—(see Sheila)
Killigan—big barrel of beer
Lanikan—hoodlum
Lurk—a racket
Mollydooker—left-handed gent
Nark—kibitzer
Plunk—new or cheap wine
Sheila—a babe
Sweet Fannie Addams—no dice
Sly grog—speak-easy
Triddlybit—threepence piece
Zack—sixpence piece

"I'm sure he can't make more than eighteen hundred a year, two thousand at the most," Auntie Sue said suddenly.

I laughed. It was psychic like Bessie suddenly saying, "He's a man."

"Some men," said Auntie Sue, "are bigger than their incomes. It's not often that you find one like that."

"From you, Auntie Sue, that's heresy."

"Once I was crazy about a grip," she said. "Of course it was impossible. I had become a star and I was young. How would it have looked to the chorus girls? Natural selection is the bunk, darling, except in jungles."

She said, "Are you in love with him, Laura?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "I've only known him . . ."

I couldn't count the hours.

She said, "You've been watching the clock and cocking your ear toward the door ever since I came. You don't hear half what I say. . . ."

"There may be other things on my mind, Auntie Sue. Certain things about this murder," I said, knowing I should have asked about Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone.

"You're preoccupied, Laura. Your mind is filled with the man." She came across the room; she touched me with her soft, boneless hand. Through the varnish, I saw a young girl's face. "Don't fight yourself too hard, Laura. Not this time. I've seen you give yourself too easily to all the wrong people; don't hold out against the right one."

That was strange advice from Auntie Sue, but in it I saw the design of her discontent. After she had gone, I sat for a long time uncomfortably on the arm of a chair, thinking.

I thought of my mother and how she had talked of a girl's giving herself too easily. "Never give yourself, Laura," she'd say, "never give yourself to a man." I must have been very young when she first said it to me, for the phrase had become deeply part of my nature. That is why I have given so much of everything else—myself I have always withheld.

I was ashamed. I kept thinking of my own life that had seemed so honest; I hid my face from daylight; I thought of the way we proud moderns have twisted and perverted love, making arguments for this and that substitute, just as I make arguments for Jix and Lady Lilith when I write advertisements. Natural selection, Auntie Sue had said, was the bunk, except in jungles.

Someone had passed the detectives at the threshold. Feet ascended to my door. I hurried to open it.

And there was Waldo.

"MILLIONS of people in the city and environs," Waldo said with envy in his voice, "are talking about Laura Hunt. Your name, witch, is sizzling on all the wires in the country."

"Do stop being childish, Waldo. I need help. You're the only person in the world I can talk to."

His eyes were small islands beyond rippling light on thick lenses. "What of Shelby?" His voice rang richly with triumph. "Isn't it his place to be at your side in the hour of trial?"

"Waldo, darling, this is a terrible and serious moment. You mustn't torture me now with your jealousy."

"Jealousy." He hurled the word like a weapon. "Oughtn't you be more tolerant of jealousy, my sweet?"

We were strangers. A wall had risen between us. Waldo's jealousy had been there long before Shelby's time. Waldo had been clever and cruel at the expense of other attractive men. I had been wickedly amused and proud that my charms had roused passion in this curiously unimpassioned creature. What a siren I had thought myself, Laura Hunt, to have won the love of a man born without the capacity for loving.

People used to remark, to tease, to raise questioning eyebrows when they spoke of Waldo's devotion, but I had smugly enjoyed my position. The solid quality of our friendship had been, from my side, founded on respect for his learning and joy in the gay acrobatics of his mind.

He caught my two hands, sought my eyes, said, "I love your jealousy, Laura. You were magnificent when you assaulted her."

I jerked my hands free. "Waldo, what would you think if I were accused of the murder?"

"My dear child!"

"I have no alibi, Waldo, and there's a gun up at my place in the country. He went there last night, I'm sure. I'm frightened, Waldo."

"What are you trying to tell me, Laura?"

I told him about the cigarette case, the Bourbon bottle, about my lies and Shelby's lies, and of Shelby's saying before Mark that he had lied to protect me. "Shelby was here with Diane that night, you know. He says he knew when the gun was fired that I had come back."

Sweat shone on Waldo's upper lip and on his forehead. He had taken off his glasses and was staring at me.

"There is one thing you haven't told me, Laura."

"But, Waldo, you don't believe . . ."

"Did you, Laura?"

NEWSBOYS filled the streets with gutturals whose syllable formed my name. The colors of the day were fading. The rain was thin and chill.

"Laura!"

His naked eyes, conical in shape and gleaming with white light, were hard upon my face. I shrank from that strained scrutiny, but his eyes hypnotized me so that I could neither turn away nor lower my eyelids.

A far-off church clock struck five. This is the way one waits, I thought, for the doctor when he is coming to say that the sickness is fatal.

"You're thinking of that detective, you're waiting for him to come and arrest you! You want him to come, don't you?"

I was caught by his hands, pinioned by his eyes.

"You're in love with him, Laura. I saw it yesterday. You looked away from us, you shrank from your old friends, Shelby and I, we had ceased to matter. Your eyes were on him all the time, you fluttered like a moth, you rolled your eyes and smirked like a schoolgirl."

His damp hands increased their cold pressure.

My voice, small and weak, denied his charges. He laughed.

"Don't lie, woman. I've got the eye of a fluoroscope. I perceive now the strange quiverings of the female heart. How romantic!" He shouted the word hideously. "The detective and the lady. Have you given yourself yet, has he won your confession?"

I pulled away. "Please don't talk like that, Waldo. We've only known each other since Wednesday night."

"He works fast."

"Do, do be serious, Waldo. I need help so badly."

"This, my pet, is the most serious and important help that I can give you. To put you on your guard against the most dangerous man you've ever known."

"That's ridiculous. Mark's done nothing."

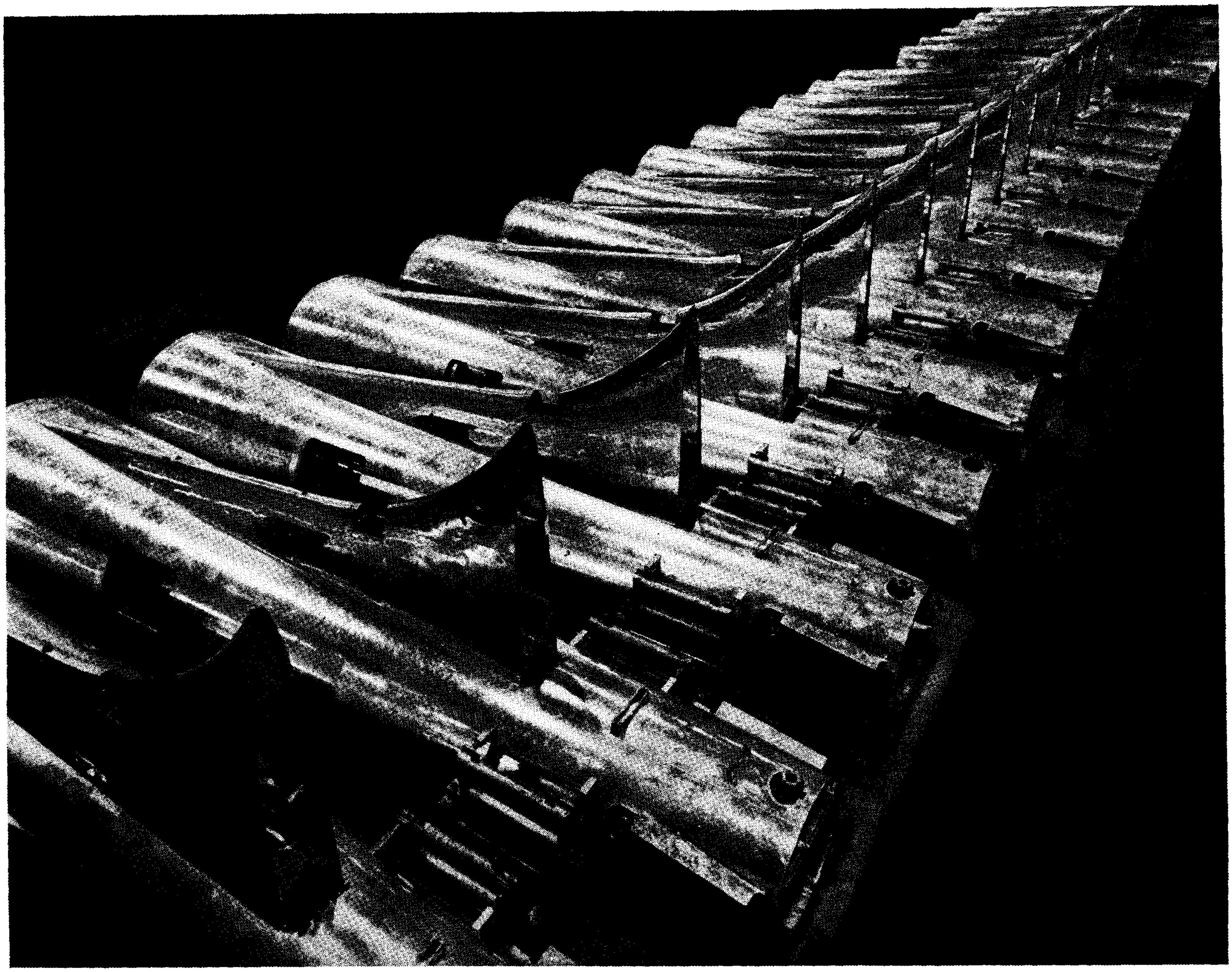
"Nothing, darling, except win your heart. He's engaged your warm and ready affection for the honor and glory of the detective bureau."

"That's what Shelby said. He said that Mark was trying to make me confess."

"For once Shelby and I agree."

I went to the couch and sat on the edge, hugging a pillow. Rough linen scratched my cheek. Waldo came toward me gently and offered his scented handkerchief. Then I giggled and said, "When there's a crisis, I can never find my handkerchief."

"Depend upon me, child, I shan't de-



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sert you. Let them accuse you, we'll fight them." He stood above me, his legs spread apart, his head high, his hand thrust in his coat like Napoleon in the picture. "I've every weapon, money, connections, prestige, my column, Laura. From this day forth, every day, eighty syndicated essays will be devoted to the cause of Laura Hunt."

"Please, Waldo," I begged. "Please tell me. Do you believe me guilty, too?"

He held my hand between cold perspiring palms. Softly, as if I were a sick, fractious child, he said, "Why should I care whether you're guilty or not guilty as long as I love you, my dear?"

It was unreal, it was a scene from a Victorian novel. I sat with my hand locked in his hands, a frail creature, possessed, like a gentle, fading, troubled woman of long ago. And he, by contrast, had grown to new proportions: he was strong and masterful, the protector.

"Do you think I'd condemn you for it, Laura? Or even blame you? On the contrary," he pressed my hand, "on the contrary, I adore you as I've never adored you before. You shall be my heroine, Laura, my greatest creation; millions will read about you, will love you. I'll make you greater," the words rolled on his tongue, "than Lizzie Borden."

He said it mischievously as if he had been asked in some parlor game, "What would you do if Laura were accused of murder?"

"Please," I begged him, "please be serious."

"Serious!" he caught my word and tossed it back, mocking me. "You've read enough of Waldo Lydecker to know how seriously I regard murder. It is," he said, "my favorite crime."

I leaped up, jerked my hand away, I put the room between us.

"Come back, my precious. You must rest. You're very nervous. And no wonder, darling, with those vultures feeding on you. Shelby with his precious gallantry, the other one, that detective fellow scheming to raise himself to front-page glory—they would destroy your self-esteem and corrupt the courage of your passion."

"Then you do believe me guilty?"

Phosphorescent light gave green tints to Waldo's skin. I felt that my face, too, must reflect the sickly tint of fear. With an almost surreptitious movement, I pulled the cord of the lamp. Out of shadows my room grew real. I saw familiar shapes and the solidity of furniture. On the table, red against the pale wall, were Auntie Sue's roses. I pulled one from the vase, touched the cool petals to my cheek.

"Say it, Waldo. You believe me guilty."

"I adore you for it. I see before me a great woman. We live in an unreal, weak world, you and I. Among us, there are few souls strong enough for violence. Violence," he spoke it like a love-word; his voice was the voice of a lover on a pillow, "violence gives conviction to passion, my loveliest love. You are not dead, Laura, you are a violent, living, bloodthirsty woman."

Red petals lay scattered at my feet on the figured rug. My hands, cold and nervous, pulled the last petal from the rose.

THIS is no way to write the story. I should be simple and coherent, listing fact after fact, giving order to the chaos of my mind. When they ask me, "Did you return on Friday night to kill her, Laura?" I shall answer, "He hasn't the face of a man who would lie and flirt to get a confession," and when they ask me about ringing the bell and waiting at the door for her to come and be killed, I shall tell them that I wish, more than anything in the world, that I had met him before this happened.

"That's how my mind is now. Now that Shelby has turned against me, and Mark has shown the nature of his trickery, I am afraid of facts in orderly sequence.

Shelby's treachery was served to us with dinner, accompanied by the raspings and groanings of rainy-weather static. I could not pretend to eat, my leaden hands refused to lift the fork, but Waldo ate as greedily as he listened to every morsel of news.

SHELBY had gone to the police and sworn to the truth of his having been in the apartment with Diane on Friday night. He had told them, as he told me, how the doorbell rang and how Diane had clattered across the room in my silver mules, and how she had been shot when she opened my front door. Shelby said that Diane had summoned him to the apartment because she was afraid of violence. Diane had been threatened, Shelby said, and although he had not liked the idea of seeing her in Laura's house, she had wept and begged so pitifully that he could not deny her.

Shelby's attorney was N. T. Salsbury, Jr. He explained that Shelby had not confessed earlier because he was shielding someone. The name of the suspect was not included in the broadcasts. Deputy Commissioner Preble had refused to tell reporters whether or not the police knew whom Shelby was shielding. Shelby's confession had turned him into a witness for the state. This, Waldo told me, might absolve him of guilt in withholding information.

In every broadcast Deputy Commissioner Preble's name was mentioned three times a minute. Mark's name was not used at all.

"Poor McPherson," Waldo said as he dropped two saccharine pills into his coffee cup; "between Shelby and the deputy commissioner, he's been crowded out of the limelight."

I left the table.

Waldo followed me to the couch again, the coffee cup in his hands.

"He's not that sort at all," I said. "Mark isn't like that, he'd never sacrifice anyone . . . anyone for the sake of notoriety and his own career."

"You poor dear child," Waldo said. The coffee cup rang against the wood of the table, and Waldo's free hands reached again for my hand.

"He's playing a game, Laura, the fellow's devilishly clever. Preble is enjoying his little victory now, but the plum in this pudding will be pulled out by our own little Jack Horner. Heed my warning, sweet. He's after you."

The shadow of hysteria returned. I pulled my hand away, stretched on the couch, closed my eyes and shivered.

"You're cold," Waldo said and went into the bedroom to fetch my afghan. He spread it over my legs, smoothing out the wrinkled surface, tucking it under my feet, and then standing above the couch again, content and possessive.

"I must protect my sweet child."

"I can't believe he's only been trying to get a confession. Mark liked me. And he's sincere," I said.

"I know him better than you do, Laura."

"That's what you think," I said.

"I've dined with the fellow practically every night since this affair began, Laura. He's courted me strangely, why I cannot say, but I've had a rare chance to observe his nature and his methods."

"Then he must be interesting," I said. "In all the years I've known you, I've never seen you dine with a dull person."

"My dear babe, you must always justify your bad taste, mustn't you?" Waldo laughed. "What a die-hard you are, once you're interested in a man. Very well, if it will please you, I'll plead guilty to a certain shabby interest in the fellow. I must confess though, that my curiosity was roused by observation of the blossoming of his love for you."

"For me!"

"Don't sing so high, sweet canary. You were dead. There was dignity in that frustrate passion. He could make no use of you, he could destroy you no further, you were unattainable and thus desirable beyond all desire."

"How you twist things, Waldo. You don't understand Mark. There's something about him," I insisted, "something that's alive. If he'd been wallowing in frustrated romance, he'd never have been so glad when I came back."

"Trickery."

"You and your words," I said. "You always have words, but they don't always tell meanings."

"The man's a Scot, child, as parsimonious with emotion as with shillings. Have you ever analyzed that particular form of romanticism which burgeons on the dead, the lost, the doomed—Mary of the Wild Moor and Sweet Alice with Hair so Brown? The heroines of such men are always dead or tubercular—death is the leitmotiv of all their love songs. A most convenient rationale for the thriftiness of their passion toward living females. Mark's future unrolls as upon a screen." Waldo's plump hand unrolled the future. "I see him now, romanticizing frustration, asking poor cheated females to sigh with him over the dead love."

"But he was glad—glad when I came alive. There was a special quality about his gladness as if . . . as if he'd been waiting for me."

"Ah!" said Waldo. "When you came alive!" His voice bubbled. "When Laura became reality within his grasp, the other side of sentiment was revealed. The basic parsimony, the need to make profit of the living Laura."

"You mean that all of his kindness and sincerity were tricks to get a confession? That's silly," I said.

"Had he merely been trying to get a confession, the thing would have been simple. But consider the contradiction in the case. Compensation as well as confession, Laura. You had become reality, you came within the man's reach—a woman of your sort, cultivated, fastidious, clearly his superior, he was seized with the need to possess you. Possess and revenge and destroy."

HE HAD seated himself on the couch, balancing his fat buttocks on the edge, holding my hand for support.

"Do you know Mark's words for women? Dolls. Dames." His tongue clicked out the words like a telegraph instrument clattering out the dots and dashes of a code. "What further evidence do you need of a man's vulgarity and insolence? There's a doll in Washington Heights who got a fox fur out of him, got it out, my dear, his very words."

"I don't believe a word."

"Remember the catalogue of your suitors, darling. Consider the past," Waldo said. "Your defense is always so earnest; you blush in that same delightful way and rebuke me for intolerance."

I saw shadows on the carpet. A procession passed through my mind of those friends and lovers whose manliness had dwindled as Waldo's critical sense showed me their weaknesses. I remembered his laughter, fatherly and indulgent, the first time he had taken me to the theater and I had admired a handsome actor's bad performance.

"I hope it's not too tactless of me to mention the name of Shelby Carpenter. How much abuse I've endured because I failed to discern the manliness, the integrity, the hidden strength of that gallant gentleman. I humored you, I allowed you to enjoy self-deceit because I knew you'd ultimately find out for yourself. And look, today." He spread

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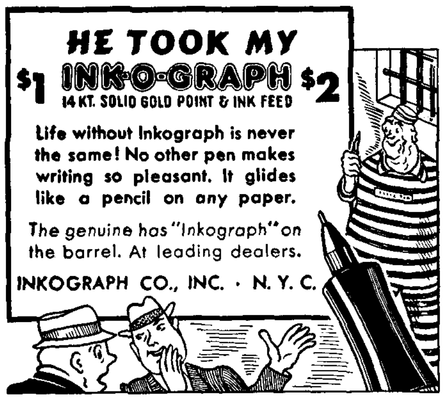
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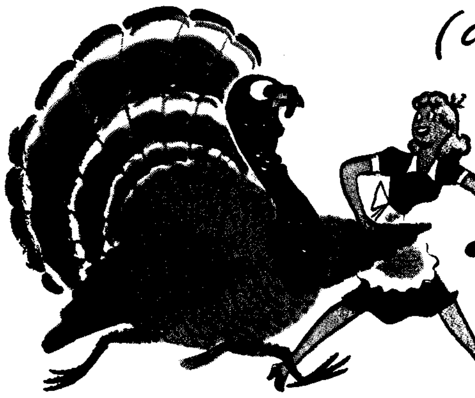

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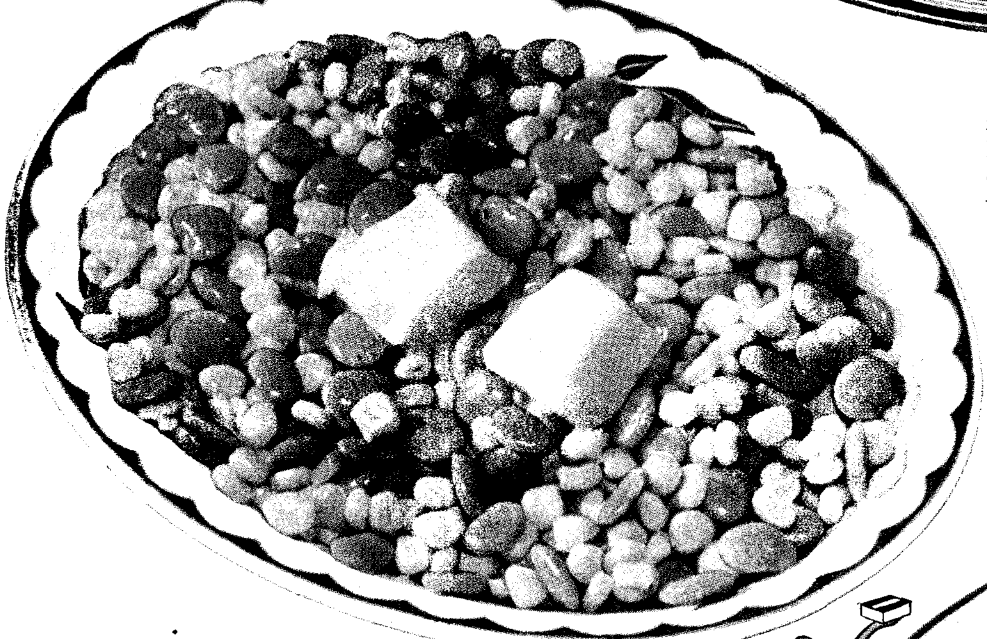

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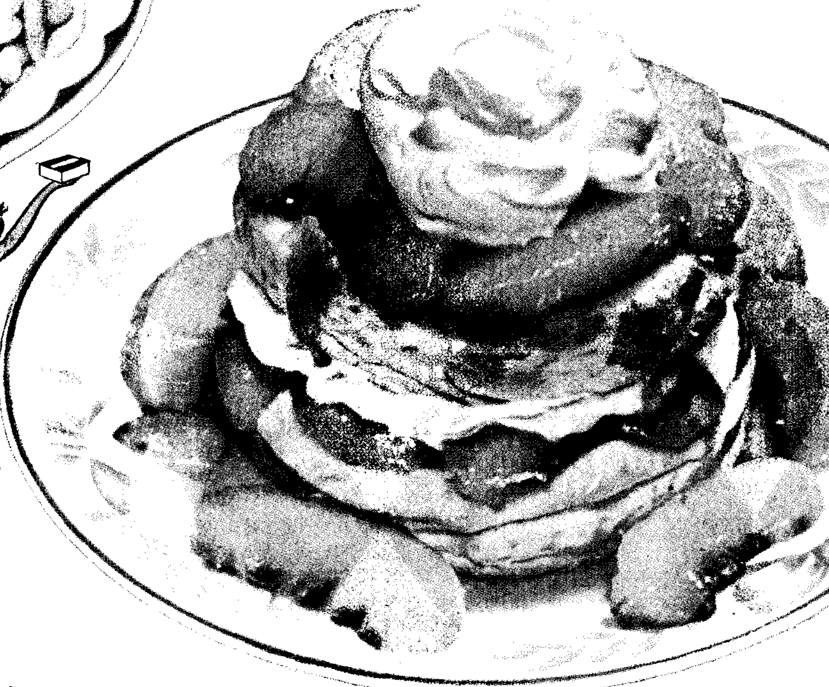

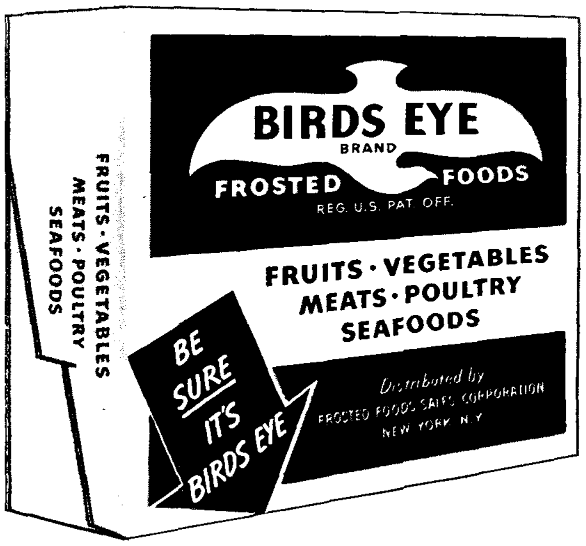
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his hands in a gesture that included the rueful present.

"Mark's a man," I said defiantly.

Waldo's pale eyes took color, on his forehead the veins rose fat and blue, the waxen color of his skin deepened to an umber flush. He tried to laugh. Each note was separate and painful. "Always the same pattern, isn't it? A lean, long frame is the measure of masculinity. A chiseled profile indicates a delicate nature. Let him be tall and lithe and you clothe him in the garments of Romeo, Superman and Jupiter disguised as a bull.

"To say nothing," he added, after a moment's dreadful silence, "of the Marquis de Sade. That need is in your nature, too."

"You can't hurt me," I said. "No man's ever going to hurt me again."

"I'm not speaking of myself," Waldo said reproachfully. "We were discussing your frustrated friend."

"But you're mad," I said. "He's not frustrated. He's a strong man, he's not afraid."

Waldo smiled as if he were bestowing some rare confidence. "That incurable female optimism has, I dare say, blinded you to the fellow's most distinguishing defect. He guards it zealously, but watch the next time you see him. When you observe that wary, tortured gait, you'll remember Waldo's warnings."

"I don't understand you," I said. "You're making things up." I heard my voice as something outside of me, shrill and ugly, the voice of a sullen schoolgirl. Auntie Sue's red roses threw purple shadows on the green wall. There were calla lilies and water lilies in the design of the chintz curtains. I thought of colors and fabrics and names because I was trying to turn my mind from Waldo and his warnings.

"A man who distrusts his body, my love, seeks weakness and impotence in every other living creature. Beware, my dear. He'll find your weakness and there plant his seeds of destruction."

I felt sorry for myself, I had become disappointed in people and in living. I closed my eyes, I sought darkness, I felt my blood chill and my bones soften.

"You'll be hurt, Laura, because the need for pain is part of your nature. You'll be hurt because you're a woman who's attracted by a man's strength and held by his weakness."

WHETHER he knew it or not, this was the very history of our relationship, mine and Waldo's. In the beginning it had been the steely strength of his mind, but the ripeness of my affection had grown with my knowledge of his childlike uncertain heart. It was not a lover that Waldo needed but love itself. With him I had learned to be patient and careful as a woman is patient and careful with a sickly, sensitive child.

"The mother," Waldo said slowly, "the mother is always destroyed by her young."

I pulled my hand away quickly, I rose, I put the room between us, I retreated from lamplight and stood shivering in shadows.

Waldo spoke softly, a man speaking to shadows. "A clean blow," Waldo said, "a clean blow destroys quickly and without pain." His hands, it seems as I grope for clear recollection, were showing the precise shape of destruction.

He came toward me and I shrank deeper into the corner. This was strange. I had never felt anything but respect and tenderness for this brilliant, unhappy friend. And I made myself think of Waldo dutifully; I thought of the years we had known each other and of his kindness. I felt sick within myself, ashamed of hysteria and weak shrinking. I made myself stand firm, I did not pull away, I accepted the embrace as women accept the caresses of men they dare not hurt. I did not yield, I submitted. I did not soften, I endured.

"You are mine," he said. "My love and my own."

Dimly, beyond his murmuring, I heard footsteps. Waldo's lips were pressed against my hair, his voice buzzed in my ears. Then there were three raps at the door, the grating of the key in the lock, and his embrace relaxed.

Mark had climbed the stairs slowly, he was slow to open the door. I backed away from Waldo, I straightened my dress, pulled at my sleeves, and as I sat down, jerked my skirt over my knees.

"He enters with a latchkey," Waldo said.

"The doorbell was the murderer's signal," Mark said. "I don't like to remind her."

"The manners of the executioner are known to be excellent," Waldo said. "It was thoughtful of you to knock."

Waldo's warning had posted signals in my mind. Seeing Mark with his eyes, I became aware of the taut, vigilant erectness of his shoulders, the careful balance, the wary gait. It was not so much the quality of movement as the look on his face that told me Waldo had been right in saying that Mark guarded himself. He caught my curiosity and threw back a challenge as if he were saying that he could match scrutiny with scrutiny and, as mercilessly, expose my most cherished weakness.

Seating himself in the long chair, his thin hands gripping the arms, he seemed to relax watchfulness. Tired, I thought, and noticed the hint of purple in the shadows of the deep-set eyes, the tension of flesh across narrow cheekbones. Then, quickly, hailing into my mind the scarlet caution signal, I banished quick and foolish tenderness. Dolls and dames, I said to myself; we're all dolls and dames to him.

He said, "I want to talk to you, Laura," and looked at Waldo as if to say that I must get rid of the intruder.

Waldo had grown roots in the couch. Mark settled himself in the long chair, took out his pipe, gave notice of endurance.

Bessie slammed the kitchen door and shouted good night. One of them in Washington Heights had got a fox fur out of him, I told myself, and I wondered how much it had cost him in pride and effort. Then I faced him boldly and asked, "Have you come to arrest me?"

Waldo swayed toward me. "Careful, Laura, anything you say to him can be used against you."

"How gallantly your friends protect you," Mark said. "Didn't Shelby warn you of the same thing last night?"

I stiffened at the sound of Shelby's name. Mark might be laughing at me, too, for having trusted a weak man. I said boldly, "Well, what did you come here for? Have you been to Wilton? What did you find at my place?"

"Sh-sh," cautioned Waldo.

"I don't see how it can hurt if I ask where he's been," I argued.

"You told me that you knew nothing of the murder, that you bought no newspapers and that the radio at your cottage was out of order. Isn't that what you told me, Laura?"

"Yes," I said.

"The first thing I discovered is that your radio works perfectly."

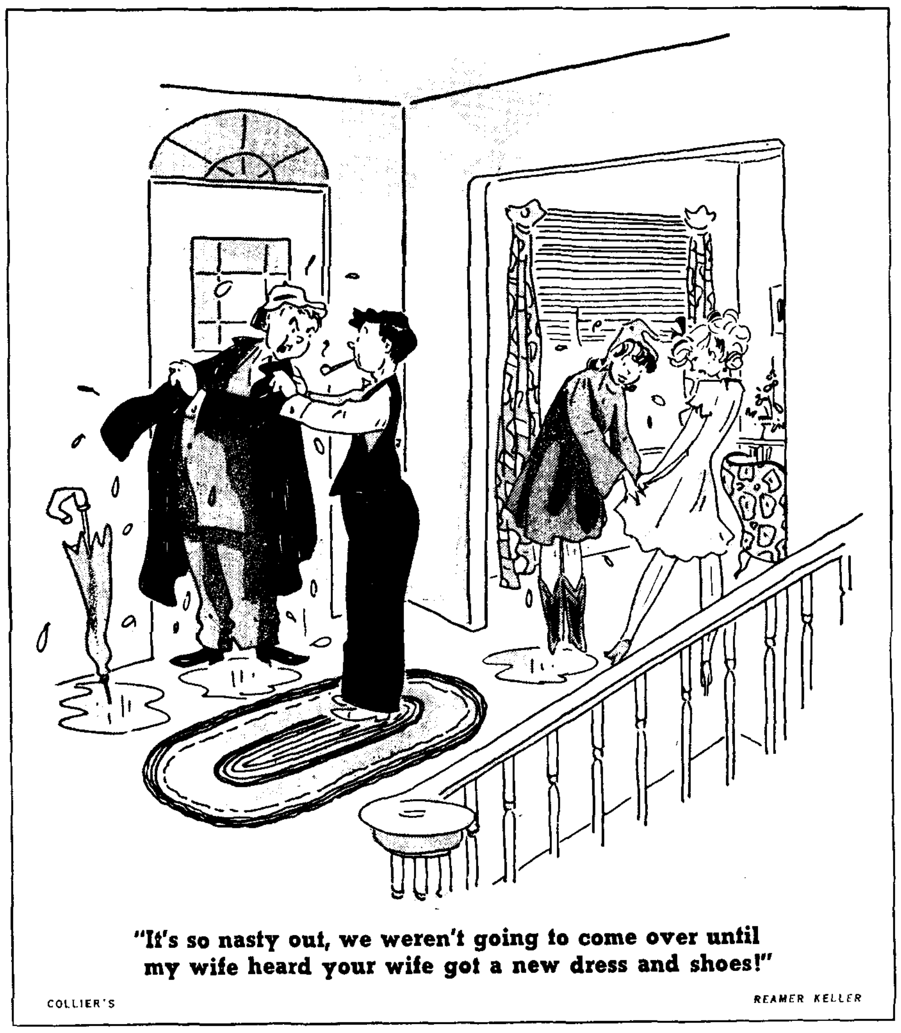
MY CHEEKS burned. "But it didn't work then. Honestly. They must have fixed it. I told the boys at the electric shop near the railroad station in Norwalk to go up there and fix it. Before I caught my train I stopped and told them. They've got my key, that will prove it."

I had become so nervous that I ached to tear, to break, to scream aloud. Mark's deliberate hesitancy was aimed, I felt, at torturing the scene to hysterical climax. He told of checking on my actions since my alleged (that was his word) arrival in Wilton on Friday night, and of finding nothing better than the flimsy alibi I had given.

I started to speak but Waldo signaled with a finger on his lips.

"Nothing I discovered up there," Mark said, "mitigates the case against you."

(To be concluded next week)



"It's so nasty out, we weren't going to come over until my wife heard your wife got a new dress and shoes!"

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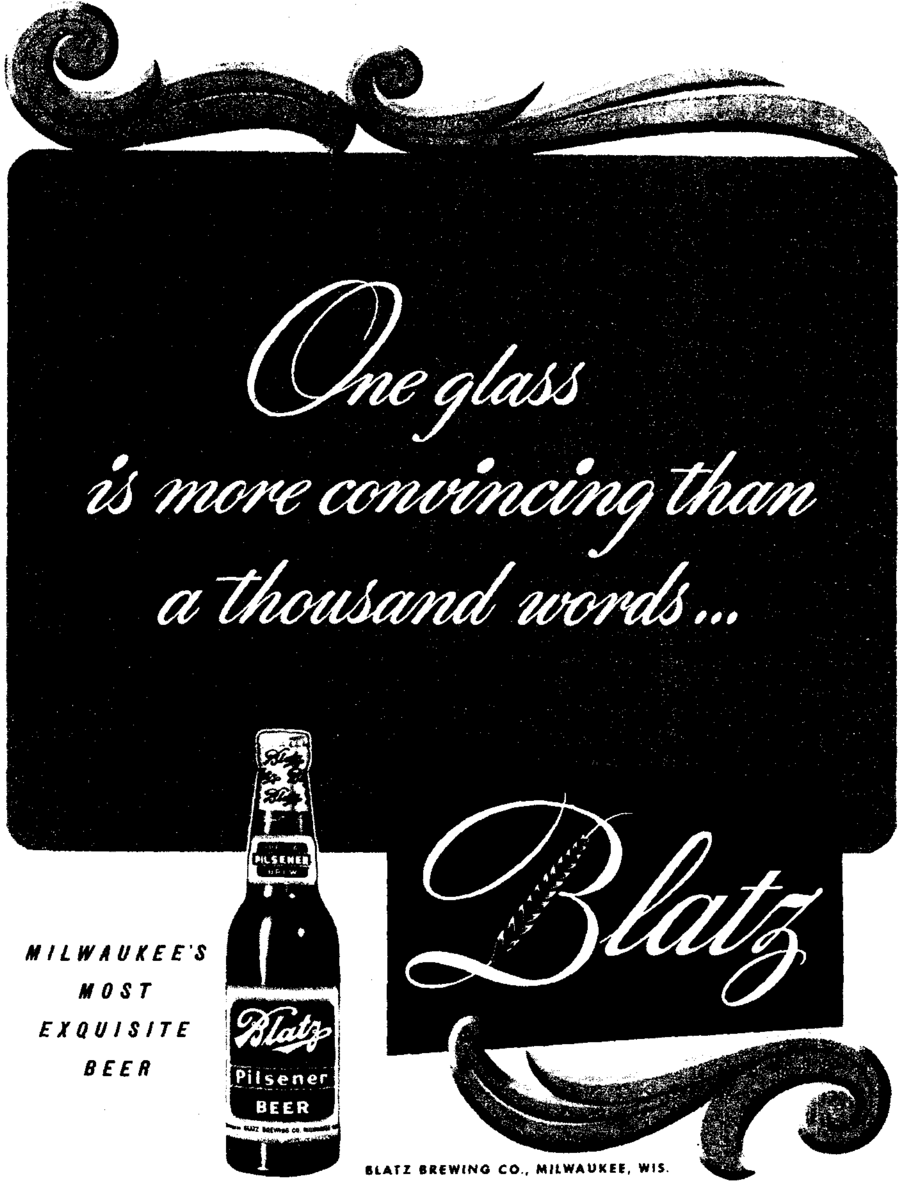

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Buy War Bonds

Not-So-Simple Simons

Continued from page 61

his father. This however is theory, not practice. The walls of Big Monk's locker room are covered with such inspiring messages as "Don't Be A Quitter!" "The Newspapers Say We Can't Lick L.S.U.!" and "Use the Foot Bath to Avoid Athlete's Foot!" This is territory upon which Little Monk enters with an extremely respectful tread. The coach has been known to wait in line for a rubdown rather than incur his father's wrath by rushing to the fore.

"It's good for him," says Big Monk, with a knowing grin. "Keeps the big lug respectful."

The old man keeps a wary eye on his son's activities at all times and is not averse to rushing out onto the field to bawl him out for some oversight in fundamental single wing back tactics.

The Mysterious Squirrel Cage

Most of the time, Little Monk needs no reliance on his father or anyone else for coaching knowledge. He is one of the country's most brilliant exponents of the Minnesota shift, which is a modern, streamlined version of the hallowed Warner system. Little Monk has a bewildering variety of plays, whereby he shakes pile-driving power plays loose from either a single or double wing back formation. His squirrel-cage formation is one of the darnedest things opposing coaches have ever seen. It is always a great mystery to them, while Little Monk's backfield is scrambling around, whether their team is going to be hit with Tulane's wing back, tail back, No. 1 back—or all three.

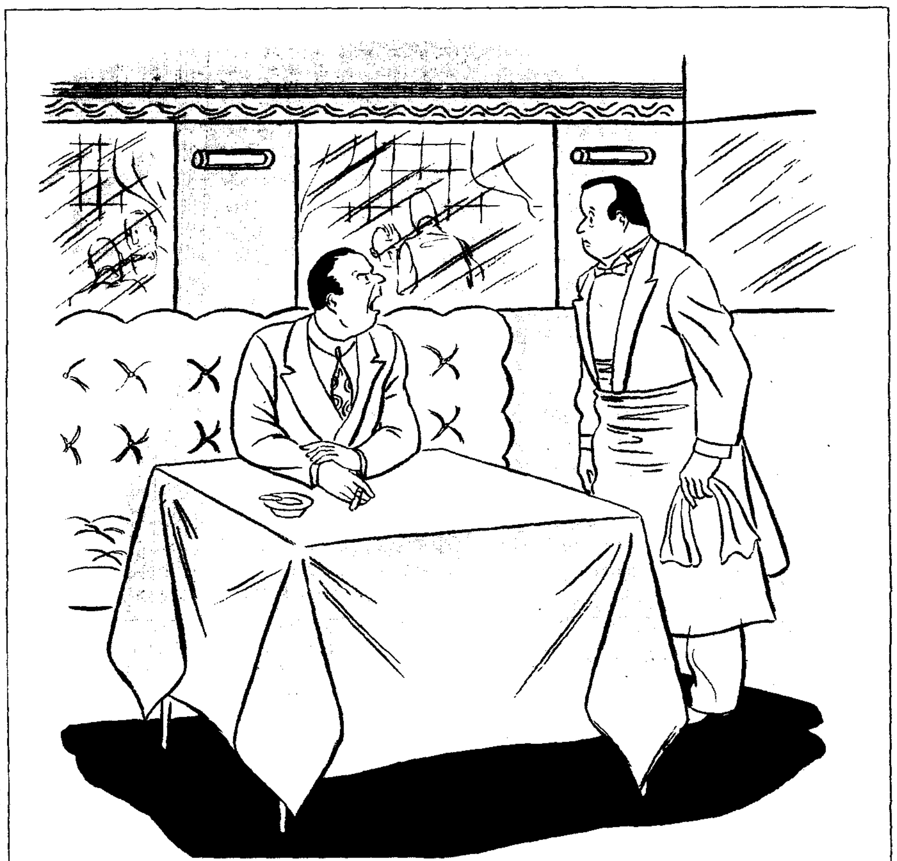
The Monk athletic dynasty at Tulane was born, bred and raised right in the city of New Orleans. The continuation of the dynasty was assured recently when Little Monk's three-year-old son, Claude Simons III, was nicknamed "Chipmonk" in a mass ceremony by members of the Tulane student body. Big Monk, the grandfather, was born *fifty-six* years ago, within screaming distance of New Orleans' famous Canal Street. Almost immediately thereafter, he began breaking sprint records around Audubon Park in minor altercations with invading youngsters from the French Quarter. This culminated in a track career which was admittedly outstanding in the early years of the century.

In 1909, Big Monk won the Southern A.A.U. 100-yard championship at Birmingham in 10 seconds flat. This record stood intact for a good many years. "The only reason it wasn't broken sooner," appends Big Monk modestly, "is that I treated all visiting athletes to a wonderful New Orleans sea-food dinner a night or so before every championship meet."

At Tulane, as an aside to his training duties, Big Monk coached practically every major sport on the Green Wave's agenda. He became the trouble shooter of the coaching staff. Whenever a vacancy occurred in baseball, track, boxing or basketball, Big Monk was thrown into the breach and he usually managed to turn out a championship team. His basketball teams of the early 1920s stand as the greatest in Tulane history.

Little Monk was five years old when his father, Big Monk, came to Tulane in 1919. His childhood, accordingly, was a very unusual one, immersed in the smell of wintergreen liniment and kindred athletic odors. In fact, Little Monk proved to be a very difficult child on the Tulane campus. Ordinary childish games, such as Cowboys and Indians and Murder the Cop, were classified by him as sissy stuff.

The ten-year-old youngster's idea of a good time was to sneak unobserved into the midst of a varsity scrimmage, or to get the varsity pitcher to throw a few in to him in batting practice. Little Monk sat on the bench at all Tulane contests. When punished by his charming and patient mother (known universally as Anna down at Tulane), Little Monk developed the alarming habit of scaling the 25-foot wall of Tulane Stadium.



"Surprise me with something, will you? I get so sick of planning meals"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

By gradual stages, Little Monk grew up into an extremely large adult, more or less astounding his average-size father and mother. At Isadore Newman High School, the youngster who at 193 pounds was definitely big for his seventeen years, made a shambles of all existing records in football, basketball, baseball and track. When he entered Tulane as a freshman, under the watchful eye of Big Monk, he soon became the greatest all-round athlete in the history of the school.

As a sophomore, Little Monk won varsity letters in all four of his favorite sports. By the time he was a senior, he was regarded by Tulanians as in the same category with Hercules, Richard the Lionhearted and Gargantua. He threw the javelin over 190 feet, ran a 50-second anchor leg on the mile relay team, and knocked off an occasional ten-second hundred-yard dash. He was high scorer on the basketball team. In baseball he caused a three-year shortage in the supply department by knocking an incredible number of balls over Southeastern Conference fences.

A Southern Football Classic

But all this was small potatoes. It was in football that Little Monk really shone. In 1933, his punting and passing and his stamina raised him to the ranks of the great Southern backs. In 1934, he became one of the most brilliant punters the game has ever known. Ralph Kercheval, late of the University of Kentucky and the Brooklyn Dodgers, is generally looked upon as the peak of punting perfection. His meeting with Little Monk in the Kentucky-Tulane game of 1933 ranks as one of the classics of Southern football.

For most of the game, Kercheval was getting off beautiful spiral punts of fifty or sixty yards. Little Monk in the meantime was busying himself with running and passing Tulane to a 34-0 lead. The crowd however was all with Kercheval. Every time he punted, terrific "Oh's" and "Ah's" went up from the stands. Every time Monk got off a long pass or run, there were murmurs of pity for Kercheval's great losing game. Little Monk simply didn't have to kick. Tulane had possession of the ball nine tenths of the time.

Finally, after a Kercheval fifty-five yarder, Little Monk looked up at the cheering crowd. "What kind of garbage is this?" he said to Bucky Bryan who was calling signals. "Give me the ball on the next play."

The ball was snapped to Little Monk on the next play. Back went his foot, and down the field went the ball. It was one of the most tremendous punts ever seen in the Southeastern Conference. The mighty boot measured no less than seventy-one yards on the fly. As the ball sailed over Kercheval's head, blank dejection settled on the crowd.

"*Mmm*-mm," said Bryan as he looked around jammed Stoll Field, "I never saw so many people shut up so fast in my life."

In 1934, not a game went by without Little Monk bulling his way through for a score. In the inaugural Sugar Bowl game on New Year's Day 1935, Tulane was trailing Temple 14-7 in the second quarter. Little Monk pulled the game out of the fire by running back a kickoff through the entire Temple team for a touchdown. The final score was 20-14.

In the Georgia game, Tulane was trailing 6-0. Little Monk feinted three runs to the right, cutting to the outside each time. On fourth down, he ran to the right again, but this time cut back to his left. This bit of strategy so befuddled the Georgia defense that Little Monk romped 65 yards without a finger being laid on him. Tulane won 7-6.

Against hated Louisiana State that same year, Tulane was again behind. The score was 12-7 with two and a half minutes to play, and Huey Long was already beginning to head up the victory celebration on the field. Then it happened. L.S.U. punted. Bucky Bryan took the ball and lateraled to Little Monk. Little Monk then nonchalantly galloped 45 yards for a score. A moment later the game ended with Tulane ahead 13-12. The final play saw Little Monk zoom a perfect pass just past the top of Huey Long's indignant noggin.

"That," says Little Monk rapturously, "was the most soul-satisfying moment of my life."

Even before he graduated from Tulane, the Philadelphia Athletics were trying desperately to secure Little Monk for their own exclusive baseball use. He was also deluged with pro football contracts and college coaching offers from all parts of the country. Among these was an offer to become head coach at Transylvania College.

"Hmm," said Big Monk and Little Monk in unison as they perused this offer. "Not bad for a twenty-one-year-old kid." And they signed the contract.

At Transylvania, however, the people had different ideas. The team was made up of 29- and 30-year-olds, most of whom had been knocking around Southern football for a decade or so. Their feelings in the matter were aptly summed up by a tackle from Brooklyn who said, "Why, that little stinker!"

But Little Monk soon won over an unfriendly student body and a belligerent football squad. He showed up in football harness and, by the simple expedient of vigorously knocking every man on his back at some point during practice, he gained the grudging respect of Transylvania. The tackle from Brooklyn was heard to murmur, "That stinker can really play ball."

In 1938, Little Monk came back to Tulane as assistant freshman football coach. Big Monk was, of course, glad to see him. When Glenn Seidel quit coaching, Little Monk became Red Dawson's backfield coach. When Dawson left to go to Minnesota last winter, any choice for the Tulane head-coaching job other than Little Monk would have resulted in a minor revolution among the citizenry of Louisiana.

One Reason for Popularity

Today, Little Monk lives with his wife Jeanne and three-year-old Chipmonk in a modest little home in New Orleans. Jeanne, who used to gaze at him with enraptured admiration when he was scaling the wall of Tulane Stadium, still does so when he comes home with a black eye sustained in a rough practice session. She is his greatest soothing influence and is one of the big reasons for Little Monk's popularity.

Lately, Little Monk has been worrying about such fundamental questions as whether or not he is going to have a team to put on the field from one Saturday to the next. His team looked terrific when he took over last winter. But before spring practice began he had lost ten men to the Armed Forces, including Bill Hornick, Gordon English and Roman Bentz. Since then, the players have been dropping away like flies.

Little Monk has his *own* way of digging up replacements. Recently, in the midst of a scrimmage, a fourth-string end tackled Little Monk so hard that the coach's teeth were shaken loose.

"Take that man's name," barked Little Monk to his manager, on regaining the power of speech, "and put him on the training table—starting tonight!"

Two weeks later, the unknown end was playing a bang-up game on the first team.

THE END

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ORDER OF RELEASE

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

When Ann reached her hotel, it wasn't so staggering to find Rick. Perhaps because his face was grimed, he didn't kiss her; he took her arm and grinned. "Fancy meeting you here, Mrs. Thornton"

SHE awoke violently. Every night, almost at the same time, she awoke like that, with her heart thumping. She turned her head cautiously and looked at Rick asleep in the next bed.

A reflection from a light across the street rested on his face. He looked awfully young when he was asleep—not much older than the first time when she'd danced with him at the high-school prom. Talk about love at first sight. Ann and Rick Thornton knew about it. They'd never had a doubt. They hadn't even discussed what they were going to do. They knew. They would belong to each other for as long as they lived.

It had been tough sledding. They'd had to work hard and wait. Ann's job on a newspaper took her all over the country. But at last they'd won out. It wasn't right that people who'd worked so hard for happiness should have it taken from them—should be made so desperately afraid.

She saw now that Rick was awake too.

"Rick—"

He turned to her. "Please don't worry, Ann. I can't sleep if you worry. I gotta sleep—"

"I can't help it. I try. But I can't—"

"When you scare so, it scares me too."

But he didn't tell her how badly. It was a queer business. He'd always wanted to fly. He had a knack for it, too. He'd got his wings ahead of all the men in his outfit. All the same, the first time he'd been up alone he'd panicked—nearly ditched himself. It was as though Ann had put her hand over his, on the controls, and it had been shaking and cold, as it was now.

"Rick—"

"Yes—"

"You're married. Maybe—if you tried for it they'd give you a ground job—"

He said, "Maybe. But I'm not trying—"

The first time he'd ferried a bomber over, the thing had got him again. He'd known, all through those black night hours that Ann was awake too and shivering. He'd had a job to hold onto himself. He'd thought, "Gosh, I'm yellow. That's what I am—yellow." He'd hated himself.

Her hand slid away from his. "All right," she said. But her voice was bitter. "I won't care so much either. I'll go to sleep—"

But she didn't. She lay there tense and very still, thinking. She thought how she'd given up a job to make a home for them both. Her boss had said she was a fool, throwing up a big career. He'd been right. During Rick's last leave when he had said goodby they'd had a sort of quarrel. She'd run after him, and right there in the middle of the street, they'd clung to each other.

They were quarreling now—silently—and fear lay between them like a drawn sword.

ANN'S old boss took a steady look at her across his desk. "So marriage isn't all it's cracked up to be," he said.

"I guess," she said, trying to be bright, "it isn't all it was."

She might have told him that she couldn't stand what it had become. She couldn't sit all day in a two-by-four apartment, getting scratch meals for herself, waiting for bedtime and then not sleeping. Going sick every time the bell rang.

"Well, I haven't forgotten your stuff, Ann," the boss said. "We're short of manpower in this outfit. Besides, this is a woman's war too. I want to know what a woman thinks of women over there. If you want it the job is yours—" He must have heard her catch her breath. "Think your husband will stand for it?" he asked.

She said defiantly, "He's got to. I've stood for it."

She never knew where Rick was. He just showed up when he could. So she left a letter on her bureau. She closed the door of their little apartment softly. It was like closing the door on someone who had died.

THIS was a new fear. It was all hers. It was for herself. It was as though her body didn't care any more about Rick Thornton. It only cared about Ann. Her eyes looked down on the floor of moonlit cloud and told her body that there was nothing down there but a black, empty sea. And her body didn't like it. It was plain scared. But then her mind got hold of her body by the scruff of its neck. "Don't be yellow," Ann's mind said. She thought of Rick. If he knew, he'd be scared too. She found she could manage her own scare. But not the thought of his. So she had to stop thinking about him.

It was like that in London—that first bad night. She'd been in London before on an assignment. But she didn't know it any more. It was black and desolate and torn. The siren wasn't like when you heard it in the movies—just a noise that stirred your blood and made you sit tense in your seat. It turned your stomach over.

The first bomb seemed to hit her straight over the heart. She found herself in the underground, crowded with men and women and children and cats and dogs—everything they had that, in this terror, still mattered to them. This was what she'd been sent to experience—the old writer's blood was up.

A bomb must have fallen right overhead. It shook the underground like a toy in the hands of an angry child. Someone began to whimper. And suddenly Ann remembered that she had a nice voice. She sang an American song—a bit of jazz that would make you want to step out when you were dying.

She could feel what it did. White, tired faces turned to her. The tenseness went out of them. They began to grin.

"That's the stuff. Go it, Miss."

She made them sing with her. Soon they couldn't hear the bombs for their own singing. An old cockney woman plucked at Ann's sleeve. "American, aren't you, Miss?"

"Yes—"

The old woman showed her the shawl she was wearing. "That's American too, Miss. They gave it to me when I was bombed out. Gawd love you all," she said.

The tears came into Ann's eyes. But she felt swell. She and these people were all right. Rick must feel sometimes what she felt. She wasn't actually thinking about him. But she felt close to him—wherever he was.

The feeling was so strong that when at last she reached her hotel, it wasn't so staggering to find him waiting for her. It seemed natural. Perhaps because his face was grimed and sweat-streaked, he didn't kiss her. He just took her by the arm and grinned.

"Fancy meeting you here, Mrs. Thornton."

"And you, Mr. Thornton."

"I've been hunting you all over the town," he said. "They told me where you were. By the way—that was a nice welcoming letter you left."

"Weren't you mad?"

"As hops."

"And scared?"

"Pink."

"I could feel you being scared—"

"It isn't easy to take," he said. "Your own scare is enough."

They found a canteen that was handing out what the English call coffee. But it was hot and tasted good. The people were good too.

"I'll be on my way home tomorrow," Rick said. "But I'll be back in a week or so. You might as well know—I'm ferrying bombers."

"I guessed it," she said. "Maybe I'll be here still—waiting for you."

He toasted her in coffee. "How are we doing, 'fraid cat?"

"I'm not a 'fraid cat."

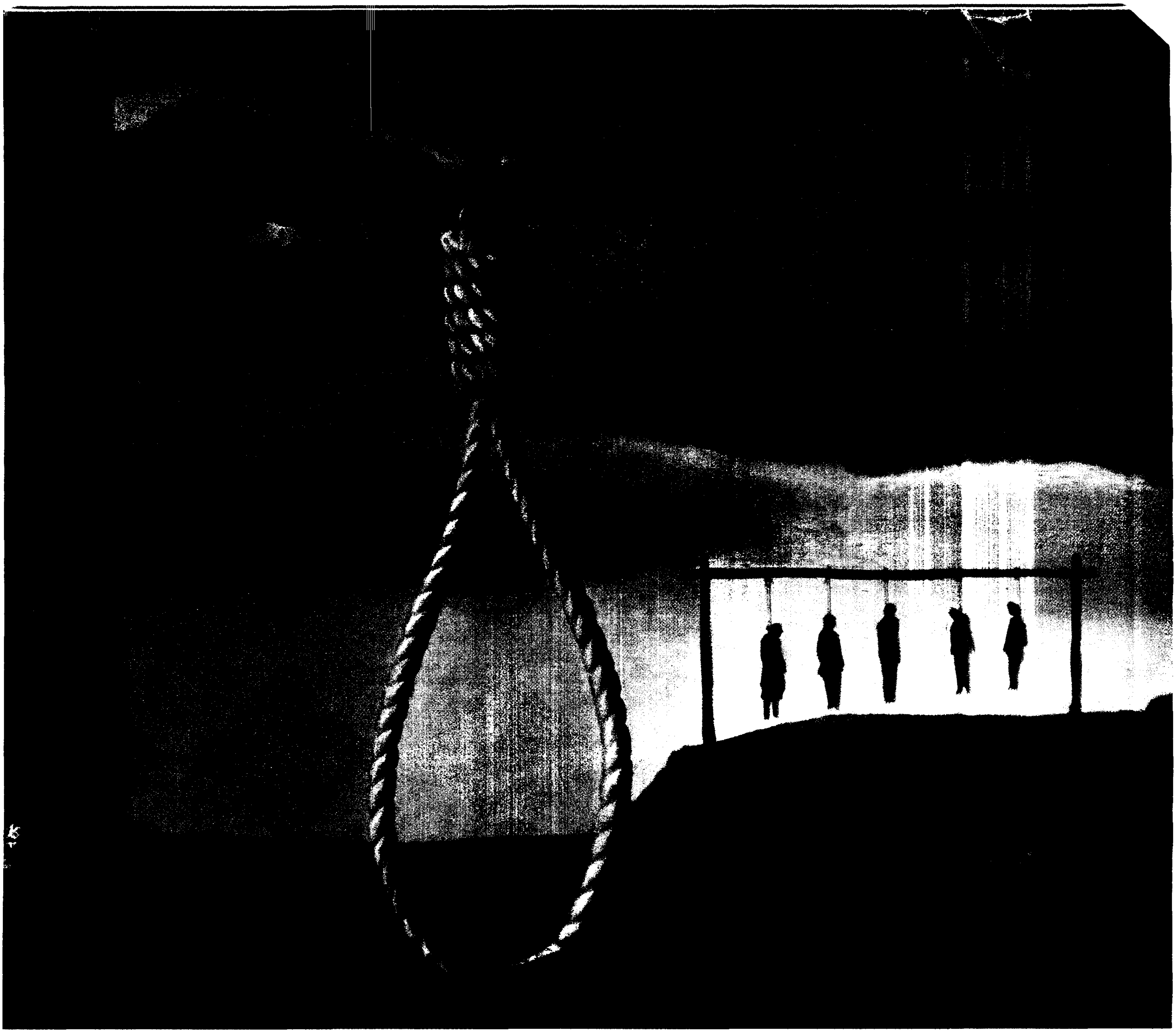
"Nor am I. So that makes us all right, doesn't it?"

"Yes—" she said.

"Free," he said.

He looked at her as he had never looked at her—not even when they'd been happiest. She knew what he meant. They were free of each other's fear. She smiled back at him.

"Together," she said.



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ODDLY enough, this type of collar fits all kinds of people...Czechs and Poles, Frenchmen and Norwegians, Russians and Greeks.

It fits women as well as men, the old as snugly as the young, the strong as firmly as the weak.

It is designed especially for conquered people... and reserved for those among the conquered who dare to stick their necks out. Who presume they have the right to read or circulate forbidden newspapers and magazines, to listen to forbidden radio programs. Who get themselves accused...on no matter how little evidence...of spying or interfering or getting in the way.

Now, in the newspapers and magazines we so freely read, we see pictures of strange people... foreign people...hanging from such nooses. Still and silent, their arms by their sides, their heads slightly askew as if they did not completely comprehend what had happened.

We have escaped it...so far. So far, these hangings have happened only to far-away people. Have you ever seriously thought that someday *you* might be the mute subject for such photographs?

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The country that we expect to fight this war for us, the country we assume is invincible, the country we look upon as millions of "other people"...that country can *lose* this war.

Can lose it unless *you*...and unless we who sign this advertisement...look upon it as our individual responsibility. Unless we do not wait to be *told* what to do, but go out and *find out for ourselves* what to do, and *do* it. Unless we realize that each one of us *is* the country.

It's not a minute too soon to get the picture straight...not a minute too soon to pitch in and help turn the tide...not a minute too soon to do everything humanly possible, *now*, to save our necks.

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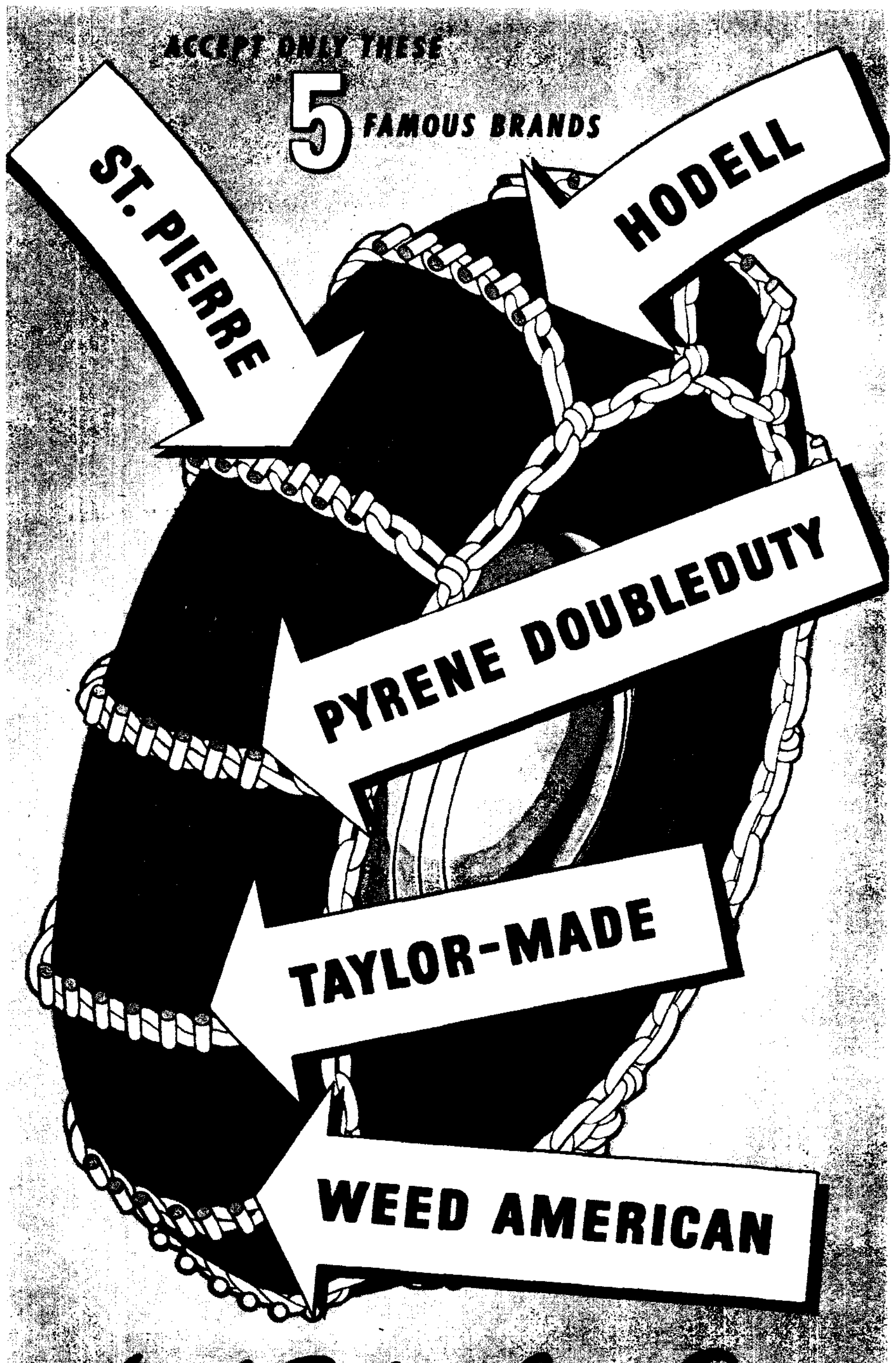

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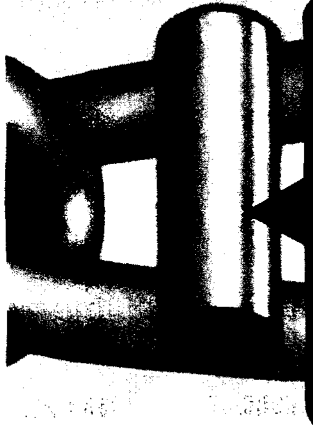
First look for old tire chains that are still serviceable. Take them to your service station for any necessary repairs. Then, if you must have new tire chains to get through this winter, look for Bar-Reinforced.

Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains grip in soft snow. They bite into hard-packed snow and ice. So they increase traction when starting and stopping. They shove through drifts. They retard both forward and side skids. You can rely on Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains.



BAR-*Reinforced* TIRE CHAINS

GIVE GREATER SAFETY...
—LIVES ARE VITAL

GIVE DOUBLE MILEAGE...
—STEEL MUST BE SAVED

Rommel Meets A.A.F.

Continued from page 14

just experienced "Snabu"—which means: "Situation normal. All balled up." Our soldiers demonstrate an aptitude for laughing and kidding about their difficulties that's unique among armies. "Snabu" synthesizes their mental outlook. Their ability to improvise seems inexhaustible. Say they have three planes which can't fly for lack of spares. If they can't make the parts, they'll grab a brand-new plane and dissect it to keep the others flying despite an airman's abhorrence of desecrating a new crate. They'll even make English cigarettes do when they can't get their own brands, and that for an American is improvisation of a high order.

Somebody ought to do something about this cigarette business. Men and officers in the field here aren't receiving many of those "smokes for Yanks" you people at home are sending. Another source of irritation for our fighting men here was the fact that they hadn't been receiving reading matter. They missed American magazines, detective stories, books and newspapers.

A Doctor Mails a Magazine

Reporter Tom Treanor of the Los Angeles Times, who is the only newspaperman here from west of the Mississippi, wrote an item about this deficiency in his column. A few weeks later, a flood of magazines arrived addressed to the Halverson Detachment, which was the pioneer bombardment squadron in the Middle East and considers itself the elite of this gang of house wreckers.

One West Coast doctor was so impressed with the need for supplying reading matter to our troops that he put $7.50 worth of stamps on a single copy of a magazine and sent it air mail, first class, special delivery. In case the doctor sees this, the boys say "Thanks!"

Otherwise, the boys are happy and healthy. They get just about the only decent potatoes in this part of the world, the best beef and the best fresh vegetables. Their hosts, the R.A.F., have in some cases denied themselves to provide for their guests. Our units are in a separate command under Brereton, but they function from R.A.F. bases as part of the R.A.F. operational command. The British furnish our Air Forces with information as to what targets to hit.

As any top sergeant will tell you, the cornerstone of morale among troops is mail from home. In this respect, our troops have been luckier than most soldiers fighting on distant fronts. I was present when they opened letters postmarked ten days and less from the date of receipt. You can watch their spirits rise at mail time as unmistakably as the red column moves upward in a thermometer when you put a match under its bulb.

They provide a fair sample of what our Army is like in the field. A few months ago, men who now live in tents, barracks and huts were soda jerkers, businessmen and mechanics. They were junkmen from Joplin, well drillers from Waco, pants pressers from Philly. But they look and act like an army.

Their equipment, from the neat insignia on shoulders and collars to their weapons, is indubitably the best in the world, and the envy of all soldiers who see it. Our discipline takes into consideration the fact that it's a citizens' army and therefore it's probably the unsalutingest army in the world, next to the Australian.

Off duty, officers don't work at their ranks at all. On duty, except on parade or inspection, the fundamental face of equality seems to underlie even the most respectful "Yes, sir." This is hard to illustrate. You've got to see it, hear it, live with it, to appreciate it.

Pride in themselves, but particularly in their equipment, is one of our soldiers' characteristics that impresses you most. Judging from the conversation at mealtimes and while waiting about for the boys to return from their raid, airplanes supersede even the soldiers' classic subject of small talk—women. They'll talk airplanes to you until your head buzzes. They'll talk you into a tail spin, for instance, about Minnie.

Minnie was born in the factories of the Consolidated Aircraft Company in California about two years ago, which is a long time for an airplane. Like that other Minnie—the one in the song—this one has lived. Last December 31st, Minnie, known then merely as another 1B-30 (which is a British version of B-24) was flown to Trinidad by a redhead named H. M. Markey, of Dill Field, Florida.

In Trinidad, Minnie developed a leaky gas tank and was laid over so long for repairs that the boys speculated on whether she'd ever get away or whether (like Minnie of the song) she was caught forever in the toils of the tropics. But this Minnie escaped.

One morning, Captain Horace Wade (who is a major now), a slight, sandy-haired fellow from Magnolia, Texas, with a sort of half-pay blond mustache, took Minnie off on what was to be a remarkable career. Minnie fought the Japs off Borneo, returning from one mission with the scalp of a Jap cruiser dangling from her blunt and lethal snout.

Minnie flew supplies into the beleaguered Philippines and brought out valuable pilots who thus lived to fight another day. She did reconnaissance work through acres of flak over Burma, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. Minnie flew General Wavell from Java to Ceylon, evacuated women and children out of Borneo. She carried Brereton all over India on a survey of new air routes and, just for exercise, bombed Rangoon once.

Minnie's Resting Up

Now Minnie's in the Middle East, her complexion blotched by wind, sand and monsoon, but coveted by the British, who can't have her. Men of Wade's squadron feel that Minnie after more than four hundred hours in the air and more than a hundred thousand air-miles (which is about four times around the world) has earned a rest. She lies out on a field now, carefully tended by Sergeants Pekuri, Hitchcock and others, who keep her ready for more hours, more miles, but not in action. They're afraid something might happen to her. When she dies, they want to see Minnie die this side of heaven where they can pick up the pieces and give them proper burial.

Yeah! They're tough, these soldiers of ours, especially about airplanes.

The major interrupted his sentimental small talk about Minnie to remind us that the boys would be getting in soon. We went out and found the steps under the control tower crowded with men, all talking in a subdued way.

We lighted cigarettes, flashes of lighters and matches revealing lean sunburned features of American faces.

Soon the first ship's motors sounded overhead, and the control tower gave her a green light. There was deep silence on the runway. Men watched the landing intently, catching every technical detail of operation. In a few seconds the three wheels touched. There was a heavy screech of brakes.

"You can do that with a B-24," Woody said. "She's a perfectly balanced ship. But try slapping on the brakes on a B-17 while her tail's still up. Boy! oh, boy! You go over on your—"

"Saaay! Looka here—" That was one of the Texans who piloted B-17s.

The time until the second ship came in was filled with loud argument about the relative merits of B-24s and B-17s. Ships came in singly, in precisely the same order in which they'd taken off. One of the men who'd just come down from the control room whispered that the ships had all checked in except one. This killed conversation, and all waited quietly, smoking in the dark.

Then we heard her motors. The sound men made at that moment was not exactly a cheer but something like that—a sudden animated sound of relieved voices talking about everything except that airplane up there. Very soon she was down, too, and all planes had returned safely. Figures dim in the darkness started piling out from trucks that had gone to various planes to take off crews. There was a rush for the mess hall, where there was a sort of breakfast.

Crews reported to intelligence officers, who took down details of their raid—but pictures would tell that part of the story better next day. Our men always take pictures, and when they claim they've hit something, they've usually got a picture to back up what they claim.

Hunting was good that night. The target had been Tobruk. You can get an idea of the share of the bombing which is carried out by American planes piloted by American crews or R.A.F. crews in the Middle East war from the fact that, on this particular night, about four out of every five bombers over the target were American ships flown either by our men or by R.A.F. pilots.

The coffee was very good, and a tall, lean, grinning Arab in a white gallabea, with a red sash around his middle and a black-tasseled, red tarboosh on his head, brought in eggs with an unusual flourish. Mohammed isn't demonstrative. In fact, the boys call him "Deadpan." But tonight, he had caught the drama of the situation. Tonight, he smiled almost to the point of outright laughter. He didn't forget the salt and pepper. Tonight, Rommel's supply base at Tobruk was in very bad shape indeed.

THE END

Girls' Town

Continued from page 53

handsome blond chap from the parts department has been named Flash Gordon by the girls of the mounting department, and it looks now as though he'll carry the scar to his grave. Other characters have been dubbed Sailor, Superman, Cowboy, Harold Teen, Tarzan, and Jo-Jo the Dog-faced Boy—which will give you an idea of what a needle a comic strip can be. The incident of the girls who stood up on the Du Bois bus to offer a reddening male a seat is part of Emporium's psychological war between men and women.

"What the girls like most," said a nineteen-year-old Indiana miss, "is that there's no one standing over you, yelling 'Production! Production!' The bawling-outs, threats and high pressure that are synonymous with production in 100 per cent male factories are unknown. Sylvania executives and foremen say that the girls are so sensitive that a bawling-out ruins them for a week. So the bosses solve production problems by being helpful and instructive rather than powerhouses.

"Don't ever try to drive women," said one foreman. "They can't be driven, but they can be led."

Formality is Out

Everybody in the plant is called by his first name and no one gets a "Mister," except B. G. Erskine, president—and he gets it only in his office. There is no social caste system, and nothing is thought of a handsome young top executive stopping in for a soda with a gang of girls from the parts department after work, or driving across the mountain with one of them for some dancing.

Payday comes every two weeks and is celebrated by a spending splurge that goes far beyond the brass rails of Cameron County, for most of the girls contribute to their family's incomes back in Punxie or Black Lick. The average girl knocks down $25 a week, which in the Bucktails is considered equivalent to a down payment on a mountain. Everybody is on the beam three days before payday and you wonder if the whole town won't go up in smoke the minute the checks are dealt out.

Something like that actually happens. Everybody heads for the bank or store where she can get "cash money" and then, still running, hits the Hollywood Dress Shop, the Ladies' Bazaar, the shoe store, the hat shop and any one of the town's half-dozen beauty shops. Things fall off then until ten o'clock, when every night club and bar starts hanging out S.R.O. signs. It is a four-star show and the tamer places, like the roller rink, just fold up for the night. The Happiness Club, which lies just across the town line, pulls the biggest crowd—mostly girls.

By midnight the walls of every amusement place in town (including the Warner House, where the jive comes from an electric organ) are heaving and bulging. Next morning the whole town gets up a little surprised to see that anything is left, and pretty happy that payday comes only twice a month.

As in most wartime boom towns, recreational facilities are limited. Aside from juke joints and bars, the town has only a roller rink, a bowling alley and a movie. After you've seen the double feature and drunk so many sodas you can't even hear the juke box, there's nothing to do but go for a walk. From early evening until late at night the streets are filled with groups of girls walking.

One of them put it this way: "The trouble with this town is that there's nothing to do but walk the streets—walk up, walk down, walk up, walk down, walk your damn' legs off."

The recreational problem would be worse if it weren't for the fact that most of the girls go home week ends. Lugging suitcases bulging with clothes for Ma to wash, they pile out of the factory at four o'clock Saturday afternoons in a rush that would do credit to Yale. Then, jammed into busses and cars, they head for Driftwood and points west for a week end with the family.

You can feel the life go out of the town as the last singing busload pulls out. Everybody takes things easier. The juke boxes are quiet, and people you've never seen before come into focus. But on Sunday night the girls come back.

THE END

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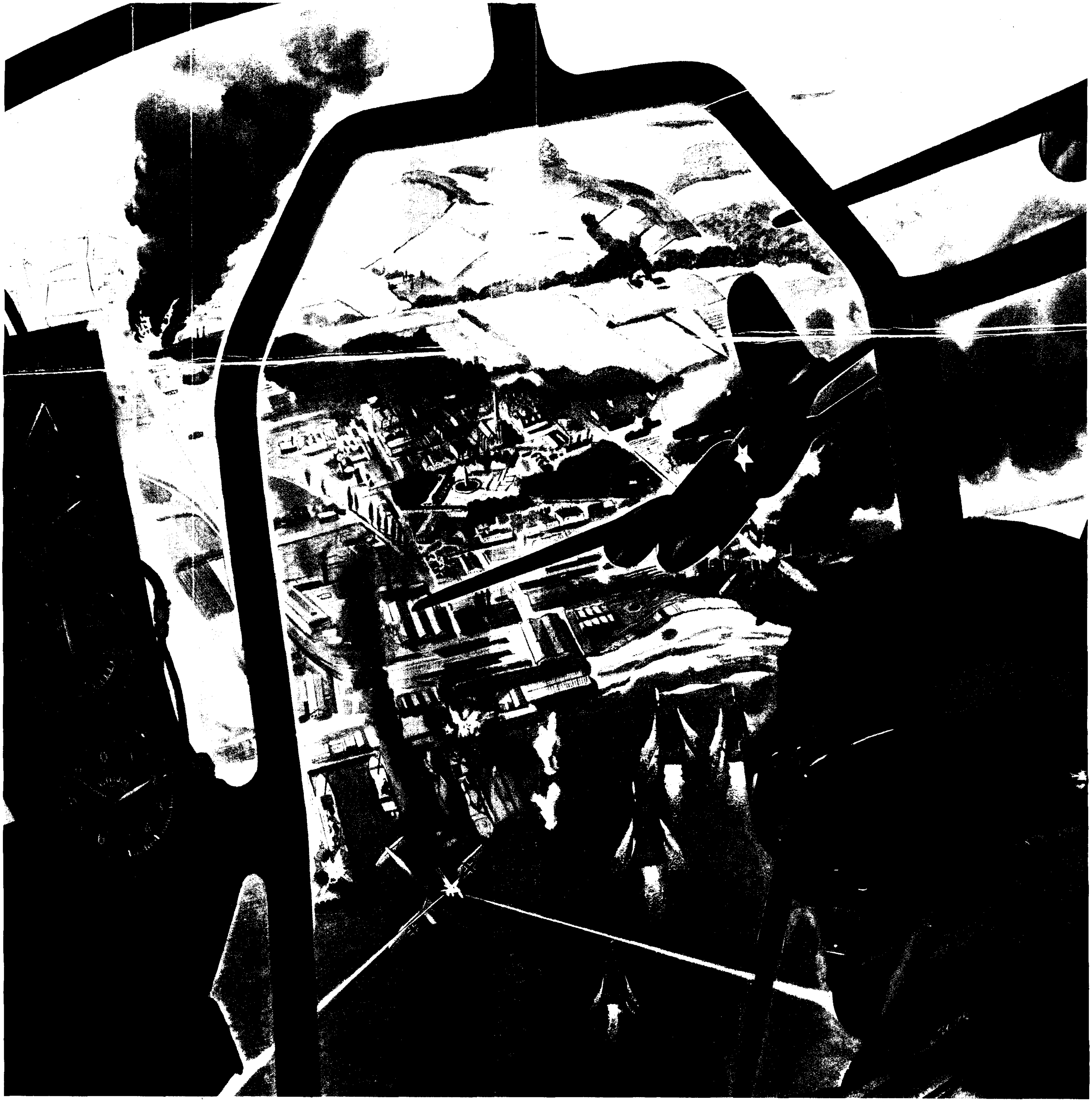

FASTEST, FIGHTIN'EST PLANE "the Havoc"

The Douglas A-20 "Havoc" has been termed the most vicious, versatile airplane of the war. Also known in Britain as the "Boston," it is used as an attack bomber, torpedo bomber, night fighter, long range fighter, pursuit, intercepter, intruder. For three years the "Havoc" has been the scourge of the Axis on every front. And no enemy craft has yet matched it! So, America, your aircraft industry has out-designed and is now out-producing our enemies. Yankee ingenuity will win! Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

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Working Like a Dog

Continued from page 57

who is now fit only for "bit" parts. Gautier keeps his dogs until they die of old age.

"Nobody wants an old dog," he says. "I found that out."

The Gautier family has owned circuses for three generations and the present Gautier, Leonard, was a part of his father's one-ring outfit as soon as he could walk. The circus played in Scandinavia for years, with the family doing as many of the acts as possible to save money. Gautier *père* was a juggler, tumbler, bareback rider and trainer of the animals. Mother Gautier was equally talented.

"They taught me everything," says Gautier. "Even being a clown."

Leonard finally became a horse trainer and rider, using dogs in the finale of the act along with a trick mule. In the winter, the elder Gautier would assemble an act and tour variety theaters all over Europe.

Freedom in Frisco

In 1910, the Gautiers brought a dog act to America, doing the original version of the Bricklayers. The family had studied a map carefully and had conceived some strange notions about the location of Minneapolis, the first stop. They started arranging their bags to get off a few hours after leaving New York; they finally did disembark two days later, slightly tamed. Old man Gautier was tough with the kids and they weren't allowed out of his sight till they reached San Francisco. In this, of all places, he gave them freedom. When they got back to the hotel about six the next morning, he gave them the usual lamming and then asked where they had been.

"Barbary Coast," said Leonard and his brother proudly.

But the trip made firm Americans of them all, and Leonard returned to Europe.

"When I was in California . . ." he would howl nonchalantly whenever anybody got within earshot.

It was at this time that he launched his first dog act, a nice conceit patterned after the old phonograph advertisement, His Master's Voice. The act was done on a big phonograph, which the dogs wound up. Dogs would come out of the machine; a little dog popped out of the horn. It was the first act in which the dogs were on stage alone. They would bring out a tumbling mat in their mouths, roll it out flat with their noses, and then go into their acrobatics. There was a big clock. The dogs would rush up a ladder, wind the clock, swing a while on the minute hand and then slide down the pendulum.

The big act at that time was the Lipinsky Dogs, which used forty canine performers and seven people. It pulled the biggest salary ever given a dog act but folded up after some years because it was too expensive to operate. Gautier stuck to his phonograph routine until 1934 when there was a noticeable falling off of interest in the subject because of the arrival of radio. He remembered the old Bricklayers act of his father and resurrected it, giving it the best possible start by introducing it in London where loyalty to old performers is such that a man who has once won the gallery gods at the Palladium can go on being lousy for the rest of his life and make a good living from it.

"They thought it was the old act," says Gautier, "and that was enough."

The present war ruined vaudeville in Europe and chased all performers over here, where Gautier almost starved along with his hounds before getting a break in a little theater in Paterson, N. J. After that, he began playing fairs, conventions and what vaudeville there was to be found. With their new success in New York and elsewhere, the future is rosy and animal acts in general have come into vogue again.

In searching for dogs, Gautier keeps two things in mind: The animal must be the right shape for the part he is to play and he must have very large, bright eyes.

"That shows they have brains," says Gautier.

For a three-month period, there is no prescribed routine for the quadruped. After that, the dog gets a daily half-hour lesson, with plenty of rest periods. Gautier neither uses a whip nor whacks the dogs for errors. The dogs are spoken to repeatedly, until they learn what various words mean. They have water during the day but are not fed until after the last show. Then they get the best ground beef Gautier can buy, carrots and dog food.

"People feel they are showing their love for a dog by stuffing him," says Gautier. "They're merely making him sick."

Time and patience were needed to teach Whitey to play dead. In the act, he is hit by a brick and promptly goes into a coma. Gautier comes out to revive him. He hoists Whitey aloft, and Whitey immediately collapses like an accordion. Nothing so dead has ever been seen in this world. A dog doctor works on him with a stethoscope. No dice. An ambulance arrives and Whitey is lugged off, mourned by the aforementioned widow and son, in black. The drunks from the corner saloon look on in grief.

Gautier was having breakfast one morning in a Times Square cafeteria when he looked out of the window and saw a dog on the corner. At once, his evil and avaricious nature got the better of him. He looked around cagily to see if anybody was watching. He gulped a last hot cup of coffee and sneaked out. He reached the dog, noted its big intelligent eyes and lean figure. He petted the mutt kindly and was elated to find it friendly and eager. He looked around guiltily again and was just folding the animal to his bosom when he noted something familiar.

"It was one of my own dogs," reports Gautier with disgust. "Somebody had left a door open at the theater."

Lost: Dog in Full Dress

His luck was not so good in Seattle when one of his dogs, fully dressed in stage costume, got away and was never recovered.

"It cost me sixteen dollars in taxi fares and my faith in human nature," says Gautier bitterly.

The dogs live in crates when traveling or playing at a theater but they can do what they please at the family home in Plainfield, New Jersey. The only exception is Maurice, who has been a disgrace. The favorite is Boy, who was found in a dog pound, full of mange, fleas and inferiority. They were about to put him out of his misery by asphyxiation when Gautier took pity on him, planked down the usual four bits and lugged him away. He is now the best dog in the act.

The finish of the act is an exciting trapeze routine in which the dogs leap from one swinging platform to another. This is all cued by Gautier or his wife from the wings and requires a great sense of timing on the part of the dogs.

The climax is a thriller where two dogs exchange places on the swings by one leaping over the other in midair. But the comedy howl in this sequence is where Pal jumps too soon, hangs on the ledge of a stage window and is rescued by Whitey who lands on him and pushes him through the window.

"Call me a liar if you want," says Gautier, "but those smart pups thought that one up themselves."

Maybe they did and maybe they didn't but they certainly don't act like dumb dogs. They really act like members of the German race: well-trained, clever and obedient. The parallel may soon be more apparent than ever: one meal a day.

THE END

"I wish they wouldn't get so friendly. It's bound to end up in a fight!"

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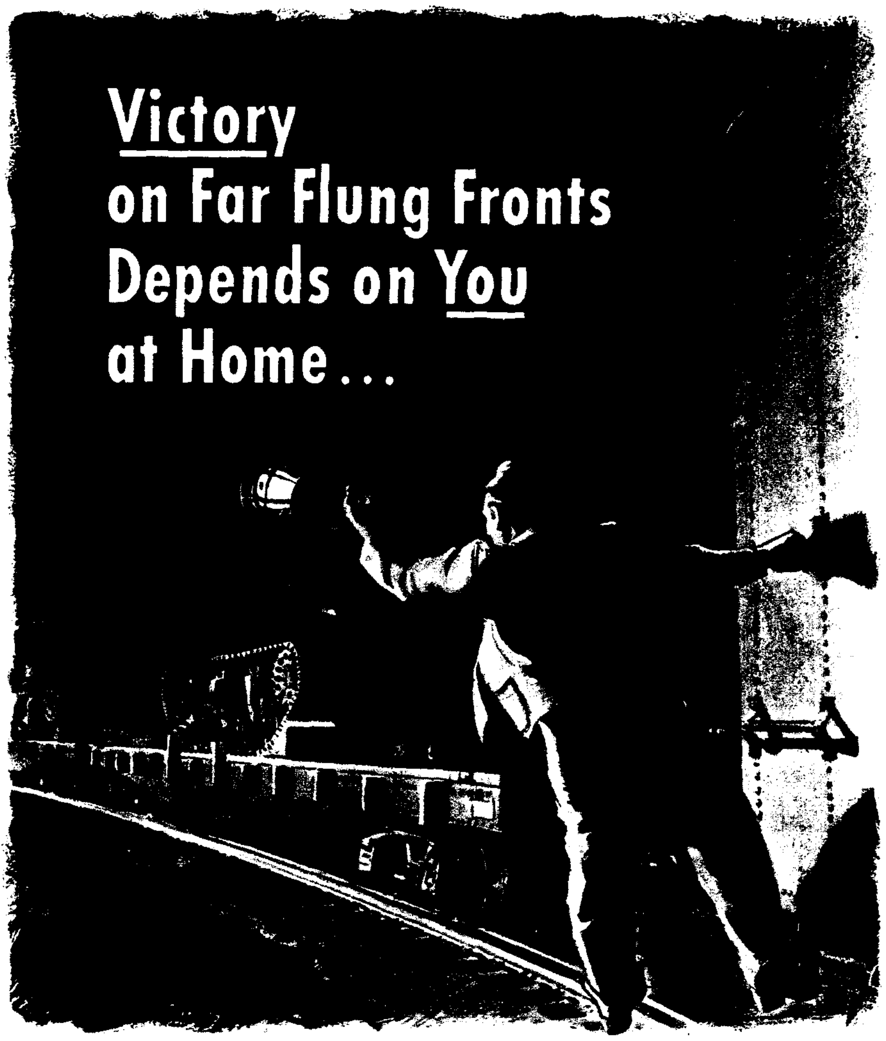

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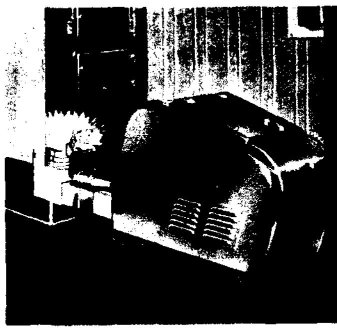

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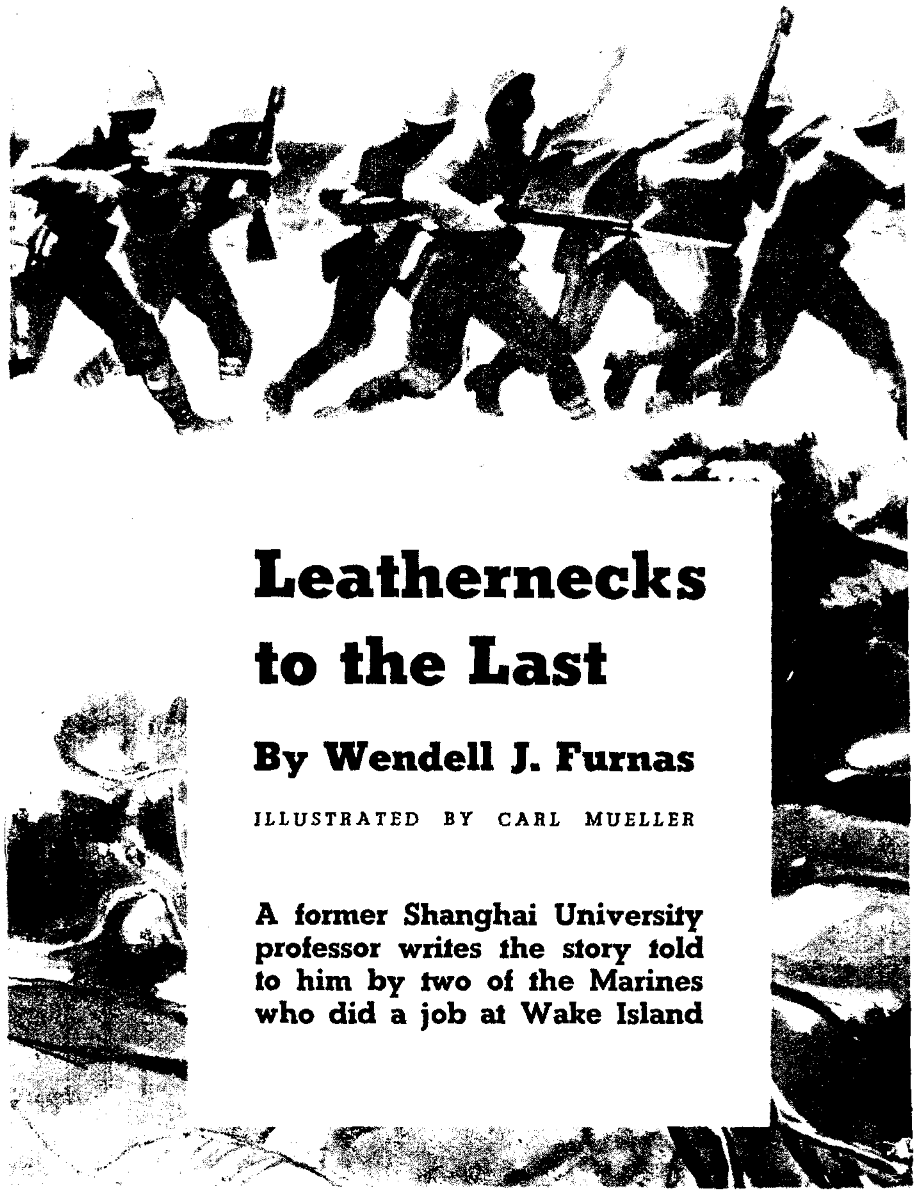

Leathernecks to the Last

By Wendell J. Furnas

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

A former Shanghai University professor writes the story told to him by two of the Marines who did a job at Wake Island

INTERNED in a former Japanese cavalry barracks on the muddy banks of the Yangtze River near Shanghai, American Marine and civilian prisoners from Wake Island await the end of World War II.

They arrived summer-clad in wintry Shanghai aboard the former NYK luxury liner Nita Maru in February. A miserable, bedraggled group—bearded, sunken-eyed, shivering, undernourished, pushed around by bowlegged Jap guards—the Wake Islanders were scheduled to be victory-paraded down the main streets of Shanghai upon arrival, ostensibly to permit them to see Shanghai.

In reality, this was planned to make the white man lose face before staring, face-conscious Chinese. Only a cold, near-sleet rain which fell on the day of the parade and their lack of warm winter clothing saved them this humiliation. Propaganda-conscious Jap army press chiefs would be unable to proclaim "most just treatment" of enemy prisoners if Shanghai-landers were to see captured Americans marched through an icy rain in shorts and flimsy summer suits to make a Roman holiday.

Comparatively inactive in their internment camp, Wake Island service men bolster camp morale by telling fellow internees stories of heroic combat and final surrender in the face of overwhelming odds. The latter include Peking and Tientsin Marines, Wake gunboat sailors, seamen from torpedoed merchant ships, and officers from the S. S. President Harrison.

Not until virtually all weapons larger than machine guns had been shelled and bombed to uselessness did Commander Cunningham, naval officer in charge of Wake Island, order a white flag of surrender to be raised. Communication with the outside world was entirely cut off, no American aid was expected after the news of Pearl Harbor damage reached them, and sea-gray units of a reinforced Japanese fleet, some of which were capital ships and aircraft carriers, hovered on the distant horizon impatient to blast Wake atoll with its defenders back into the Pacific.

But at the time of surrender, Wake defenders boast, the only Japs ashore lay dead in rich windrows along the beaches. The final casualty score of the fighting was more than 50 to 1 in favor of the Marines. Marine losses amounted to no more than 80; civilian, approximately 150 more. The Japs privately admitted the loss of 5,000 men.

The Mystic Parade

Marines who manned the machine guns which guarded the beaches told strange stories of Japanese *Bushido* fanaticism. Out of curiosity, one machine-gun unit permitted a boatload of Japs to land unmolested. The beach could be swept by annihilating fire at a moment's notice. As soon as the keel of the landing boat grounded on the shore, the Jap officer in command leaped into the water, splashed to dry ground and planted the Rising Sun flag on Wake soil. When his men joined him, instead of storming enemy positions, he led them, one hundred strong, up and down the beach shouting, "*Banzai!*"

One Marine, desiring to see the reaction, drew a rifle bead on the Jap officer carrying the flag and shot him dead.

Instead of storming enemy positions, the Jap officer led them, one hundred strong, up and down the beach shouting "Banzai!"

Neither panic nor confusion resulted. No attempt was made to hunt out the sniper. Another Jap officer merely picked up the fallen flag and the *banzai*-shouting soldiers continued their mystic parade on the beach. All intentions to capture the island were apparently forgotten. When the Marines tired of this performance, which showed no signs of coming to an end, they leveled the slant-eyed paraders with machine-gun fire.

Primed with sake, a Japanese wine, and a religious zeal to die for the emperor, Japanese landing parties seldom hesitated to plunge into the deadly barrage of lead that flicked the sand of Wake Island beaches when they attacked. Struck down by hand grenades and bullets, Jap soldiers slumped into the foaming combers, a human driftwood which the ocean spurned and left behind upon the coral sand.

After each landing attempt, Marines found it necessary to walk up and down the beaches among the Jap dead, shooting those who played possum. Part of the Jap technique was to simulate death in order to find an opportunity to jump up behind an American and shoot him. One Marine, well known for his exploits in Haiti, was killed in this manner but succeeded in bayoneting his assailant to death before dying.

An orgy of murder and torture of the American forces after the surrender was prevented only by the strict discipline enforced by Japanese officers. One sadist Jap shot a Marine prisoner through the head without cause and was immediately beheaded on the spot by his commanding officer who witnessed the act. Another officer prevented a Jap soldier from murdering an American Marine who was boarding a ship for transportation to Japan. On being slapped for no apparent reason, the Marine, a machine gunner, muttered. "It'll take a hell of a lot more than that to make up for all the damage I did to you fellows." The Jap understood English and wanted to shoot him there and then.

After the surrender, Americans were stripped of their clothing and exposed to the weather for twenty-four hours without food, a common Japanese practice designed to lower enemy morale and engender obedience.

An eerie scene after capture was the cremation of all Jap dead. A funeral pyre was built on the beach, sprinkled with gasoline and lighted after the bodies were deposited on top. The smell of burned flesh and hair drifted with the smoke across the tropical atoll. The darkness of the night was lighted by the blaze; the quiet of the evening was broken by the squealing, high-pitched tones of Japanese funeral music. The ashes of the dead were sent in urns to the families of the deceased, the souls were sent to Yasakuni shrine in Tokyo where all Japanese war dead are deified.

American dead were buried or neglected. American wounded were kept on the island when the other Americans were sent away. They have not been heard from since. ★★★

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The only modern cigarette with ALL the modern features!

The Negro Lifts His Head

Continued from page 17

the Negro vote which, for the first time in our history, went Democratic in 1932 and repeated in 1936 and 1940. This, of course, is delicate stuff. Many of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers see nothing but more and louder trouble were the black voters to elect local and national legislators of their own race in such heavily Negro-populated states as Mississippi, South Carolina with forty-three per cent, Alabama with thirty-five per cent, Louisiana with thirty-six and Georgia with thirty-five. As we shall set down in a few moments, the white Southerner already is more than apprehensive and is preparing to resist any changes in local racial custom.

There are just short of 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States. More than seventy-five per cent of them live in the South. In the past twenty-five or thirty years they have improved their position and influence until today those whites whose attitude toward the Negro is still ancestral are inviting a wholly avoidable shock. As the Negro has improved his lot and gained higher ground he has raised his sights. Whether the majority of them join with Mr. White and Mr. Randolph in demanding the end of all segregation, it is not yet possible to say. But short of the abolition of segregation (which can be accomplished only with the consent of the individual whites and not by fiat or law) the improved Negro is as nearly unanimous as is possible in 13,000,000 people.

Illiteracy Cut to the Bone

Forty years ago, thirty per cent of our Negroes were illiterate. That has been reduced to eight per cent. The Negro offers this fact when told that lack of education (not exactly his fault) makes him unfit for equality. Or he ignores such rebuttal, contending that he is an American of long standing, entitled to an American's constitutional privileges. There are more than 2,500 Negro high schools today whereas there were only 64 in 1915. The annual death rate among Negroes was thirty-three per thousand. It is now about fourteen. The Negro has learned the value of cohesive effort for social and economic improvement. A few years ago the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had but fifty local chapters. There are more than five hundred today. The National Negro Congress has increased to a hundred and two widespread units, and the Negro's National Urban League flourishes in about fifty cities.

The Negro press, particularly since Pearl Harbor, has been officially viewed with suspicion because of its eagerness to make howling headlines of all incidents involving clashes between the two races.

There are today two hundred and thirty Negro papers. These share a combined circulation of 1,500,000. This is less than many individual white papers have, the point being that rivalry of Negro papers for readers is terrific, and the little fellows, having a nasty job of survival to contend with, leave very little of a sensational nature undone. Their pages make calamitous tidings of racial frictions, which have but a minimum of legitimate news value.

They have learned the lesson of circulation from white journalists who now regard this imitation as very evil indeed, and even subversive.

All these facts are germane, making it clear that it is going to require more than custom and prejudice to settle the issue. There are now something like 200,000 Negroes in our Armed Forces. When our Army reaches the impressive total of 7,500,000 there will be nearly a million. There is not a shred of reason to doubt the assurances of Secretary Stimson and General Marshall that they are excellent fighting men. They and the Negroes not in uniform are being reminded daily by their racial leaders that they are fighting for democracy and that their rights as Americans are as important as the rights of Poles, Dutch, Chinese, Czechs and Scandinavians. The Negro asks you to consider that the immigrant can vote without restriction after being in America from three to five years. The American Negro has *been here two hundred years.* Let's stop kidding ourselves.

Actually it is seldom necessary for the Negro propagandist, rabble rouser or rationalist, to grasp at trivialities for such passionate appeal to his people. Negro editors have plenty of major injustices to inspire their hottest pens. And the white man, maliciously, ignorantly, unwittingly, politically or by his old prejudices, sees to it that the supply doesn't dwindle.

In Georgia three political friends of Negro-hating Gene Talmadge whom the white voters of the state recently deposed have organized a new secret society called the Vigilantes. Membership is limited to "white males of sound health, good morals and high character," all of which qualities can, of course, be strictly relative. Its purposes, set forth in its charter, are "purely eleemosynary, patriotic, social and benevolent." Until the Vigilantes prove otherwise they will be regarded as Ku Klux Klannish, none of the organizers having shown much visible evidence of advocating any of the higher aspirations of the Negro. But the Negro press and the noneditorial promoters of Negro solidarity have no doubts about the lily-white program of the Vigilantes.

With the induction of many Negroes into the Army and with the many clashes between Negro soldiers and white authority, the Ku Klux Klan has been rescued from what seemed to be an imminent dissolution. Now the organization fortunes of James A. Colescott, its Imperial Wizard, are on the mend.

Open Door in Washington

Not only are the Negro editors and the organizers utilizing the Klan's renascence to arouse the black man to more aggressive solidarity but are assiduously seeing to it that the White House is kept informed of the Negro's determination not to be bullied, and that the Negro is no longer a mute, inglorious minority without spirit. Never in history has the Negro had such ready access to the White House. The President has demonstrated his friendship and sympathy. Mrs. Roosevelt is so openly the Negro's champion that among certain elements in the South she is flatteringly hated. Such aggressive Negro leaders as Mr. White take full advantage.

On July 22d, Mr. Horace C. Wilkinson, veteran lawyer-politician of Birmingham, Alabama, made what he considered a necessary speech before the Kiwanis Club of Bessemer, Alabama. In Washington Mr. Wilkinson has been roundly cursed for adding considerable heat to an already seething situation. Said he, amongst other sinister things:

"My reasons for discussing racial relations today is that racial relations in Alabama today are unsatisfactory. My interest in the question was increased by a recent conversation with a bus operator in Birmingham. We were standing on the corner discussing the World War. A streetcar stopped and a number of Negroes crowded around the entrance attempting to get admission. This man pointed to the group of Negroes and said to me: 'Right here, mister, is where the

FENN-PIX

Leslie Perry, Esther Prescott of NAACP, one of Washington's busiest offices next war will break out and it might start before this one is over.' "

Whereupon Mr. Wilkinson grew indignant that Negroes "are now being given jobs that have always been filled by white men." He defended the Negro exclusion policies of certain trades unions, although in Alabama a third of the C.I.O.'s 102,000 members are Negroes. He attacked the United States Supreme Court for insisting that "No Negro in this country will be executed for any crime unless members of his race are on the jury." He pointed with considerable feeling to the large number of Negro soldiers being trained in the South and was obviously agitated by the presence of armed Negro Military Police in Tuskegee, Alabama, where trouble of first-rate importance might transpire because "one man in whom I have the utmost confidence told me that practically every (white) male citizen in the town was a special officer of some kind."

League for White Supremacy

Mr. Wilkinson had a solution for all this. He proposed the organization of a "state-wide, South-wide, nation-wide League for White Supremacy."

"The time to act is now," he said. "An organization should be formed, so strong, so powerful, so efficient, that this menace to our national security and our local way of life will rapidly disappear. It can be done. It should be done. Alabama must lead the way."

Had it not been for the new aggressiveness of the Negro leaders and the Negro press it is more than merely likely that Mr. Wilkinson's speech would have been forgotten. But there is scarcely a Negro within any shouting distance who is not now aware of Mr. Wilkinson's words. His speech has been relayed to the Negro people almost as a call to arms. Mr. Roosevelt, overwhelmed with cosmic tribulations, received a copy of it and has not been permitted to be unaware of its contents and import. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, a model of industry and tireless effort, has been asked whether such utterances cannot be classified as subversive or at least morale-impairing.

Probably no national social-economic question ever to beset us has been so distorted by blind prejudice or obscured by lack of fact. To millions of whites the abolition of segregation means the first and last step before racial intermarriages and the gradual but inevitable loss of white identity and supremacy.

Such unappeasable organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are tireless in their demands upon the federal government to do something about the refusal of Governor Frank Dixon of Alabama to accept on behalf of his state an Army contract for 1,750,000 yards of tent cloth because there was a clause in the contract against race discrimination. The material was to have been made by Alabama convicts, many of whom are Negroes. Under the regulations of the Committee on Fair Employment Practice, a Presidential decree, Negro convicts would work with white and be paid the same wage. Governor Dixon is a nephew of Tom Dixon, author of The Clansman and The Leopard's Spots, both of which gave the reader a harrowing picture of the dire results of treating the Negro with anything but firmness and fire.

He was elected on a rather liberal platform. One of his promises was that he would urge the legislature to reduce by two the number of years of poll tax arrears which debarred a citizen from the right to vote. He was just about to do this when the Southern Conference for Human Welfare met in Birmingham. Present at that meeting were a number of Northern Negroes, Northern federal officials and a group of assorted political radicals who were branded as Communists whether they were or were not. Anyway, they made a nasty scene over Birmingham's city segregation laws, ruining everything as far as the governor's liberal intentions were concerned.

When refusing the Army contract the governor said, in part: "I will not permit the employees of the state of Alabama to be placed in a position where they must abandon the principle of segregation or lose their jobs."

As a pressure group increasing in political potency and organization efficiency, the Negro has no intention of seeing the Committee's work end with the war. He assures you that he is not going to be ignored by industry as he was after the economic depression of the early and mid-thirties. When the number of white relief recipients fell off in encouraging numbers in 1939 the Negroes on the WPA rolls increased fourteen per cent. By the beginning of 1942 the increase had grown to seventeen per cent.

The war industry was growing hugely. Industry preferred the white man to the black regardless of the training he had had or the material he represented. A survey made by the United States Bureau of Employment Security in war industry regions wherein Negro labor was plentiful showed that fifty-one per cent of nearly 300,000 jobs that wanted takers were closed to Negroes as a matter of company policy—or at least the policies of company employment agents.

That silly situation has been materially changed by Executive Order No. 8802—the Fair Employment Practice Committee. But the issuance of the order on June 25, 1942, by the President was forced by the Negroes and not voluntarily granted.

March on the Capital

A. Philip Randolph and Walter White had announced that on July 1st, a large number of Negroes would march on Washington, demanding that industrial discrimination cease. When it became apparent that the Messrs. Randolph and White were not only in earnest but that the number of marchers was very likely to be very large, Mr. Fiorello La Guardia, mayor of New York and then boss of the Office of Civilian Defense, pleaded with them to abandon it. They refused, sensing their advantage. Mrs. Roosevelt, deservedly reverenced by the American Negro, bade the organizers consider the dangers such a march would entail.

But the demonstration was due to be made when the President called the organizers to the White House. They went, demanding the issuance of an executive order forbidding job discrimination.

Sitting with President Roosevelt were members of his cabinet and representatives of the Office of Production Management, predecessor of the War Production Board. The Negroes were offered an executive order which would have called upon industry to lay aside its discrimination but which did not commit the government. They scorned it. Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt wrote his Executive Order No. 8802. The march on Washington was canceled. Mr. Roosevelt had become the second President to issue a national decree directly affecting the economic status of the Negro. The first was Abraham Lincoln.

Only the hottest of the Negro torchbearers contend that all the blame of the delicacy of the interracial situation is traceable to the segregationists. These propagandists themselves are doing nothing to ease the tension. There is very little they can do. A number of them, beginning to fear that Mr. Wilkin-

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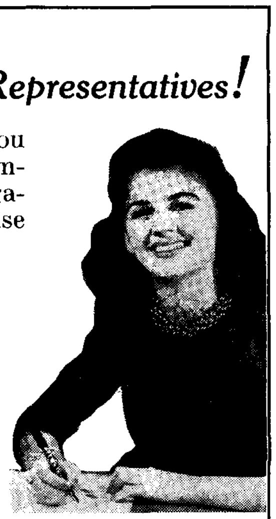

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son's bus operator may be more than a minor prophet, are losing sleep.

It is almost impossible to isolate the truth, so garbled is the testimony gathered by Army investigators into the frequent clashes between colored troops and civil authority. Numerous Southern congressmen, notably Senator Bankhead of Alabama have implored General Marshall to train Northern Negroes anywhere but in the South. Their requests are not without reason. The Northern Negro recruit, either unfamiliar with the South's Jim Crow traditions and local segregation ordinances or determined to flout them in the sanctity of the uniform, almost inevitably runs into trouble. There are many examples, one of the worst being the Gurdon, Arkansas, incident.

Trouble in the South

Accepting the Army's own record as the closest approximation to the fact, the 94th Battalion of Engineers (Negro) was approaching Gurdon, having come from Camp Custer in Michigan. A white man driving a truck demanded that they get off the road—out of his way. The white commander of the black troops ignored him. There was a wrangle. Arkansas state police intervened. They slapped the officer's face, breaking his glasses, knocked him down. They ordered the black troops to disperse, take to the near-by swamps. Panic-stricken, many of them did. Others were forced into near-by ditches. Nearly two hundred of the ammunitionless Negroes went A.W.O.L., some of them not stopping until they got back to Michigan.

The trouble spread. A state cop is alleged to have jammed a gun into a Negro soldier's belly, demanding his rifle. Fortunately or otherwise, the rifle wasn't loaded and the soldier had no ammunition. Seldom are Negro soldiers, even Military Police, given ammunition in the South. Anyway the cop snatched the Negro's rifle away, turned to the near-by Army officer and shouted: "Put a white man on guard here; we don't stand for niggers in this town." And a bit later, when a Negro M.P. asked a white citizen to move on, the latter started the trouble anew by demanding: "Nigger, where do you get off to tell me where and when to walk?" The black M.P. was armed only with a club. Maybe that was just as well too.

We might cite the records at great length. There were the Alexandria, Louisiana, riots. The Negro troops refer to that incident as Little Pearl Harbor. A white military policeman tried to arrest a Negro soldier. Negro M.P.s got into the argument. The Negroes were unarmed, the white soldiers were armed. The local white constabulary got into it. Twenty-nine Negroes, twenty-one of them soldiers, were injured. Ten Negroes died. The record, for what it is worth, states that all the shooting was done by the white civilian police. We do not attempt to vouch for the truth of that. The black troops involved were from the North. The Army, whatever its tendency might be to accede to the South's demands that the Northern Negro be trained elsewhere, finds itself in a nasty political spot. The radical Negro leaders protest that to do this would be to broaden segregation unendurably. They demand that the Army protect its uniform whatever the race of the wearer may be. They carry their protest against further segregation to the Secretary of War, to the White House. Both President Roosevelt and Mr. Stimson agree that the Army must give the same protection to Negro soldiers that it extends to its white troops. The South listens, repeats its ancient decision to handle race difficulties in its own way.

It is only simplification to attribute the increasing dolor of the situation merely to clashes between the overzealous, aroused Negro, with a rifle on one shoulder and a chip on the other, and the tradition-shackled white man. And yet you have some trouble avoiding the conviction that if the oldsters on both sides, the professional Kluxers and the salaried defenders, were to stop agitating, many of the tougher aspects of the problem would vanish for the want of excitement. Certainly no solution is to be found in exhortations, ropes, torches, guns and knives.

You've probably heard of the Eleanor Clubs. So have we. We have made several fruitless attempts to find one, talk to its membership. Mrs. Roosevelt denies any knowledge of their existence. Her first intimation of the possible existence of such organizations came to her in a Southern newspaper column. More than a little apprehensive, she asked the F.B.I. to interview the columnist. He disavowed knowing where one might find an Eleanor Club, saying that he had published mere hearsay. The F.B.I. did its usual painstaking job and reported back that there were no such organizations—at that time. So

LARRY MONAHAN

NAACP has five hundred chapters. New York office gives you a hint